

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine



June

15c

20c in Canada



Charles Sheldon

Greta Garbo

**Garbo vs Sten —
The Battle Is On!**

WANT TO HAVE A HOLLYWOOD FIGURE? See Page 22

Man-Made Movies for Women! By Beth Brown



No one needs to tell her!

Intelligent and fastidious, she realizes that anyone, herself included, may have halitosis (unpleasant breath) without knowing it. So she takes no chances; every day, and especially before social engagements, she uses Listerine. That is her assurance that her breath cannot possibly offend . . . Are you as careful about this matter? Do you take it for granted that your breath is always agreeable? Don't! It's far safer to assume that it isn't, and use Listerine. Listerine combats fermentation, the cause of 90% of odors, and then gets rid of the odors themselves—deodorizes hours longer, too.

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BEFORE ALL
SOCIAL
ENGAGEMENTS

LISTERINE

NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES

Do they need to tell you?

SPARKLING

Ginger

Rogers

TELLS
HOW SHE KEEPS
HER VITALITY UP
AND HER WEIGHT
DOWN!

Slim, buoyant, and carefree . . . with radiant health and as pretty a figure as you'll see in many a day! It's proper food and proper exercise that does it, says Ginger Rogers. And proper food includes *bread*, every day, according to this charming young star. Read her letter to Betty Crocker, menu expert.

With her fresh vivid beauty and lively talents, Ginger Rogers is singing, dancing, and romping her way to new fame in the recently released RKO Radio Picture "Finishing School."

Dear Betty Crocker,

In motion picture work, one of our duties is to eat the right food. Bread is important because it gives so much energy -- and we know beauty and vitality require energy. I enjoy bread at every meal.

Ginger Rogers



SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:

- 1 **Supplies energy efficiently.** Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.
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Free! This clever new book, "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)" . . . a host of tempting new recipes and menus by Betty Crocker, noted cooking expert. Suggestions for combining bread with other foods to make attractive, correctly balanced meals. Ideas for sandwiches, appetizers, soup and salad accompaniments, etc. . . . using the delicious, wholesome breads and other baked wheat products supplied you in appetizing variety by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.



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Please send me your valuable new free book on bread "Vitality Demands Energy" in which science states facts about bread, and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

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Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!



MAY -5 1934

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*

June, 1934

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXIX, No. 2

The
New Baby Stars
of
Hollywood!

Thirteen isn't an unlucky number in Hollywood! Ask some of the winners of past Wampas elections. Included among the girls selected by the Hollywood press-agents' organization as potential starlets, during the eleven years "the boys" have been voting, have been such names as Colleen Moore, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Eleanor Boardman, Evelyn Brent, Jobyna Ralston, Laura LaPlante, Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Astor, Mary Brian, Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, Janet Gaynor, Fay Wray, June Collyer, Sally Eilers, Lupe Velez, Helen Twelvetrees, Loretta Young, Joan Blondell, Constance Cummings, Frances Dee, Sidney Fox, Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise, Joan Marsh, Marian Marsh, Karen Morley, Mary Carlisle, Patricia Ellis, Ginger Rogers, Gloria Stuart, and Dorothy Wilson. To be a "Wampas Baby Star" has meant to receive a certain amount of recognition in the film capital.

So the newest batch of Baby Stars are standing in the limelight now. The 1934 Wampas Winners are: Judith Arlen, Jean Carmen, Betty Bryson, Helene Cohan, Dorothy Drake, Hazel Hayes, Jean Gale, Ann Hovey, Lucille Lund, Lu Anne Meredith, Gigi Parrish, Jacqueline Wells, Katherine Williams. What, you've never heard of some of them? Well, remember their names, because they may show you. Miss Bryson, by the way, is a niece of Warner Baxter. Miss Cohan is the daughter of the famous George M. Cohan. You may remember Miss Hovey in "Wild Boys of the Road." Good luck, girls, and SCREENLAND'S hearty congratulations go with you!

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Scoop! Autographed portrait of John Barrymore. Let's Call on Carole Lombard. Elegance in Hollywood: Dolores Del Rio, Genevieve Tobin. Boys and Girls Together: Ronald Colman and Loretta Young, George Raft and Frances Drake, Larry Crabbe and Joan Marsh, Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, Herbert Marshall and Norma Shearer. Sea-Going Star: Warren William. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month: Margaret Lindsay in "Fog over Frisco." Today's Newcomers! Tomorrow's Favorites? Carl Brisson, Pauline True, Barbara Fritchie, Pat Paterson, Philip Regan, Dorothy Dell, Harry Wilcoxon, Lanny Ross, Suzanne Kaaren, Charles Boyer. Here are Actors: Joel McCrea, Nils Asther, Chester Morris, Lewis Stone. Freddie and Connie—Fay and Frank: Fredric March and Constance Bennett, Fay Wray and Frank Morgan, in "The Firebrand." Landi Looks Ahead.

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YOU ARE INVITED TO THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY

R.S.V.P. - Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



JIMMY DURANTE



LAUREL & HARDY



LUPE VELEZ



JACK PEARL



POLLY MORAN



CHARLES BUTTERWORTH



FRANCES WILLIAMS



TED HEALY



MICKEY



IS IT MARCO POLO?
OR DURANTE'S INFERNO?
-WELL ANYWAY IT'S A
CLASSIC



A LAUREL TO LUPE -
AND OLIVER'S
ALL OF A TWIST!



THE "BARON" SAID MEET
PING PONG - THE SON OF
KING KONG. MICKEY SAID,
OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND
THE FIGHT WAS ON!



NO MAN IS A
HERO TO HIS VALEZ -
AND JIMMY IS
KNOCKED FOR
A LUPE



SCHNARZAN AND
HIS MATE - SHE
PROVES TO BE A
BUST.



HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON
IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND
BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.



WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO
POLLY - WHEN POLLY WANTS A
CRACKER? - A WISE CRACKER.



David
Harum
Fox

If ever an actor was predestined by heaven for a rôle, that actor is Will Rogers and the rôle is *David Harum*. As the cagey New England horse-swapper, his trading exploits occupy most of the footage, and you'll find yourself grinning, then chuckling, then howling as the shrewdly shy Will triumphs or gets stuck. Evelyn Venable is sweetly arch, (perhaps a bit too much so); and Kent Taylor is suitably manful as her beau.



Come on
Marines
Para-
mount

"The Marines have landed"—and the girls will never be the same! Devil Dogs Dick Arlen and Roscoe Karns get hilariously involved with tropical bandits, picturesque ladies, and their fellow warriors in this rough and rollicking fable, whose outline follows the dependable "tough soldier" formula—but what matter? Ida Lupino is so pretty, and Grace Bradley is handsome and amusing.



Coming-
Out
Party
Fox

The lovely débutante whose heart has been won by a plebian musician is forced by her upper-crust mama to shun him for the attentions of a worthless society lad. All of which sounds slightly familiar—and is. There's a new twist or two here, but in general it's the old story re-told. Frances Dee is a lovely heroine; Gene Raymond plays the musician plausibly; Alison Skipworth and Harry Green help considerably.



Six of
a Kind
Para-
mount

And all six of 'em positively priceless! Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, and W. C. Fields at their best—what more can you ask of one comedy? Ruggles, a hard-working bank cashier, starts on a well-earned vacation, but before he knows it the poor man is the pivot of an uproarious plot involving a Great Dane, a crazy sheriff, missing bank notes, and Gracie Allen. See it for good, old-fashioned laughs.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 54-55

More Reviews on Page 15



Ariane
Blue
Ribbon

Another screen triumph for Elizabeth Bergner, that great European actress. Here she plays, with consummate charm, a school-girl who falls deeply in love with a man of the world, enacted by your old friend Percy Marmont. Bergner is superlative in her tender, true revelation of the heart of a passionate girl; she will move you, amaze you. The superb direction is by Bergner's husband, Dr. Paul Czinner.



Good
Dame
Para-
mount

Freddie March, of all suave young actors, here becomes an underworld "gyp" artist, exuding tough talk and lamentable morals. But oh, that heart of gold!—and how it functions when Sylvia Sidney, the wistful little waif, heaves into his life. More imagination in writing would have enhanced this film; but thanks to the fine acting by the principals, Russell Hopton, Jack LaRue and Noel Francis, it's fair fun.



Bottoms
Up
Fox

There's a wealth of splendid talent to charm you in this pleasantly mild little musical with a background of—give up?—the film business! If only equal attention had been lavished on the story and songs—but we can't have everything, can we? So here's proper gratitude for Pat Paterson, an agreeable little eyeful; Spencer Tracy, who makes the most of a too-subordinate part; John Boles, Herbert Mundin, Thelma Todd.



Jimmy
the Gent
Warners

Here is swift, hard-boiled fun with Cagney as a new sort of racketeer who finds heirs for all of those fortunes which lie around unclaimed, then clips his commission. You will see numerous "neatest tricks of the week" in this exhibit. Most hilarious high spots come when Jimmy takes a pop at his stooge assistant, Allen Jenkins, every time he loses his temper. Bette Davis and Alice White furnish the feminine interest.



Scandals
Fox

The brightest moments in George White's music-show are contributed by Alice Faye, a real find who is a sort of sympathetic Jean Harlow. Alice and Rudy Vallee lend charm to this elaborate revue which George White journeyed all the way from Broadway to Hollywood to produce. (You tell us why!) Some beautiful numbers, much questionable comedy, with which Jimmy Durante and Cliff Edwards struggle, and lovely girls.



This Man
Is Mine
R-K-O

A sock in the eye may not solve many real-life problems. But it brings down the house when planted on the maliciously seductive Constance Cummings by Ralph Bellamy, whose marriage with Irene Dunne she has thoroughly hashed up. Miss Dunne plays handsomely a rôle which, alas, differs too little from several recent ones. The story lags through too literal following of its stage original; but clever lines save it.



Glamour
Universal

Or, the regeneration of Linda Fayne. Constance Cummings, performing with her usual charm, plays a gauche little actress who succeeds in marrying a famous composer, and attains success through him. After leaving him for a more dashing rival, she learns the meaning of true love through suffering, and returns for a happy fade-out. Unfortunately, the rather rambling story contains little suspense. Paul Lukas shines.



Mae West in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"
with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band... Directed by Leo McCarey
if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE...it's the best show in town!



Say it with a
prize-win-
ning letter!


Janet Gaynor
leads our list of
favorites this
month. Watch
for her in the big
Gaynor-Farrell
reunion film,
"Change of
Heart"

The Cheering Section

It must be the fast-approaching summer! Or maybe it's just the fact that movies and movie stars are getting better and still better! But whatever the cause, our letter-writers have gone frankly lyrical on us this month. There are cheers, long and loud, for Janet Gaynor's girlish beauty; applause for that vaulting new cinema star, Anna Sten—and raves aplenty for the men-folk, too!

And don't suppose for a moment that our correspondents' own idea factory slowed down a bit, either. We present herewith an interesting cross-section of the movie public's mind and what's on it.

Now is the time for all good picture-going men and women to join in the chorus! You'll find our ear attentive, and the prizes just as inviting as ever. Write down that movie comment and send it along today. Prizes of \$5 each are awarded to the eight best letters received each month. Keep your comments within fifty words, and mail to reach us by the 10th of the month. Address Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.



NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

The first eight letters receive
prizes of \$5.00 each

SOME "REVOLUTIONARY" DEMANDS!

Please, Hollywood, couldn't we have:

A woman reporter who is one, not a chorus girl, dumbbell, or wise-cracking monologist;

A head gangster without foppish foibles;

An "English-accented" actor who doesn't lapse into plain American;

A modern love story where the principals speak naturally, not in drawing-room-ese?

Tee Rose,
Hotel Alameda,
Alameda, Calif.

"CALL YOUR SHOTS!"

With other puzzle vogues on the wane, movie producers have supplied a new brain-racker: puzzle titles! You can't tell by those misleading monickers whether you're going to see a nursery film, bedroom farce, gang picture, or melodrama. Get wise to yourselves, producers. Please give us titles that fit!

Reba London,
209 Peters St. S. W.,
Atlanta, Ga.

BOOSTING THE FILM "BRAIN TRUST"

Authors create—directors vitalize—players merely interpret character. I plead: More honor for the first two, particularly directors. Each screen play should be ac-

companied by at least a flash picture of its vitalizer. I yearn to see Mamoulian, Cukor, Lubitsch accorded this tribute. Give Hollywood brains a break—please!


Mrs. E. P. Vincent,
North Tonawanda, N. Y.

"DISCOVERING" GABLE

I never cared particularly for Clark Gable. But since I saw him in "It Happened One Night," I'm his staunchest ally. Clark is a born comedian, especially when he demonstrates how to "thumb" a ride. And he really proves to be an actor—something I used to doubt. Bravo, Gable!

Lillian Ginsburg,
13947 Arlington St.,
Detroit, Mich.

(Continued on page 14)



★ ★ In this, the best picture made since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," which was the greatest picture of all time, Carl Laemmle has the honor to present

Margaret Sullivan

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

★ IN ★

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

★ ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Gable — Crazy!

Clark tells his amazing experiences on his personal-appearance tour

By

James M. Fidler



Gable grins through it all! At right is shown just a section of the mobs he faced everywhere he went on his tour of eastern theatres. See him waving out the dressing-room window?

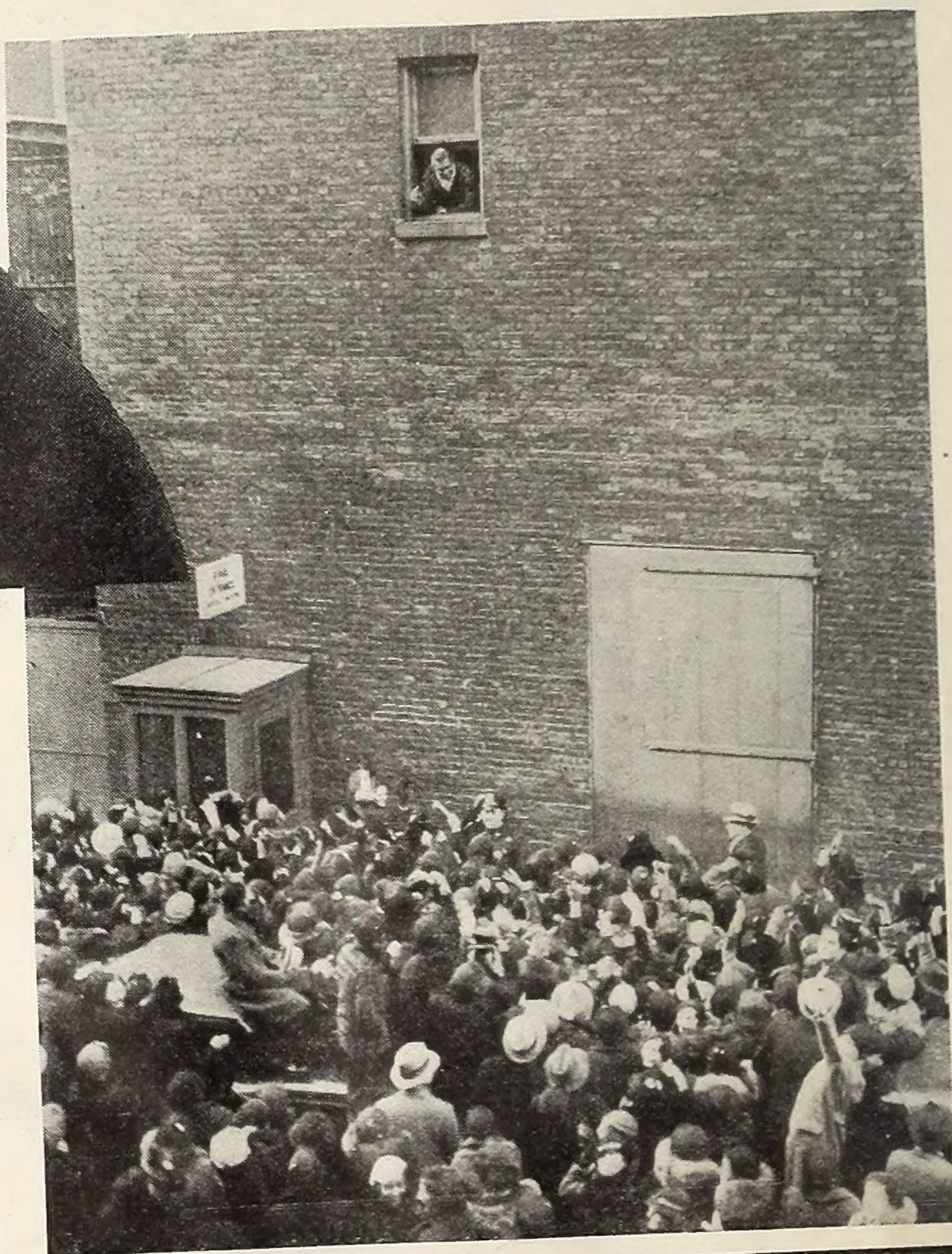
FOR the third time since the dawn of the motion picture era, a screen star of the masculine sex—with emphasis on *sex*!—has barn-stormed the States with startling effect upon the females of the land.

The first such astounding tour was made by the late Rudolph Valentino, about ten years ago. Hundreds of thousands of frantic females literally shed their dignity and honor to get close enough to Valentino to see him, to touch him, to kiss him, to cling to him.

The second such occasion was more recent; last year, in fact, when George Raft made a personal appearance excursion through the South, East, and Central States. Raft-crazed women threw discretion to the winds. They schemed amazing tricks designed to gain them entry to George's dressing-rooms at the theatres, to his hotel living-rooms during daylight hours, to his hotel bedrooms after daylight hours.

Clark Gable has just concluded a briefer but none-the-less exciting tour that included stops in a few cities of the East coast, as well as inland cities on the route from New York to Hollywood.

Just as the previous tours of Valentino and Raft were marked by unbelievable feminine indiscretions everywhere, so were Gable's travels colored by exciting, and at times dangerous, experiences (*Continued on page 94*)



CLARK GABLE'S OFFER:

"If the person who found my wrist-watch, lost during my tour, will return it to me, I will be happy not only to send that person a duplicate of the watch, but I will also pay a cash reward of fifty dollars."

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

of tugs? Here's hoping!

E. W. Blank,
482 Bergen Ave.,
Jersey City, N. J.

FOR THE LYRICAL LESLIE

Leslie Howard is supreme in his art—the portrayal of that inner spiritual quality which puts the romance of love-making on the highest pedestal. Let the beautiful side of the human personality—this deeper love—be interpreted for young movie fans. Leslie Howard can always lead the way!

Julia E. Wilson,
Amherst, Va.

"SEDUCTIVE," TOO!

It's "coloss-ial, gigantic, and stupend-ious," that's what "Palooka" is! I was in

real danger of hysterics, especially when they brought in that Durante baby. It's a great picture; let's have more laugh-raisers like it! Bouquets for Stu Erwin, Bob Armstrong, too!

V. J. Hahn,
1124 Dayton St.,
Akron, Ohio.

EDDIE CANTERS ON!

Year in, year out, the boy with the big eyes packs 'em in. Others come and go, but Cantor goes on forever. Why? Eddie turns out one annual picture, and you can't get fed up on him. Like Santa Claus, he comes once a year—and gets royally appreciated.

Max W. Vawter,
Leadville, Colo.

Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 6

Midnight Universal

We advise you to see this film. First, because it's an interesting and well-acted drama. Second, because it's proof of what the East can accomplish in cinema-making, giving the right material. Chester Erskin of theatre fame, directing a troupe of well-known stage actors abetted by Sidney Fox, has made an unusual picture. It has its defects, but the presentation is refreshing. Watch Henry Hull—he has what Hollywood wants for that new "rave!"

Gambling Lady Warners

We see too little of Barbara Stanwyck on the screen. Here, in the guise of a professional gambler, Babs turns in her usual sincere performance in a story slightly stronger than her usual vehicles. Joel McCrea, too, turns actor and gives a fine characterization, and Pat O'Brien will please the majority. But don't take the children—those card-shark scenes are strictly adult stuff.

The Ninth Guest Columbia

A houseful of guests become unwilling players in a sort of elimination contest in which one after another of them is murdered by mysterious means. A menacing radio voice conducting the party adds to the grimness of the proceedings. All of which, we believe, is something new in the fine art of cinema slayings, and the picture is recommended for novelty and suspense. Genevieve Tobin, Hardie Albright, Donald Cook are plausible in the main rôles.

The Crime Doctor R-K-O

Dan Gifford is a crack sleuth, but his absorption in the fine points of murder gets him in the end. With jealousy spurring him on, he concocts and executes a "perfect crime"—an ingenious killing that throws devastating suspicion on his wife's lover. There's material here for an engrossing melodrama, but it needs a somewhat brisker pace and more "punch" than are accorded it. Otto Kruger, Karen Morley and Nils Asther are immensely pleasing.

Ever Since Eve Fox

George O'Brien avers he'll do no more "Westerns," but if this picture is a sample of what he intends to do in other types of pictures, I say, "Go back to Westerns, George!" Thanks to Mary Brian's sweetness, and the comedy of Herbert Mundin, this picture has its moments. But O'Brien's kid following will be disappointed.

Three on a Honeymoon Fox

Sally Eilers, the madcap, is sent on a world cruise to "learn some sense." Instead, she falls for the ship's officer. He treats her pretty shabbily, but she gets him in the long run, which serves him right for being such a cad. There's a blackmail plot, a suicide and other complications. Miss Eilers, Charles Starrett, and John Mack Brown are not at their best, but Zasu Pitts is deliciously funny.

All Men Are Enemies Fox

This picture is about war, and you know what Sherman said about war. Helen Twelvetrees does her best, but fails to shine, while one Hugh Williams makes us wish they'd bring back some of the old-time leading men. Story is about a young man who runs away to keep from marrying his papa's choice. He meets and falls in love with a girl in Europe. War comes, he loses his girl, and goes back to marry papa's choice. But don't fret; that marriage doesn't last, and who should turn up but his real love, which is near the end of the picture, thank goodness!

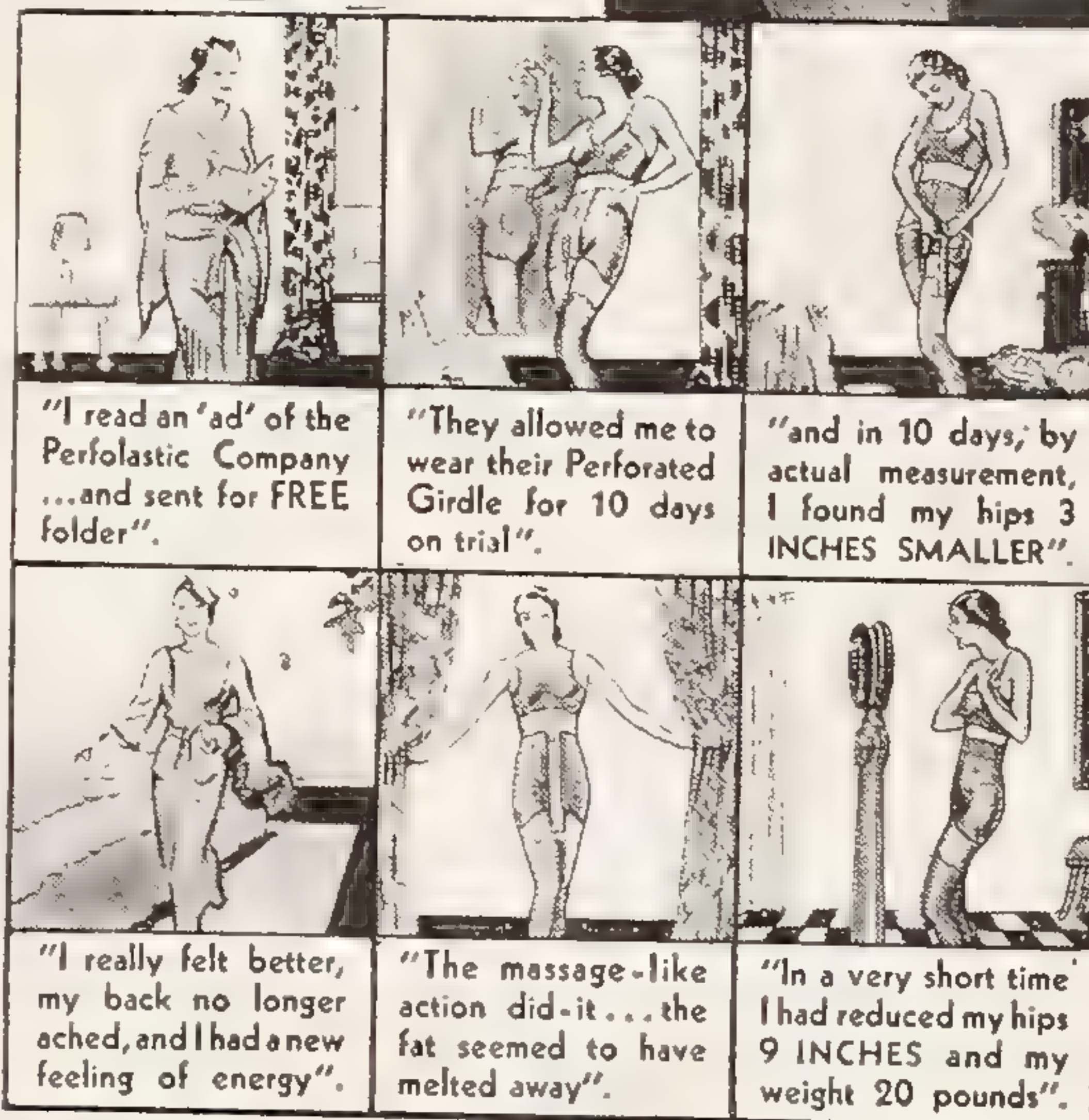
Hold That Girl Fox

Jimmy Dunn, the boy detective, is a fast worker, but Claire Trevor, the saucy reporterette, is a couple of jumps ahead of him. This rough-and-tumble action film culminates in a furious gang fracas, with Jimmy helping Claire to escape from the bandits and winning her hand as his reward. Little novelty in idea or characterization, but exciting throughout. Jimmy is his old self; Miss Trevor is for the most part convincing; Gertrude Michael and Alan Edwards do nicely.

»TEST.. the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...at our expense

"I reduced
my hips 9 INCHES"
...writes Miss Healy.



**REDUCE YOUR WAIST
AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
OR
...it costs you nothing!**

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The message-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

The illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the NEW Uplift Brassiere!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 736, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Marjorie finds Fun in Life for she has a lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!



1 "Men were always pleasant and courteous to me. But it ended there. My life was dull, and so was my skin. Then I tried Camay. Almost at once my skin improved. Now I'm a prettier and more popular girl."

2 "Now it no longer makes me unhappy to look at myself in my mirror. I'm mighty proud of my complexion."

Do you get the fun and favors in life—or only the grief and troubles? It's the girl with a lovely fresh Camay Complexion who gets admiration and praise.

LIFE IS A LONG BEAUTY CONTEST

Like Marjorie, the girl above, you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest. It may be at a party, or at some informal gathering of friends that your beauty and your skin will be judged. And you are

competing with other women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin that is fresh as a flower's petals. Then the eyes of everyone you meet will look at you approvingly.

For Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is gentle as dew on your cheek. Try Camay, faithfully, for one month. The change in your skin will delight you!

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

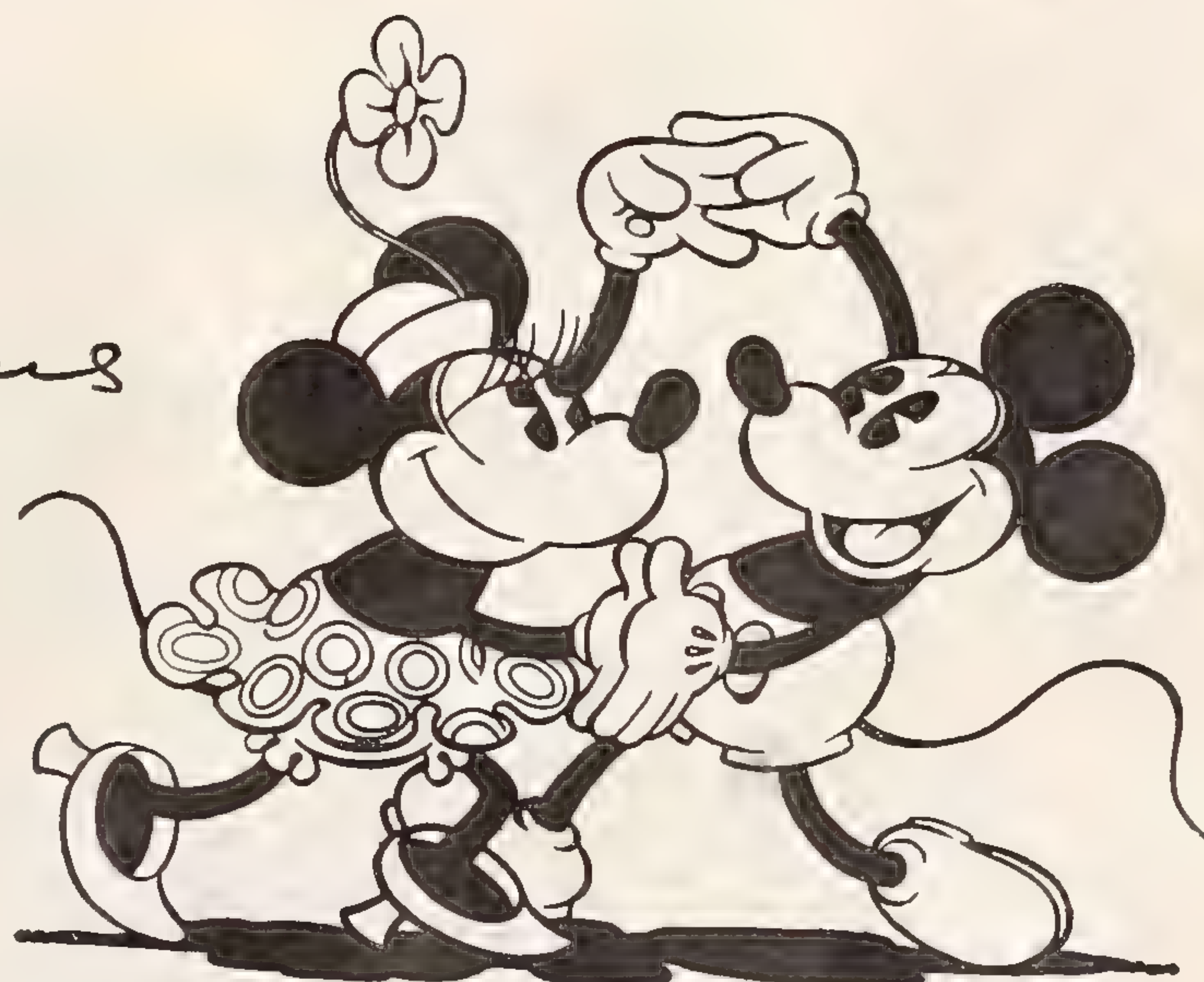
The Editor's Page.



Walt Disney and his immortal cartoon creations: The Little Pigs, Mickey and Minnie Mouse, and—new!—Funny Little Bunnies, reading from top to bottom of the page.

An Open Letter to Walt Disney from

Delight Evans



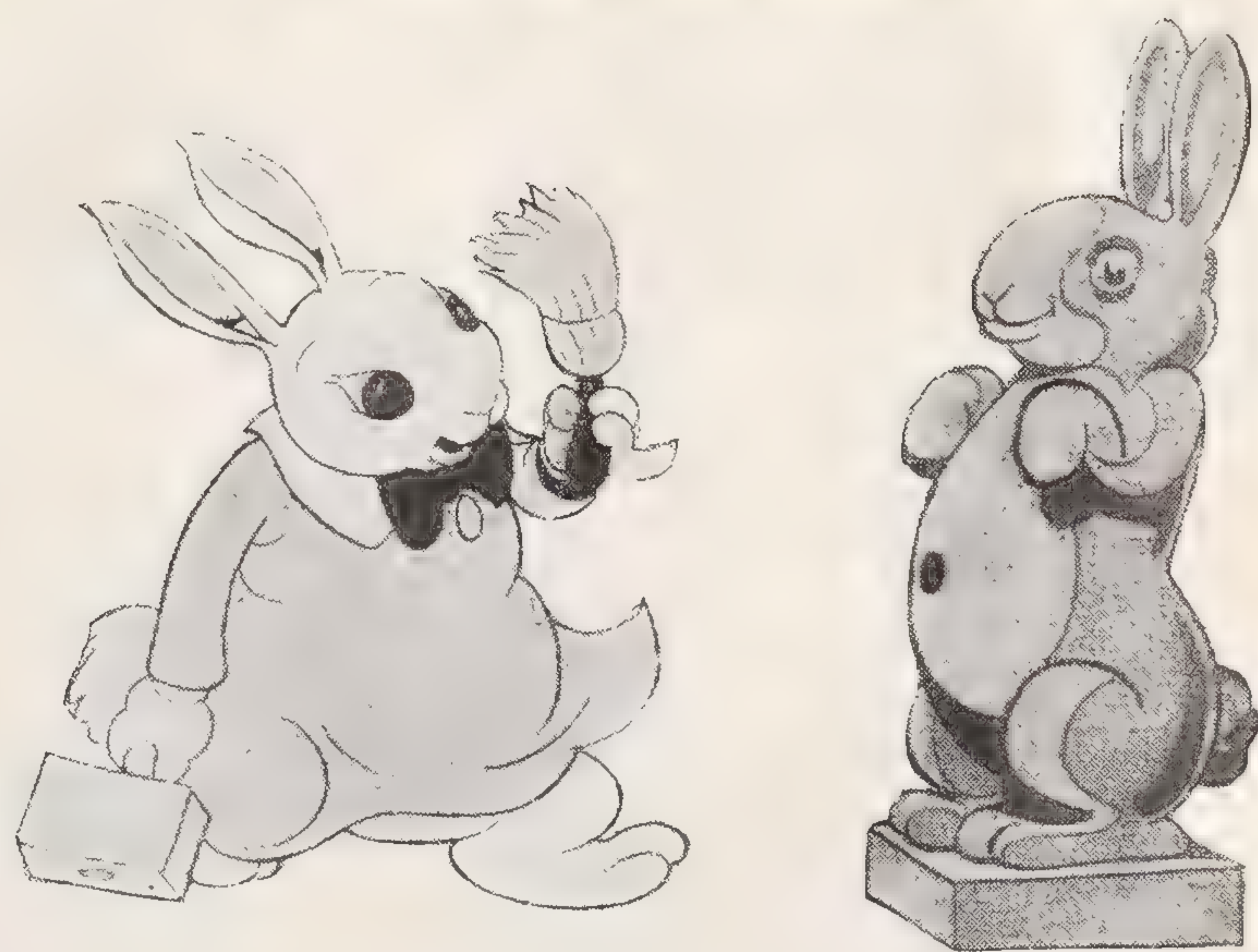
DEAR MR. DISNEY:

Just wanted to let you know that I am ready to do anything I can to help out.

When I heard that Mickey Mouse and The Three Little Pigs and Pluto the Dog and Horace Horsecollar and all the rest of them are not making much money for you, I thought it was time to stir around and see what can be done.

Here Mickey is going-on-six now, and according to the report I heard he and Minnie are only just beginning to pay you back for raising them and making them big movie stars. Ingratitude, I call it. Why, you'd think they could have been paying you a *little* something every week on account. Here you've been slaving your life away for them and that's how they repay you. As for The Three Little Pigs, I can't understand *their* attitude. You gave them plenty of footage—and in natural color, at that—and had a song written for them to sing, and featured them in every theatre in the country. And what do they do for you? Why, they only make about \$4,000 for you, that's all. And they cost you \$60,000! I ask you, is it fair?

Of course not. They get all the glory and you have all the hard work. So what I think we had all better do is to band together and start a Help-Walt-Disney Campaign. Instead of going to see your new pictures, such as Mickey Mouse's latest starring vehicle, "Camping Out," and the new "Silly Symphonies"—"Funny Little Bunnies" and "The Grasshopper and the Ant"—instead of going just *once*, which of course we were going to do, anyway—suppose we all go three times, the second time taking the neighbors, and the third time just for fun. Then the neighbors will be pledged to repeat, sort of an endless chain; and so your grosses will start



rolling up, and you will make some real money, and then you can put your profits right back in to your next pictures. Because that's the kind of a guy you are, Mr. Disney. And that's why you may never be the richest man in Hollywood, but you stand a grand chance of being one of the happiest. And that's something. Isn't it?



Man-Made Movies *for* Women!

By Beth Brown

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!



GEORGE knows it all! He drives the roaring rubber-neck sight-seeing bus in Hollywood. You can hire him any sunny week-day. His regular route is past the Paramount Studios, down Wilshire Boulevard to the R.K.O. lot, then Westwood to Fox and over the hills to the far-away Universal City.

It's a dollar a round-trip. Questions are answered free of charge!

Surprising how many out-of-towners come to Hollywood. Drummers. Farmers. Foreigners. Honey-mooners to see the purple of the San Bernardino Moun-

tains whose heads are white with snow and whose skirts are green with orange groves. Artists to sketch the Maxfield Parrish blue of the calm Pacific. Architects to study the Spanish influence in Beverly Hills.

But most folks come to see the movie studios.

One day, George drove the King of Siam around. The King, who is an amateur movie-maker, wore his camera on his breast like a decoration. Carl Laemmle, Junior, in white spats and white carnation, posed for a smiling close-up against a long shot of Fifth Avenue, Universal City. The very next day, George's bus was packed to the roof with black and white orphans on their



Women at work! But there are men all around. Wanda Tuchok, the first femme to the left, is co-director of "Finishing School" on the Radio lot. Here she's suggesting action for a scene to Ginger Rogers and Adalyn Doyle. Buck up, Miss Tuchok—maybe next time they'll let you direct a picture all by yourself!

The most daringly different story ever written about Hollywood!

way to see Farina at the "Our Gang" Comedy lot. Kings or kids—it's all in a bus driver's life-time.

There was a hunger about the cash-customers that always touched George. Too bad the studio fences were built so high and the studio gates shut so tight. George tried to play the generous host in his own crude fashion. He had worn grease-paint and played bits. He had a brother-in-law who was second assistant to the first assistant of the property man at Paramount. Besides, George read the movie magazines faithfully. He could answer the questions awake or asleep.

How tall is Clark Gable? Six foot one, Ma'am. Is Rin Tin Tin dead? Yes, Johnnie. But his son is carrying on. Where was Madge Evans born? New York, Miss. Loretta Young? Salt Lake City, Mister. Who is Mickey Mouse's latest flame? Sorry, Grandmaw, but Mickey is still in love with Minnie.

George knew it all.

That's why I decided to take a trip with him to get an airplane view of a certain very surprising situation. "I want to hire you and the bus all to myself," I told George one rainy day.

"How about it, Boss?" called George.

"She looks like she's out to ask questions you can't answer. Better take the Blue Book along."

"You forget that wagon-load of Senators yesterday, Boss. And those Etymologists the day before," retorted George as he swung into the seat behind the wheel. But he took the Blue Book. As we roared up Hollywood Boulevard, he lifted the megaphone to his droopy lower lip. "At our left—" he ballyhooed, "we have Grauman's Egyptian Theatre. At our right—we have Woolworth's. Next stop—Paramount Studios!" He set down the megaphone beside him and smiled into the sliver of mirror. I smiled back. "Don't use the megaphone, George. The information I want is very confidential."

"I'm ready, Miss. Shoot!"

I took out my pad and pencil. I was out to bring back the accurate answer to a certain weighty question. Women fans had been plaguing me about it for years—and they had a right to know.

"Tell me, George, who are the women producers in pictures?" I was thinking of the legitimate theatre with its Eva Le Gallienne, its Elizabeth Miele, its Peggy Fears.

"Women producers," he echoed, thumbing through the Blue Book. "None that I know of—in the movies, Miss."

"No?" a little stunned. "Well, then, how about women supervisors?" And I poised my pencil.

"Sorry, Miss, but there's no women supervisors." He rustled the pages with a wet thumb. "Wait a minute. There is a woman supervisor, after all. Jane Murfin. She works with Pandro Berman on the R.K.O. lot. We'll come to it pretty soon. It's one of the show places of California. It's—"

"How about directors, George?" I interrupted.

"There's hundreds of directors, Miss."

I began to smile.

"That is—hundreds of men directors."

I stopped smiling.

"And no women?"

"Two, to be exact." The Blue Book lay open on the wheel. "According to these (Continued on page 80)



Drawings by Leonard Frank, who knows his Hollywood!

The sight-seeing bus in which author Beth Brown set out on her woman hunt with bus-driver George.



Jane Murfin, at the moment of galloping to press the one and only woman supervisor in all Hollywood! Lonely grandeur, eh, Miss Murfin?



The outstanding woman director of motion pictures, Dorothy Arzner, is shown above directing Anna Sten with Richard Bennett in a scene for "Nana." This is the picture a man director started and a woman director finished! A good picture, too.

Jeanette Wins!

By
Pearl A. Katzman

"IT'S too utterly ridiculous!" exclaimed Jeanette MacDonald when I asked her about the Chevalier-MacDonald "feud." "The way people have been talking, you'd think that there'd been some great, dramatic quarrel between two highly temperamental stars who refused to work with one another. Like the Garbo-Gilbert affair. As a matter of fact, there hasn't been any quarrel at all!"

I had dropped in on Jeanette with a copy of April SCREENLAND to show her Maurice Chevalier's denial that he had refused to have her play "The Merry Widow." I wanted to know what she thought about the whole affair; what answer she had for Maurice. I found that she had been expecting some such request. She was a little worried about it.

"What possible answer is there?" demanded Jeanette. "Maurice and I are—and always have been—the best of friends. We have absolutely no quarrel with each other. I don't feel the least bit self-conscious about working with him again. What more is there I can say?"

She ran a slender hand through her tousled red-gold curls.

"When I was a little girl," she continued, thoughtfully smoothing the blue satin of her pajamas, "Mother always warned me to keep out of quarrels. She said the best thing to do was to pay no attention to them. She set an example for me by carefully avoiding neighborhood disputes, by taking no part in them. It was a good lesson she taught me, and I think the best thing I can do in this case is follow her advice!"

"After all, I really had no part in these stories that were circulated—these tales that Maurice refused to have me play opposite him. The whole affair went on around me. Like a tornado! I was simply the passive subject of discussion. What I thought, what I felt had no part in the headlines that misquoted Maurice."

"Now that he's denied the whole story—now that I am to play *the Widow*—anything I might say would be anti-climactic. All I can say now is that I'm glad I was given the part, and I know we're all going to do our best to make 'The Merry Widow' a splendid production!"

Her glance found the paragraph in Maurice's denial where he opined that "MacDonald and Chevalier are not a team."

"I quite agree with Maurice there," Jeanette told me (Continued on page 74)

Yes—she won that "Merry Widow" rôle opposite Chevalier! Cheers!

La MacDonald tells us her side of the "Merry Widow" feud!
EXCLUSIVE!





Here's Ramon as an Indian youth in "Laughing Boy," his latest rôle.

Novarro Is News Again!

By
Laura
Benham



RAMON NOVARRO, making his first personal appearance tour in this country, has broken box-office records in every theatre in which he has played! Moreover, he has created in the movie palaces the spirit and the atmosphere of the concert stage.

When he sings, audiences sit tensely forward, breathing softly; and when he finishes, "Bravos!" ring from husky throats and people crowd down the aisles in futile efforts to shake his hand. Never before, in the history of the motion picture industry, has one of its standard-bearers established such a warm, vital, and withal actually distinguished contact with his audience.

The public, so often termed fickle, has remained remarkably steadfast, in the case of Ramon Novarro. It was over twelve years ago that he played his first starring rôle in "The Prisoner of Zenda"—and the following he began to acquire then has firmly refused to replace him with a newer idol.

Of the rareness of such loyalty, Ramon is keenly cognizant—and duly appreciative. He attributes it to the triumph, over all else, of *faith*! Faith in human nature—in the ultimate rightness of things; faith in himself and in life.

For it has been by keeping his own faith despite disappointments and disillusionments, that he has retained his ideals. Which ideals are part and parcel of every character he has portrayed upon the screen.

Intangible, ephemeral qualities, ideals—but qualities, nevertheless, which the camera finds with unerring perspicacity. Finds and transmits to the screen in terms of glamor and high romance! For, despite all arguments to the contrary, *the camera does not lie*!

"The eye of the camera is all-penetrating and all-perceiving," Novarro believes. "It cannot be deceived—and one can have no secrets from it. It seeks out the soul of man and bares it for all the world to see. Therein lies both the curse and the power of the motion picture.

"On the stage, it is the performance that counts. On the screen, it is the performance *and the personality* of the performer that are offered to the audience for judgment.

"No matter how clever the make-up, how mechanically perfect the characterization of the actor, the camera scrapes beneath the grease-paint and the studied gestures and imprisons something of the living, breathing individual who struts before its mighty lens.

"Thus does every player (Continued on page 76)

New picture—
new "appear-
ances"—new
plans—read
Ramon's re-
vealing discus-
sion of his
unique career

Ida Lupino illustrates the first position of the "land crawl," an exercise recommended by Jim Davies for limbering up.



NOW you can follow the same reducing exercises and diets used by famous screen stars!

Want To Have A

WANT to reduce?

I have no doubt that two-thirds of you, at least, who are interested in improving your figures believe that you are too fat, or that your waist is too large, or that you measure too much around the hips; so in this first article we'll devote most of our space to how to reduce.

Accompanying this article is a schedule of one week's appetizing menus for reducing, arranged especially for you who wish to take off weight. Please follow this schedule, in conjunction with the exercises I shall give you, if you are over-weight.

You'll note that I say *if*. No doubt you are saying to yourself, "There's no 'if' about it!" But I assure you that there is.

It all depends on your bone construction and the weight of your bones. Two girls may be exactly the same height, precisely the same age, yet their correct weights should differ by as much as ten pounds. We have two girls on the Paramount lot today, each about voting age, whose height is the same—five feet, three.

The blonde has a small frame with tiny bones and her weight of

Jim Davies himself demonstrates, with the aid of Miss Lupino, a variation of the Mae West exercise for reducing the abdomen. Consult the accompanying article for all the details of this exercise and the other exercises suggested by Mr. Davies.





Pretty Ida shows you, here, the more difficult position of the "land crawl." Read all the instructions in this article.

Let Jim Davies, Hollywood's famous physical culturist, guide you to health and beauty!

Hollywood Figure?

107 pounds is her correct normal weight. The brunette, however, has a large frame and big bones and her weight should be around 120 pounds. But she insists on trying to reduce to the same figure as the blonde's, and as a consequence is becoming nervous and irritable.

The question you must ask yourself is not "How much do I weigh?" but "Have I any superfluous fat?" I can take a person with a 36-inch waist measurement and reduce it to 28 or 29 inches, by reducing the fat to muscle, yet that person will gain weight rather than lose, though she will have a trimmer figure, and will seem to have lost several pounds.

Before you attempt to follow the advice appearing in this series, I suggest that you consult your doctor and find out what your normal weight should be; then use this schedule until you reach that weight. Never attempt to go below your normal weight, or you are in for trouble!

It is fortunately the fashion today for girls to have curves, rather than the toothpick figures of a few years ago, so your normal weight is both health-inducing and up-to-date.

When Mae West first arrived at the Paramount studio, she sent for me after she had (Continued on page 72)

So You Would Like To Have A Hollywood Figure?



James Davies

The answer to that is "Who wouldn't?" Well, here's your opportunity to follow the same exercises recommended for Mae West and other popular stars. We present for the benefit of SCREENLAND readers Mr. James Davies, the man who is responsible for more stars' good figures than any other one person; the masseur and diet director who has kept in trim such famous actresses as Miss West, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Miriam Hopkins, Sally Rand—and also such actors as Gary Cooper, George Raft, Fredric March, and many more. Mr. Davies can do a lot for YOU! Beginning right here on these two pages, James Davies becomes special adviser to the readers of SCREENLAND. This is the first of his series, to appear ONLY in this magazine, giving the advice, diets, and special exercises which he has used in his work with noted stars. If you crave a Hollywood figure, you will want to follow this series, which we are proud to present to you exclusively.

A SCREENLAND SPECIAL

One Week's Appetizing Menus for Reducing

(Take a glass of warm water with a pinch of salt every morning before stepping into your shower. Use French dressing made with mineral oil on salads. Drink pineapple juice after meals if desired as an aid to digestion.)

MONDAY

Breakfast: Orange Juice, Rye Crisp, Coddled Egg
Luncheon: Fresh Fruit Cup, Whole Wheat Melba Toast, (one slice)
Dinner: Tomato Juice, Vegetables, Baked Potato with a little butter, Cold Beets on Lettuce

TUESDAY

Breakfast: Grape Fruit Juice, 2 thin slices Rye Toast with butter, 1 soft-boiled Egg
Luncheon: Large salad of Carrots, Apples, Raisins, Stuffed Prunes
Dinner: Baked Halibut, lemon, Green Peas, Asparagus, Baked Apple

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: Baked Apple, little cream, Rye Toast
Luncheon: Cucumber, cut thin, 1 slice Tomato, Lettuce, Stuffed Celery with oil
Dinner: Fruit Juice Cocktail, Roast Chicken, Fresh Peas, Egg Plant, Salad Fresh Pineapple

THURSDAY

Breakfast: Stewed Prunes, 2 soft-boiled Eggs, Rye Crisp
Luncheon: Mushrooms on Rye Toast, sliced Tomato, Lettuce with oil
Dinner: Broiled Lamb Chop, Green Peas, Fresh Pineapple, sliced

FRIDAY

Breakfast: Tomato Juice, Poached Egg on Melba Toast
Luncheon: Pineapple, Cottage Cheese, Salad without dressing, Rye Crisp
Dinner: Filet of Sole with lemon, Broccoli, Small Beets, Hearts of Lettuce

SATURDAY

Breakfast: Orange Juice, 1 Whole Wheat Waffle
Luncheon: Pineapple and Raw Cabbage Salad
Dinner: Fruit Juice, Vegetable plate of young Carrots, Onions, Beets, Spinach with poached Egg

SUNDAY

Breakfast: Fresh Pineapple, Rye Crisp
Luncheon: Shredded Carrots and Raisins on Lettuce
Dinner: Artichoke, Broiled Lamb Chop, Young Peas and Carrots, Grape Juice

Garbo vs. Sten

THE battle is on!

The bugles have sounded the call to arms and, to the music of invisible bands, the hosts are marching—the Garbo-ites, hundreds of thousands strong, veterans seasoned in a score of combats, against the Sten-ites, fewer in number but fired with the burning faith of the newly converted.

And lest you think that's a mere flip figure of speech, let me regale you with the story of what I hear happened in Chicago not long ago when two theatres on the same street were showing the rival features—"Nana" at one house, "Queen Christina" at the other. Long lines had formed outside each theatre, when one man turned from a reverent contemplation of the Garbo stills to meet the pictured gaze of the new blonde divinity across the way. His eyes narrowed, his jaw set; he planted his feet firmly apart, cupped his hands about his mouth, and waited for a lull in the traffic. Then came a loud cry, ringing clear:

"Yah! Nana!" followed by a razzberry so juicy and full of feeling that it would have stirred the fighting blood even of a mouse.

A moment's startled silence—and the gauntlet was picked up. Cat-calls and invective flew back and forth. Shouts of "Flatfoot!" alternated with howls of "Moon-face!" Oh, yes, they were having a good time. They were beguiling the tedium of their wait. But they'd constituted themselves knights none the less, and were breaking lances for their ladies as earnestly as any champion on a prancing steed.

It was a battle predestined by the fact that Garbo is what she is—the yardstick by which all contenders must inevitably be measured—and that Anna Sten has been presented as a candidate for her laurels. You can hardly imagine the afore-described scene taking place if the counter-attraction had been, let's say, Joan Crawford. For all Miss Crawford's popularity, it would never have occurred to a soul to pit her against either of the others.



The Battle Is On!

The scrap of the century!
Which fighter are you back-
ing—the Swedish Cyclone or
the Russian Riot?

By
Ida Zeitlin

Their spheres are too definitely separated, their appeal too widely different. As well match Mickey Mouse up against any of them!

But Sten is another story. From the beginning she has been lapped about in mystery. The most ingenious of publicity campaigns made her a legend long before her first picture was finished, created for her the kind of atmosphere which Garbo's personality has created for itself. She was the princess in an enchanted garden, the pearl of great price accessible to none, a creature so rare and matchless that shrewd business men considered it worth their while to pay her \$1500 a week for eighteen months while she learned the English language, and to scrap the original version of her picture because they deemed it a setting unworthy of their jewel. How could anyone fail to be impressed? Hollywood is the home of grandiose gestures, to be sure, but here was an expression of faith so sublime as to stagger even Hollywood.

Then came the advance advertising for the picture. Photos of Sten—saucy and bewitching in her 19th century finery—topped by adjectives—a new one for each day—adjectives which seemed to have been chosen with deliberate intent from among those that have clung most persistently through the years to Garbo—MYSTERIOUS, EXOTIC, SUBTLE, ALLURING and the omnipresent GLAMOROUS. The ads were an open challenge. They might just as well have shrieked: "Here's the Garbo of United Artists! Here's our entrant for the crown of the Silent Swede! The ring is open and no clinches barred. Go to it, girls!"

It was a risky business, and those responsible must have felt their minds reel at the possibility of failure if they ever allowed themselves to contemplate that possibility. Sten wasn't the first potential Garbo rival by any means, but she *was* the first to be built up through any such extensive and extravagant campaign, while she herself remained invisible. Movie-goers had been prepared for a goddess. Even allowing for the over-statement of ballyhoo, they weren't going to be satisfied with much less.

Well, the Sten sponsors gambled and won. The picture was released and, while "Nana" wasn't voted an unqualified critical success, Anna was. She drew gratifying queues at the box office and the fan mail began piling up. Her next picture, Tolstoi's "Resurrection," was rushed into preparation and, curiously enough, the



In this corner, Sizzling Sten! In the champion's corner, Gorgeous Greta!

man engaged to direct it was Mamoulian, who had done the same service for "Queen Christina." A great many people heaved sighs of satisfaction and relief, and a new and brilliant star rose gracefully to its place in the movie sky.

Yet I for one am convinced that if "Nana" had opened cold, its heroine's name would no more have been linked with Garbo's than with that of Crawford or Shearer. Why should it be? What single thing is there about Anna Sten that reminds you of Greta Garbo or *vice versa*? They're both blondes—they're both popular—and there, save for an artificially stimulated rivalry, the resemblance ends.

Can you imagine either of them in the other's rôle? Can you see Garbo tripping demurely down the walk of

How about Demon Dietrich? Is she still a serious contender for Garbo's crown?



Garbo, looking down at her rivals. Greta's next film will be "The Painted Veil," from the Maugham story.

the terrace café in "Nana," hips swaying ever so slightly, eyes coquetting ever so artfully? Can you see her administering the vigorous shove that sent the fresh guy to his well-earned punishment in the fountain basin, then sauntering on her way, serene in the consciousness of a job well done? Or can you imagine the luscious Sten going through that scene of Garbo's in "Christina," when the girl-queen, having spent her first night with her lover, moves wordlessly about the room, her face lit by an inner flame, her fingers worshipping each blessed object that has borne silent witness to her love, memorizing it, storing it up as treasure? Why waste caresses on wood and stone, the hot-blooded "Nana" would probably have wondered, when the living, breathing man was there to receive them?

Their faces tell the tale—one full-cheeked, sensuous-lipped, with eyes frankly seductive behind heavy lids; the other subtly moulded, almost ascetic in repose, enigma in the shadowy eyes, nobility on the clear brow. The Sten personality cries: "Come hither!" The Garbo-personality warns: "Keep your distance!" The figure we met in "Nana" overflows with exuberant vitality, glories in her healthy instincts and the joys they bring herself and others, exults in life and all its delectable fruits. Laughter and love seem her natural elements and the arms of a man her perfect resting place. Beautifully normal but nothing especially mysterious about it.

Garbo, on the other hand, seems to inhabit a world of her own—a world withdrawn and remote, which she leaves on occasion to descend among us mortals. Nor is this the effect of the legends that have grown up about her



Cecil Beaton

Dietrich. Her new picture, "The Scarlet Empress," will be released along about August. Will Marlene once more amaze her screen audiences?

self-imposed isolation. What she's really like not many people know. The Editor of SCREENLAND is among the chosen few to have met her, and she reports her to be a charming, gracious woman whose authentic reserve no stranger could hope to penetrate.

But forgetting all that and taking into account only the impression created by her screen image, the result would be the same. Her slow, enchanting smile dawns almost with the effect of a miracle on her tragedy-haunted face. It doesn't somehow seem a face that was made for smiling. Her rare moods of gaiety seem all the more poignant because of the foreboding one feels

Oh, yes, Maxie Baer will mix it with Carnera!

Here's Kid Hepburn!
And Battling Bergner!
There's the gong—go
to it, girls!



Hepburn, the Hollywood Spitfire! Katie has gone to Europe for a vacation. When she returns she will appear as that inspired maiden, "Joan of Arc."

that they can't last. Her brooding eyes seem to have looked upon things forever hidden from the rest of us—things that have brought her wisdom, pity, tenderness; but made her an alien, whether she wills it or no, from her own kind. There is always a sense of conflict between her human passions and some inscrutable destiny looming over her. Even while she yields, she is still inviolate. In her very moments of surrender, she remains aloof.

It's a quality in her which the films have known how to exploit; for, whether by instinct or intention, fewer of her pictures have ended in the lover's clinch than in some



Dark-Horse Bergner! Her "Catherine the Great" and "Ariane" have been shown here. She'll be with us soon!

form of frustration. Her man very rarely gets Garbo and, in some obscure way, it seems right that he shouldn't.

Could her fondest adorers find a trace of this other-worldliness in Sten? "We've no desire to find it," they may cry. "We like her the way she is." Fine! I like her the way she is, too—a provocative witch, a voluptuous young beauty with all the wiles of Eve at her fingertips, a notable addition to the Hollywood lists. I merely insist that she's no Garbo—that there is no other Garbo but Garbo—that no film actress I've ever encountered has the thing which sets her apart!

Various personalities have appeared from time to time who've been labelled—to their own distress, as a rule—logical aspirants to Garbo's place in the sun. When Von Sternberg discovered Marlene Dietrich and took her to Hollywood for her first American picture, the Paramount officials bent all their energies to the task of trying to prevent any comparison between their new find and the star of the Metro lot—*particularly* since there seemed some justifiable basis for comparison. They had no intention of presenting Marlene as anybody's carbon. They felt she was quite capable of standing on her own shapely feet.

All to no purpose. Word got abroad that someone had arrived who looked like Garbo, who acted like Garbo, who could play the same type of part as Garbo; and by the time "Morocco" was released, the fans were all agog to catch their first (Continued on page 75)

But these beauties are the real battlers!

What, No Screen

"No!" says Earl Carroll. Here's dynamite—Hollywood's pet convictions torn to shreds!

By Earl Carroll

THERE are no beautiful women in Hollywood! I will admit that Hollywood has more than its share of *attractive* women, but these so-called classically beautiful females whose pulchritude is advertised and exploited throughout the world are a sorry disappointment to the eye, judged from the point of beauty.

I would say, and not quake as I speak, that the screen stars who are so generally presented to the public as the cream of the globe's gorgeous women, actually

Claudette Colbert



Joan Crawford

They qualify!
Earl Carroll's
beauty
standards for
show girls
are among
the world's
highest.



are little more than moderately pretty. Shorn of their expensive beautifying and their costly robes, they would fade beside many a secretary or shop-worker who lacks the money to enhance her own appearance.

Joan Crawford cannot be termed beautiful. She has, in my opinion, a tired, drawn appearance. I suspect this is the consequence of too much dieting, of too strenuous efforts to preserve her figure, and of too much mental worry. Too, Joan has large freckles and her eyes are too big to measure up to accepted beauty standards.

(Continued on page 78)

BEAUTIES?

Luscious ladies, brought west by Mr. Carroll from Broadway to appear in the film, "Murder at the Vanities," represent his idea of feminine appeal.



Friendly opponents! Earl Carroll, left, and Cecil DeMille, the authors of these two startling stories, compare notes on their beauty credos.

"Yes!" says DeMille. Famous director defends movie charmers. Don't miss this debate!

By
Cecil
DeMille

MR. EARL CARROLL is mistaken! I do not question his qualifications to act as a judge of beauty, but I do question his point of view with regard to beauty in motion pictures.

Beauty on the screen is something to be sensed; not to be seen and weighed in physical terms.

Mr. Carroll makes his mistake by judging our film actresses in repose, taking their features individually and analyzing them. He compares their eyes, lips, limbs and waistlines with those of beautiful Susie Gumdrops behind the ribbon counter at the five-and-ten.

While there is no doubt that Susie may be a much more beautiful creature to contemplate than some of our top-rate stars—she is too often beautiful only so long as she remains inanimate, which, unfortunately, is not very long as a rule.

Susie's is the type of beauty which sculptors endeavor to instill in cold marble—and that is exactly where it belongs!

The actress, on the contrary, must express beauty in the movements of her hands and body (Continued on page 79)



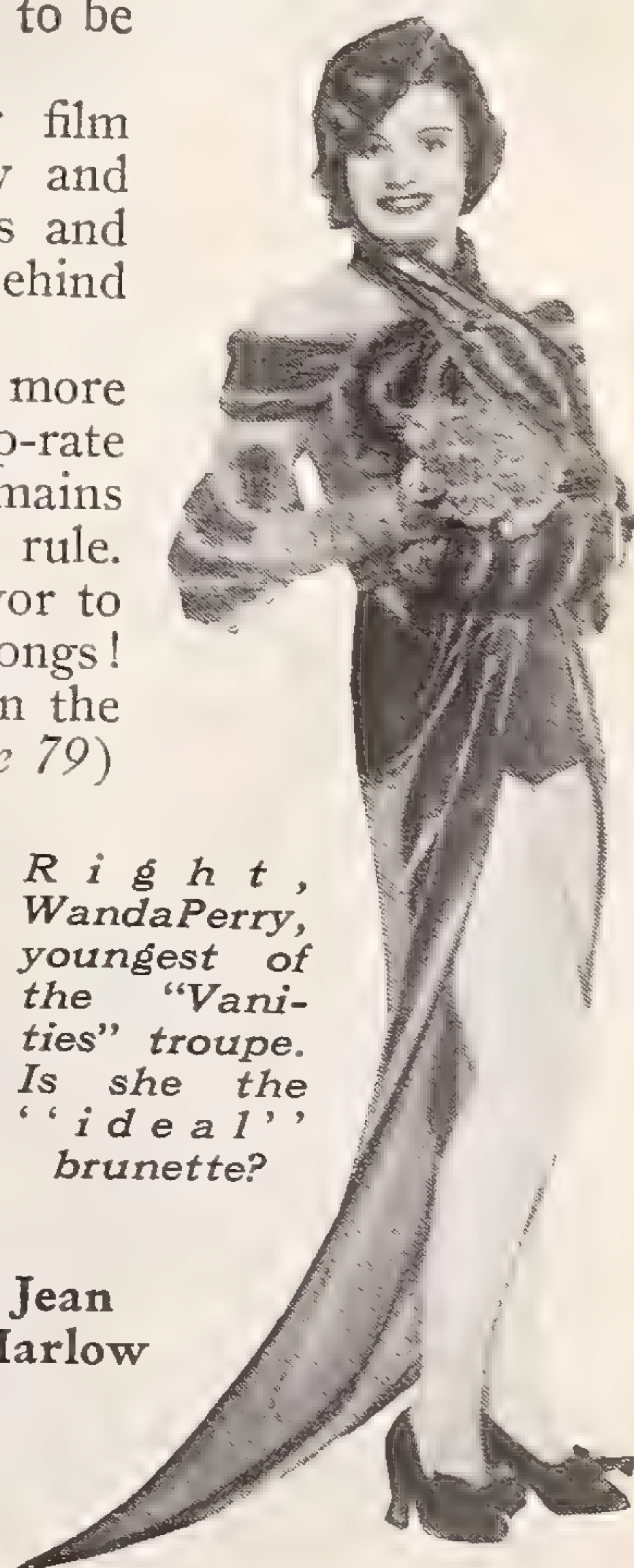
Left, Constance—she likes gardenias—Jordan illustrates the Carroll preference in blondes.

Marlene Dietrich



Right, Wanda Perry, youngest of the "Vanities" troupe. Is she the "ideal" brunette?

Jean Harlow



Screenland Glamor School

Shearer's new Glamor advice is—Classic Simplicity! Right, first profile close-up of Norma's very latest coiffure: sleek, ear-exposing, with clusters of sculptured curls.



The idea of the petal collar on the frock at the left is that your face should be flower-like above it! Of white piqué, this collar and double jabot top a tailored tweed.



Dramatic, the tailored lingerie touches on the black sequin gown pictured below! Norma loves it—says it gives her dash and dazing. If you carry off your clothes as casually as La Shearer, perhaps you'll want to try this amazing combination.

Adrian's Summer-1934 evening inspiration! Worn by Norma in her "come-back" film, its molded skirt of white crêpe is topped by the scarf and bodice of chartreuse and black-striped silk, held high about the throat in a shirred halter. Gay!





Can you wear Norma's new classic coiffure? It makes demands on your features, your skin, your expression—but Norma says that's a good idea, for it keeps you on your toes!

Grecian lines are emphasized in Norma's newest negligée. Note the braided cord at the neckline, repeated in the girdle; the draped sleeves; the classic beauty!



These pictures are NEWS! First exclusive showing of the Adrian gowns worn by Norma Shearer in "Rip Tide"



Sheer grace is shown in this view of the flowing cape-coat which Adrian has designed for intimate wear. See the front view in the large picture at the left. Note the lines.

Edited by
Norma Shearer
A SCREEN AND SCOOP!

HAS HOLLYWOOD



Is Larry "Buster" Crabbe glad he went movie? You'll read the answer in this rather sensational story, first of its kind.



Above, Buster with Frances Dee in his first film, "King of the Jungle," in which Crabbe followed Weissmuller to screen success.

Want to know the real truth about what film fame does to such he-men as Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe? Read this EXCLUSIVE story!

By
Ben Maddox

To me it was Greek meeting Greek. Both had Been Around and each was used to being the pampered half in high-pressure love affairs.

Seeing the tall, mighty Johnny and his peppery little "Loop" cavorting madly about town, one is inclined to burst into song. Take that old Bowery tune and begin: "Johnny and Lupe are lovers—oh, boy, say how they do love!" (*Sotto voce: and scrap!*)



Meet Mr. and Mrs. Larry "Buster" Crabbe! Before Buster went into films they would never have consented to pose for such an unconventional picture. It's different now!

THROW two body-beautiful athletes into the Hollywood whirlpool, and what's your outcome? Sheer luck whisked Johnny (still Lupe's) Weissmuller out of his natty swimming trunks and into a chic leopard loin-cloth. His torso triumphant, developed painlessly in the process of setting fifty international aquatic records, clicked so elegantly with the good public that a rival studio spotted Larry "Buster" Crabbe. And lo, we had a Number 2 king in the jungles!

Now, ranked as actors rather than champion swimmers, are the boys glad they went movie? Has exposure to the cinema and its folk spoiled these he-men?

Johnny has a flair for the spectacular, so you probably are most curious as to whether the Weissmullers are going to stay together. Far be it from me to risk my reputation by making a prophecy, but at the moment they do seem satisfied with each other's company.

When Johnny met Lupe it might have been Austrian-Dutch facing Mexican, according to the genealogists.

TAMED ITS TARZANS?

This is the very latest from the Front:

Lupe tells me, "Whatever he does, even if he don't report it to me, that is all right. He is my husband. I have charge of paying for the kitchen and for the flowers. But everything else he bosses!"

Momentarily forgetting her vow not to hold onto *Tarzan* too tightly, Bobbe Arnst's fatal error, she adds impetuously, "I know where he is every minute of the day and he knows where I am. I tell him all I do or think, because if I don't——!" She shudders dramatically. "Someone else will and then it will be one *billion* times worse!"

Johnny, questioned alone, confides, "Things have been going my way lately, but I'm not positive how long



Johnny, one of the greatest swimmers the world has ever known. Has his picture prestige threatened his athletic supremacy?

Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan are reunited as movie lovers in "Tarzan and his Mate," the sequel to "Tarzan," which will soon be released.



The waggish Weissmullers, Johnny and his Lupe! Read all about their colorful romance—unique even in hectic Hollywood. You'll see them together on the screen soon.

it'll last." The victorious gleam in his eyes soured. "In Hollywood a guy can't go home and fight with his wife without it hitting the headlines!"

"Sure," he concedes, "we get sore at each other. Lupe flies off the handle and I get stubborn and want to be by myself for a day or two. But they couldn't keep us apart with chains when we feel like making up!"

(Repeat theme song: "Johnny and Lupe are Lovers"—etc., etc.)

While the fiery Weissmullers are proving that marriage *can* be as frantic as a three-ring circus, the quiet Larry "Buster" Crabbes are models of decorum. You may have taken for granted that Hollywood's two *Tarzans*, being the same film type, have a lot in common. Wrong guess! Their modes of living and reasoning are as opposite as night and day, and nothing illustrates this fact better than the dissimilarity in their home-lives.

Johnny moved into Lupe's costly Beverly Hills mansion and their private life is one series of surprises. They are the stars the authors of "Once in a Lifetime" must have had in mind.

The house is a veritable castle and the two of them are prepared to defend it. Lupe, as you've heard, has invested her earnings in jewels. She has several hundred thousands dollars worth. On (Continued on page 92)

Together again

The most *Glorious*
sweethearts of the Screen



Janet
GAYNOR
Charles
FARRELL

Just as they captured your hearts in
"Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up",
they'll win you again in this lovable
romance of young hearts, young love—

CHANGE OF HEART

with
JAMES DUNN
GINGER ROGERS

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Directed by John C. Blystone. From
the novel "Manhattan Love Song"
by Kathleen Norris





*These specimens of Carl DeVoy's
art accomplish miracles
with my venerable facade!
John Barrymore*

Scoop! SCREENLAND presents John Barrymore's favorite portrait, with his actual autograph. See what he says about camera artist DeVoy, who photographed him as he looks in his new rôle in "Twentieth Century"? One artist's most generous tribute to another!



Epic affairs were the French beds of a hundred-odd years ago, such as Carole has introduced into her bedroom, decorated in plum and pink shades, with drapes of rose-beige and plum. Note the mirror screens flanking the bed.



Let's Call on Carole Lombard!

Carole is John Barrymore's leading woman in "Twentieth Century," and the idea of her first rôle opposite the famous "Prince John" gives her an authentic thrill. Here's a tragi-comic scene with Carole as a very temperamental actress.

The dignified lines of the Empire-Directory chairs lend a formal air to the Lombard dining-room, pictured below. Salmon pink and green are the prevailing colors, with the draperies in emerald green satin, white walls, and salmon pink velvet chairs.



The woman and the actress! Here's a striking new portrait of our lovely hostess in a meditative mood. Not only is Carole in great demand at Paramount, her home studio, but Columbia also insists on borrowing her talents for their pictures.



The period that characterizes Carole's home was truly an age of color. Here, left, is a divan upholstered in bright yellow panne velvet, against a background of blue walls, carpets and draperies. And, to complete the perfect picture, Carole!

Turn back the clock to the graceful days of the early Nineteenth Century, and visit Carole's Empire-Directory home

Notice here, in the living room, the three-cornered chair so characteristic of the period. (Below). The walls are in light blue, the carpeting in velvet, and the draperies in a combination of both these tones. Handsome—and comfortable!





Robert W. Coburn

YES—it *can* happen! In Hollywood today you will find ladies as lovely, wearing gowns as exquisite, in homes as beautiful as anywhere in the world! Here, above, is Dolores Del Rio, Mrs. Cedric Gibbons in private life.

Elegance —



Elmer Fryer

in Hollywood!

GENEVIEVE TOBIN with her prize-winning pet, in the first portrait for which she has posed in her new home in Beverly Hills. Charm, poise, good taste—screen actresses have all these, as well as the much-publicized glamor!



Old-fashioned love! Ronnie Colman, that gentlemanly screen romantic, pays quiet court to Loretta Young in his new film, "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." And doesn't Loretta seem to like it!



Sophisticated love! What wouldn't you give, girls, to be in Frances Drake's shoes as menacin' George Raft directs his soulful gaze into her eyes in this scene for "The Trumpet Blows!" Frances is a new heart-disturber from England.



Real love! No play-acting about this little domestic idyll, for the principals, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, are happy newlyweds recently returned from their honeymoon. And now they're going to continue their screen work—but, alas, separately!

Boys and Girls Together!



Crooning love! Dick Powell, going soft and moonstruck, warbles a song in his tenderest voice, with Ginger Rogers gently joining in. This is the agreeable way they spend their time in "20,000 Sweethearts," musical with Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins.

Youthful love! Collegiate Larry Crabbe isn't bored by those between-scene waits in the studio when Joan Marsh is in the vicinity. This is one of the arduous tasks Larry is called upon to perform in "You're Telling Me"—and maybe it doesn't give him a few ideas!

Ideal love! The expressions on the faces of Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall in this scene from "Riptide" bespeak a deeply-felt emotion far above the ordinary run of movie love scenes. And the story, Norma's come-back vehicle, deserves such sensitive acting.

Cupid's an enterprising lad these soft, summery days. So—watch your favorite reel romancers in their new pictures!





Scotty Welbourne

Sea-Going Star!

HERE is Warren William as he really is—not the suave, polished performer you see on the screen, but a man who likes his schooner, his pipe, and his dog far better than he likes a studio set, make-up, and his director!



MARGARET LINDSAY helps to make a charming picture as she stands on the dock at San Pedro, California, where she went on location for "Fog over Frisco." Watch for this film with its authentic background.

Scotty Welbourne

*The Most Beautiful Still
of the Month*

Today's Newcomers!



SEE what cinemaland has in store for you! New faces, new figures, new types of feminine charm and masculine appeal! The energetic gentleman at the extreme left is Carl Brisson from England. Next to him is the provokingly dimpled face of Pauline True. Then comes Barbara Fritchie, new Hollywood adornment. Pat Paterson, gay in her trick tall millinery, has already been introduced to us in "Bottoms Up." And Philip Regan, there in the corner, is lending his talents to new pictures.



Tomorrow's Favorites?

AND still they come to entertain us! Here we behold sunny Dorothy Dell, new blonde hopeful; masterful-looking Harry Wilcoxon, from England; lyrical Lanny Ross; starry-eyed Suzanne Kaaren; and suave Charles Boyer, romantic French star and bridegroom of Pat Paterson. Here's the answer to that cry for something different to refresh the jaded movie palate! So, boys and girls, go to it—a hundred and twenty million moviegoers want to like you!



ATHLETIC ACTOR!

Joel McCrea portrays the typical young American, stalwart, wholesome, clean-cut, straightforward.



ROMANTIC ACTOR!

Nils Asther personifies Continental appeal—sophisticated, suave, slightly cynical!

Here Are Actors!



MENACING ACTOR!

Chester Morris' name means punch!—wallop!—action!—drama!—excitement!



THE PERFECT ACTOR!

Everything he does is right. Every part he plays, convincing. Lewis Stone!

ANN DVORAK in WARNER BROS'. "SIDE STREETS"
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively



My Make-Up Secret To accent the Allure of Beauty

As told to Florence Vondelle by ANN DVORAK

POWDER... "The color tone of face powder should blend softly with the skin, enlivening its natural beauty. For my colorings...brunette hair, hazel eyes and olive skin...Max Factor's Olive Powder is the harmonizing shade. Of velvety texture, it adheres perfectly, creating a satin-smooth make-up that is flattering under any close-up test."

"There's a certain mystery about the appeal of beauty...but I know that color, perhaps more than anything else, is the one thing that makes feminine charm alluring.

"This appeal of color we may accent with make-up...but powder, rouge and lipstick should be in harmonizing color tones to give beauty a lovely, alluring warmth and life. This is the secret of color harmony make-up...created by Max Factor, Hollywood's

ROUGE... "Harmony of color between powder and rouge is essential, for rouge should merely emphasize a natural, youthful glow in the cheeks. For my colorings, Max Factor's Carmine Rouge is extremely life-like in effect...and it is so creamy-smooth, like delicate skin-texture, that it always blends easily, evenly and naturally."

LIPSTICK... "The appeal of the lips may be accented a trifle...but it is most important that lip make-up be in color harmony. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Carmine Lipstick is the proper color tone to complete my make-up. It's moisture-proof and permanent in color...so that you may be sure your lips will appear attractive for hours and hours."

make-up genius...and my make-up secret, too."

Discover the difference Hollywood's magic make-up will make in your own beauty. Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius. Now featured by leading stores at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Mail the coupon below for personal make-up advice.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

**Now Free . . . Your Color
Harmony Make-Up Chart**

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

FILL IN and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

★ NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.



MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR,
HOLLYWOOD 4-6-79

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	type above and here.

NAME _____

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STATE _____





Above: left, Fay Wray with Frank Morgan; right, Fay in a love scene with "Cellini" March.

FREDDIE AND CONNIE— FAY AND FRANK!

A mad, merry band, the all-star cast of "The Firebrand," the comedy about that Great Lover, Cellini. Fredric March and Constance Bennett co-star, with Fay Wray and Frank Morgan the "extra added attractions."

Clarence Hewitt



Above, a close-up of Fay, the "young love" appeal. Left, Freddie and Connie, together for the first time in this film of the love intrigues of Cellini, the great goldsmith of the 16th Century in Italy.

Three little words—

*I*F YOU want to assure the success of your own permanent wave, say these three words to your hairdresser as she prepares your hair: "USE EUGENE SACHETS."

Then rest content that you have done everything possible to help your waver make a success of your wave. For the Eugene sachet holds the *secret* of permanence and beauty.

When used to wrap your long strands of hair, with the Eugene Spiral method of winding—from roots to ends—it creates waves that are wide, soft, and natural.

When used for your shorter strands of hair, with the Eugene Reverse-spiral method of winding—from the ends to the roots—it fashions curls that are "springy" and will not easily come out.



BUT WE REPEAT: *Tell your operator to "Use Eugene Sachets."*

Beware of any substitutes. Avoid inferior wrappers—or home-made bits of flannel. The results may prove sadly disappointing.

You can identify genuine Eugene sachets by the trade-mark stamped on each one. *See this trade-mark figure—"The Goddess of the Wave."* Then you will know that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent, preferred by fashionable women the world over. Eugene Ltd . . . New York, London.

eugène
permanent waves





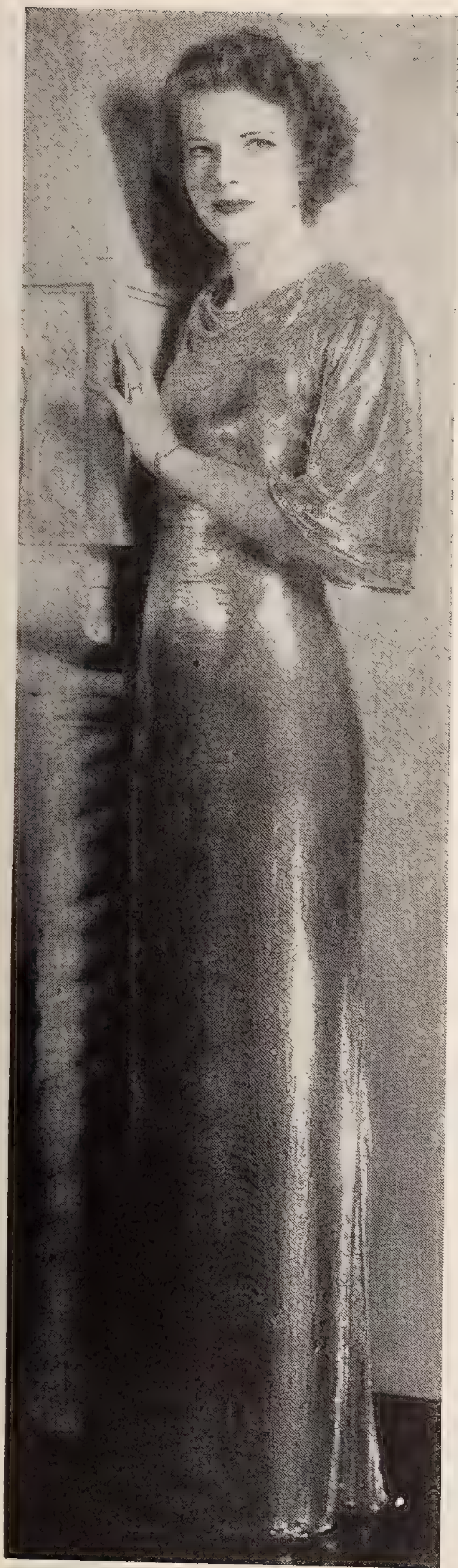
Landi Looks Ahead!

ELISSA isn't standing still! She may refuse to accept certain rôles, but she is eager to play colorful parts which will advance her career. Read the story on the opposite page for a new slant on the lovely Landi.

Her 4 Fateful Moments

Elissa Landi tells frankly—for the first time—about the turning points in her eventful life

By Maude Cheatham



Two Landis—alike, yet so dissimilar! Here, the lovely Elissa of the drawing-room.

THERE have been four fateful moments in Elissa Landi's life!

These events are like vivid mile-stones in her memory. Three of them involved decisions that changed the course of her entire life.

"Looking back, would you decide otherwise, could you live it over again?" I asked.

Without hesitation, Elissa answered: "No, I would take the same course. Each turning point brought rich experiences. It is only by experiences that we taste life."

The first of these momentous occasions came while she was very young. Like all children, Elissa delighted in fairy tales. Then, one day, she discovered the story of Christ. Hastening to her mother she asked if it were true or just another Cinderella story.

Looking into those steady young eyes, her mother, the Countess Zarnardi Landi, told her that henceforth she must decide things for herself, through study, research, and *thinking!*

Elissa didn't realize it at the time but this was the means of developing a remarkable power of concentration for making decisions based on sound judgment, that is so characteristic of her today. It was this training, too, that has brought to this girl of thirty so many honors—fame on stage and screen, four published novels, poems, and many songs, all evidence of unusual mental culture.

Said Elissa, "My mother taught me not to take ideas or opinions from other people as I might take a tablet or a pill, just because it was easier to accept ready-made thoughts than go through the throes of working them out for myself. This training has given me courage and confidence and has proven to be the dominating influence in my life."

We were chatting in her dressing-room at (Continued on page 90)



And here is Landi in a different phase of her varied personality—ready for a whirl on the bridle-path.

What Are Little



Woman-shy! Wynne Gibson, bored and embarrassed by the usual feminine chatter, is driven to hobnobbing with men. And what a break for the boys!

Wynne's scared of women—
They make her quake and
cower;
The girl you thought a siren
Is just a shrinking flower!

By
Jack Jamison

one for you! Because, from the start, Wynne was a tomboy. Her mama could doll her up in her prettiest dress, frizz her hair—and five minutes later she was out in the back lot playing football. She was always fighting, too. She licked practically every boy in the neighborhood. She knew how to get along with boys—and the result was, she never learned how to get along with girls.

"To this day I don't know how," she admits. "I *don't*. Another thing, I was always so homely and gawky! I'll never forget the day I graduated from school. I had to speak a piece. All I could see, looking down, were my own white legs, about a mile long, and a pair of enormous white feet that looked like flour-sacks.

"When I got to be old enough to go out to parties I couldn't be like the other girls. They didn't have legs like that. And I was so short I figured I'd never be able to look well in my dresses, the way they did. I'm only five feet tall in my stockings, now, and I was shorter then. The other girls talked about clothes and boys, clothes and boys, clothes and boys. Boys were romantic (Continued on page 82)

THE life Wynne Gibson leads in Hollywood is an odd one! On the screen she's usually a female villain—a gangster's moll, or a tough show-gal, or something like that. Off the screen, in her social life, she's either out in the open spaces riding a hoss, as they call the critter in those same open spaces, or sitting up all night playing poker—with *men*. M—E—N, men!

I can't picture Mary Pickford or Connie Bennett or Marlene Dietrich, even, pants or no pants, riding horseback on a ranch wearing a pair of faded blue jeans. And I certainly can't picture them—and you can't, either—playing poker at a stag party.

Why has Winnie so few women friends? Because she's scared to death of 'em! *Terri-fied!*

When Wynne was born her mother wanted her to be a boy. If you believe in children being "marked" before they're born, there's



Impromptu reunion! "Winnie" bumps into an old acquaintance, at the Brown Derby. He's John Galladet, her second husband, now divorced. And never an embarrassed moment!

International

Girls Afraid Of?

Glenda fears the bogey man—
The night-time drives her
frantic;
So *that's* our hard-boiled movie
gal—
Meek, little, and romantic!

By
Reeves Harmon

EVERY night before she goes to sleep, Glenda Farrell looks under her bed to make sure no burglar is hiding there!

Every night, before she turns out the light, (she just can't sleep with the light on), she tries the doors to see that they are locked and calls the telephone operator to make certain the wires aren't cut.

Then, when she has assured herself that all is as it should be, she gets into bed and sometimes she goes to sleep. More often, however, she lies awake half the night listening to imaginary noises and worrying about them. Even when she sleeps, she is tormented by nightmares.

Fear, a nameless, unreasoning fear, takes possession of Glenda Farrell as soon as it becomes dark. It has always been so with her.

"I was terrified in the dark as a child," she explains. "I don't remember any special thing that ever happened to me to cause it, either. I have been afraid of the dark and of unexplained noises and of thunder and wind, ever since I can remember. Now I'm scared to death of earthquakes although I wasn't in Hollywood for the big one they had in March, 1933."



Afraid of the dark! Glenda Farrell looks under the bed every night, (and not hopefully!), to see if there are any burglars. She's Hollywood's most timid actress.



Acme

Here's Glenda with Robert Riskin, author of "Lady for a Day," that riotous comedy-drama in which she played one of those hard-boiled rôles so unlike the real Glenda.

In more ways than one Glenda is a timid soul. She is afraid to be alone and is speechless with fright when she faces a crowd, unless the lines she is to use have been memorized beforehand. Even her indignation—and she is continuously indignant at someone or about something—fades out when she faces the person or situation she dislikes.

On second thought, however, Miss Farrell is not certain that her dread of the dark did not begin during her early days on the stage when she played the rôle of *Little Eva* with a traveling show troupe which specialized in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

As *Little Eva* it fell to Glenda's lot to "go to heaven" once each night. This interesting trip was made with the aid of a poorly concealed wire which hoisted the little girl up into the flies above the stage—and left her there until the scene ended.

"It was dark (Continued on page 83)

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

Rip Tide
M-G-M



REVIEWS

of the


Best

Pictures

By


Delight Evans



 You will not be disappointed in Norma Shearer's "come-back" film, her first in over a year, unless you are expecting a new Norma in a highly different rôle. The star-sophisticate appears in very much the same silken, slightly decadent, and exquisitely accoutered characterization which has won her so much box-office acclaim in the past. In fact, if you'd just dropped in from a year in the stratosphere you would never guess that you, or Norma, had been away at all. And I don't care how you take that! I am, unreasonably I suppose, disappointed in "Rip Tide," although it fulfills all the requirements of a "smart" triangular comedy-drama, and it is beautifully acted by Miss Shearer, Herbert Marshall, as her husband, and Robert Montgomery, as a rather overgrown "playboy"—oh, so playful—who persists in impersonating the serpent in Norma's Garden of Eden. It must be that same unreasonableness in me that cringes a little at Mr. Montgomery's pat portrayal. Certainly he's amusing enough. Miss Shearer, in those amazing Adrian creations, is always charmingly decorative, and her technique is flawless.


No Greater Glory
Columbia



 The most courageous picture of the season! It took courage for Columbia to make it. It took courage for Frank Borzage to direct it so sincerely and so uncommercially. And it takes real courage to see it. For it is far from the usual Hollywood entertainment. Adapted from Ferenc Molnar's "Paul Street Boys," it is a realistic story of boys—not young geniuses, or prodigies; just boys in Budapest, members of two rival "gangs." Not through the eyes of their parents or teachers do we watch them, but as one of them. We see them as they see each other and themselves. And their story is terribly poignant. You may view "No Greater Glory" as a terrific indictment of war. Or you may enjoy it purely on its artistic merits as a moving study of boys' hearts and souls. Whichever way, your time will not be wasted. Borzage has made these boys real. George Breakston as the only "private" in the Paul Street Boys' "army" becomes a tremendously touching figure in his frail eagerness to become an "officer." Jimmy Butler as the handsome leader is just about perfect; Frankie Darro and Jackie Searl, too. Ralph Morgan and Lois Wilson give splendid performances as the outstanding "grown-ups." A masterpiece!

Men in White
M-G-M



 A fine picture, with the most perfect group acting of the month! The performances of Clark Gable, Jean Hersholt, Myrna Loy, and Elizabeth Allan remind you of the superb team-work of a great acting company such as The Theatre Guild in its splendid co-ordination. A personal triumph for Gable, who is more vitally human and at the same time more honestly sympathetic than ever before—how you'll warm to his scenes with his child patient! Yes, it's a "hospital" picture! But different. No grisly scenes just for gruesome effect; no agony for agony's sake. The suspense, the torture, the terror are real. Harrowing? But worth it! Gable plays a young doctor whose love for Myrna Loy is in conflict with his unselfed devotion to his work. Jean Hersholt, as the great surgeon whose protege he is, points out the stern path of duty that a fine doctor must follow—and your attention will never wander as the picture progresses to its inevitable, and unmovieish, conclusion. Where too many Hollywood films would yield to the temptation to turn "Men in White" into another two-women-fighting-for-one-man movie, this remarkable drama refuses to compromise with truth; and the reward is reality!

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

You'll Applaud These Performances!

It is rare indeed that ONE picture offers a full gallery of "best" performances. The finest cast of the month is that in "Men in White." Four superb stellar rôles, each flawlessly played: Clark Gable as the earnest young doctor, Myrna Loy as his lovely fiancée, Elizabeth Allan as the nurse who worships him, and Jean Hersholt as the famous surgeon who scorns material success for humanity's sake.

Of course you will enjoy Mr. Arliss' portrait of *Rothschild*—the outstanding individual performance of the month. Then there are laurels for Dick Powell, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young, Helen Westley, George Breakston—the amazing boy in "No Greater Glory"—and Frank Buck and his honey-bear!



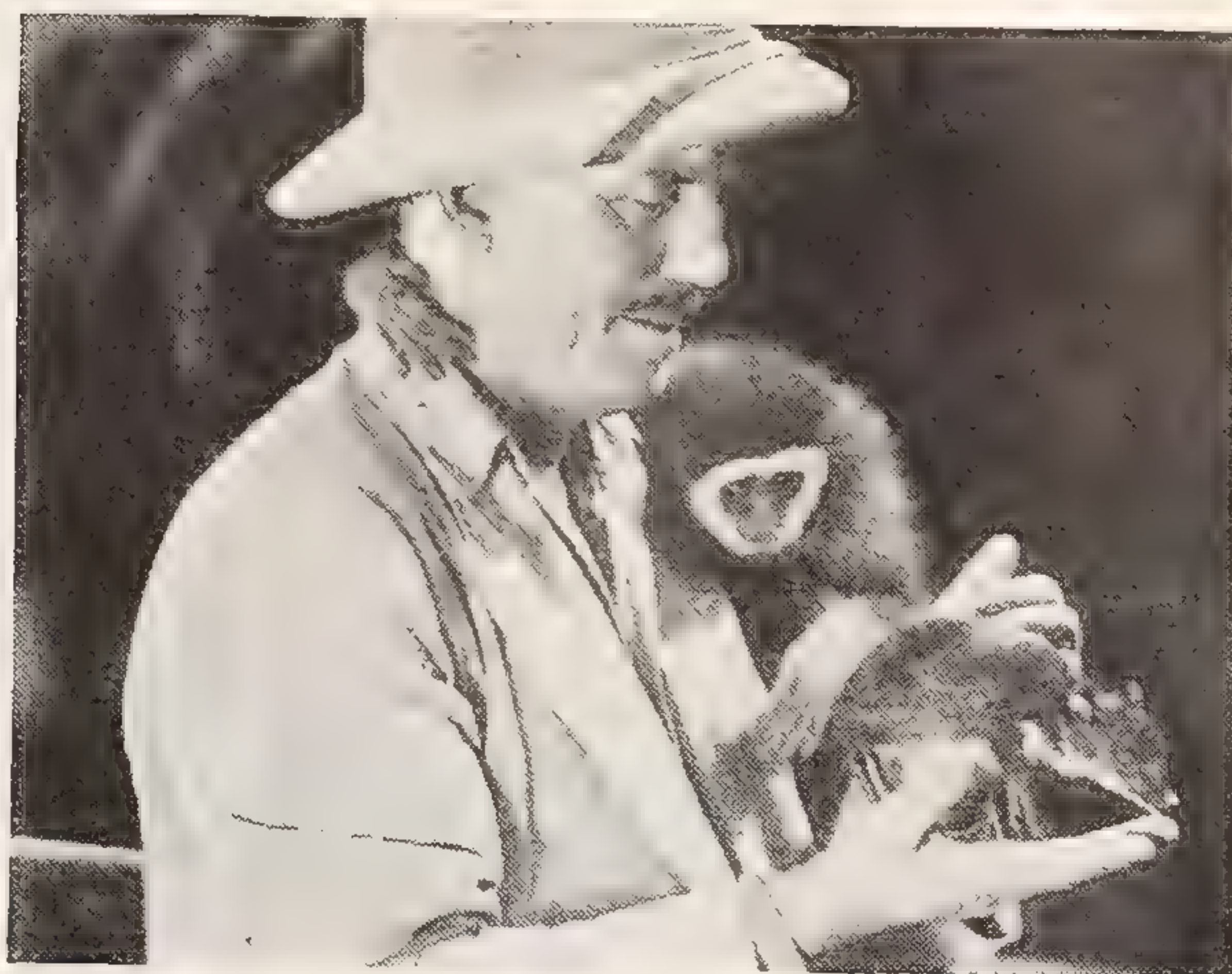
20,000,000
Sweethearts
First
National



And 20,000,000 sweethearts can't all be wrong about Dick Powell! As a matter of fact, I think this new picture will establish Powell as more than just a toothy crooner. He shows here that he has a talent for tender love scenes, to say nothing of dramatic ability. So, if you don't like Powell, give him another chance. If you've liked him all along, you'll revel in his latest opus. It has much of the freshness and good-humor of "42nd Street"—and you may like it better. It's a musical, but without those endless chorus drills in which the cuties start out as nice, hard-working Hollywood dancers and end as water-sprites or wood-nymphs. Besides, you're given a glimpse into the "back-stage" life of a radio station. Dick plays a singing waiter who becomes a radio flop, then a huge success. Ginger Rogers has a grand rôle at last, looks her loveliest, and sings charmingly. You'll be whistling *I'll String Along With You*, unless you're too polite to whistle, in which case you'll be humming it. Allen Jenkins is very funny as the child-hater who broadcasts kiddie stories. Pat O'Brien, Joe Cawthorne, and Ted Fiorito, help entertain.



The House of
Rothschild
20th Century



Wild Cargo
R-K-O



Dignity without boredom! George Arliss achieves it more elegantly than ever before, in "The House of Rothschild," his greatest picture with the possible exception of "Disraeli"—and I except "Disraeli" only because I can hear the distant mutterings of the die-hard "Disraeli" fans. I grant you, there was a characterization. But see the two *Rothschild* portraits, father and son, painted by Arliss, before you decide. Unreservedly recommended for fine, full-flavored, take-the-whole-family film enjoyment, "The House of Rothschild" has historical value, with no sinister "Rasputin" echoes, for I hear that the reigning Rothschilds approve it wholeheartedly. Arliss first is seen as the founder of the family, surrounded by his five sons. At his death, the family carries on in every great city in Europe, until the name of Rothschild is among the mightiest. Loretta Young is a vision of beauty as the fair daughter of *Nathan Rothschild*, while Robert Young is ingratiating as her lover. C. Aubrey Smith is a lusty Duke of Wellington. But Helen Westley as the robust, humorous "mother of half the loans in Europe" manages to be the most colorful character of all. Messrs. Karloff, Owen, and Simpson—good!



Frank Buck's new edition of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" is here! Complete with battle between a black panther and a python, many amusing monkeys, wonderful scenic shots, and a honey-bear—alone worth the admission money. Well, if George White can bring out a "Scandals" every season I see no reason why Mr. Buck can't keep on filming his animal expeditions forever! "Wild Cargo" is not as ferocious as "Bring 'Em Back Alive" but you may enjoy it more for that very reason. An authentic camera record of the actual capture of the "fierce and rare" wild animals ordered by Buck's bosses, the zoos of the world, the picture is continually fascinating to anyone who wants "to get away from it all" but can get only as far as his favorite theatre. Big moments are the snaring of a cassowary by Mr. Buck with his trusty Argentine bolas; the above-mentioned panther-python fight; and any and every shot of the honey-bear, who is more adorable than Janet Gaynor and more expressive than La Hepburn. Frank Buck himself selects as his favorite the mouse-deer, four pounds of screen appeal, whom he saves, and just in the nick of time, too, from the machinations of Papa Python. See this!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

Home Appeal!



The harmonious use of old pieces, such as a tapestry, and old chairs and table, is interestingly shown in the "set" of a man's den, above, designed by Carl Jules Weyl.

YOUR taste in other things besides drama is being developed if you go to see motion pictures.

So declares Willy Pogany, famous Hungarian artist, now one of Hollywood's most highly-paid "art directors."

"I'm not sure what it means to 'direct art,'" Pogany laughed, his dark eyes dancing, "but I suppose it is the ability to create art combined with technical knowledge of camera angles, lighting, and mechanics. At any rate, we must be able to keep one step ahead of the public as we educate their taste.

"Millions of people all over the world go to see motion pictures; even without their realizing it, their taste is developed. They learn the latest methods in acting, naturally, but they also are educated in dressing, in music, in grooming, in manners, in architecture, interior decoration, diction, and so on. We can no longer feed the public metaphorical roast beef, but we must give them, sometimes, caviar.

"When you run an old picture today, the audience roars with laughter. The clothes are out of date, but so also are the acting and the sets. People today are more sophisticated. They will not accept a painted back-drop as a garden, or a curtain as the wall of a house.

"You can see how it is in advertising: Not many years ago, any old sketch or cut was run; today, the very best artists are employed by advertisers because public taste has advanced.

"The set in a picture is the background for the action. The background gives the mood. Whenever you look at

the screen, you see a picture. The set should be sufficiently interesting not to kill the actor's art, and it should put the audience in a responsive mood.

"People see a beautiful interior created for a certain mood and if they are of the type who see loveliness in that mood, they cry: 'There—that's just what I want!' And they do not rest until they have achieved something as much like what they saw on the screen as it is possible to get.

"The things that I am doing at present are mostly highly imaginative sets for musicals, extravagant designs for song numbers, and so on. None of these can be copied for one's home, but seeing these sets is of value to anyone who is considering re-making his home, because they develop imagination. Contemplation of them helps new ideas to flow, and the home-owner who is not satisfied with his home goes away full of dreams of creation.

"Mr. Greunberger of this lot



Room for living, in the modern manner! The drawing-room "set" above, for Ruth Chatterton's picture, "Female," was designed by Jack Okey of Warners. Note the mural.

(Warners, where Mr. Pogany is under contract) has designed a bedroom in this imaginative manner. You could not copy this for your own home, unless you live in an enchanted castle, but a study of it may set your imagination to speeding. You may say: 'I could have a window seat adapted from that one, and I see how exactly the bed I want can be adapted from the canopied one shown. I will change this and add that.'

It is Mr. Pogany's idea that if an artist merely sticks to existing styles in architecture and design, he is of no use to pictures, because a motion picture of a building actually standing may be shot and prove tremendously uninteresting because it wasn't designed for good camera angles and its beauty cannot be photographed.

"If a building is designed especially for pictures, it will be interesting, and it will contribute to the aesthetic quality of the picture," he explained.

"Sometimes an artist creates something new and con-

And how to achieve it! Let Willy Pogany, noted artist now designing screen interiors, advise you on your home decoration problems.
EXCLUSIVE!

By
Ruth Tildesley

tradictory to existing ideas of architecture. Perhaps what he does is conspicuous for its impracticability and it cannot be reproduced. Art directors are all architects, of course, so they understand what they are doing and know that it cannot be used commercially, but for pictures we can exercise our imagination. We try for aesthetic quality, and we try to represent moods and reflect the characters who are to appear on the set.

"I wish people would recognize this, for it is not always wise to attempt to reproduce what you see on the screen. You analyze what you see and decide for yourself what is good for your purpose and what would make the hair stand on end if done outside of pictures."

Mr. Pogany urges us all to treat the sets we see on the screen as we have learned to treat the costumes.

"Dresses shown on the screen create new styles," he pointed out. "I believe there is no argument about that. A woman sees a star wearing a certain dress in a picture and says: 'I should like to have that, but I'll alter it to suit my type. I can't wear a cape because my shoulders are too high, so I'll take that off and wear a plainer collar.' Or, 'I like those ruffles, but I'll have to put them lower because I'm not tall enough to carry them off.'"

So when we see an intimate interior that appeals to us, we must adapt it to our own personalities.

"When we put an intimate interior on the screen," continued Mr. Pogany, "it is usually not an obvious thing. It is beautiful and it creates a mood.

"Mood is just as essential for a home as it is for a picture, although the fact is not generally recognized. Different temperaments demand different surroundings, and should have them. If you are (Continued on page 88)

Here is Willy Pogany himself. You have known him as a distinguished artist. Now many of the sets you have been seeing on the screen are designed by him. In this exclusive article he gives you valuable suggestions for "Home Appeal."



Use the Movies in Home-Making!

Consider the sets you see on the screen with care! Consider if you could live in them.

If you think you could be happy there, you may copy it, or adapt it.

But if you feel it would be only for show, do not have it at any price! Home should be a place of comfort.

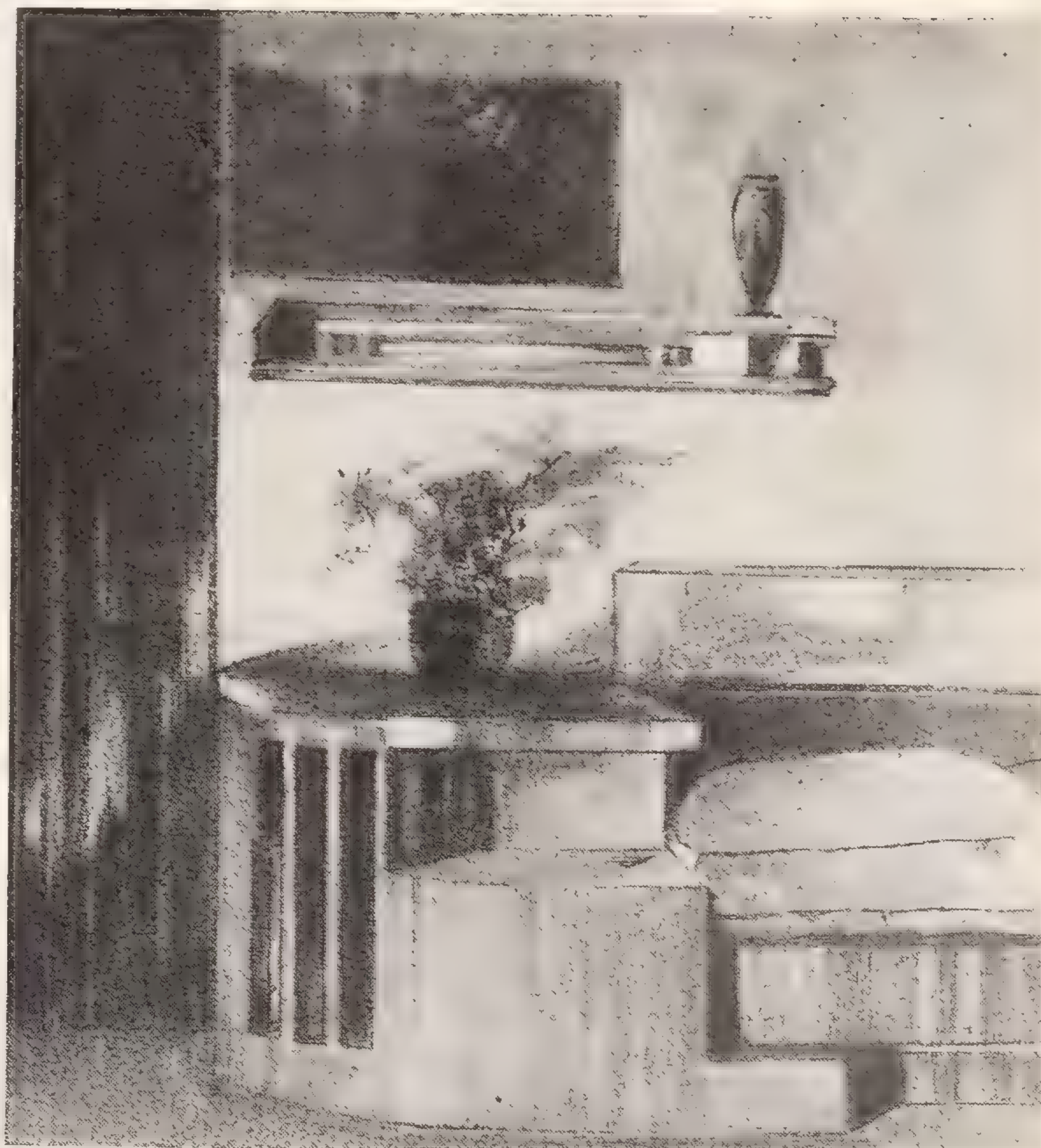
Furniture should be comfortable and practical. The purely ornamental is out!

The rage today is for white, light furniture and white backgrounds, because we are all sunshine-crazy!

Willy Pogany



Willy Pogany advises you how to adapt some of the striking screen "sets" for your own use—including this ultra-modern room shown above, also designed by Mr. Okey. It's a breakfast-room, actually!



A drawing by Carl J. Weyl of a corner of a living-room, to be used in a future film. You may find many stimulating ideas for your own home by studying screen "sets." Read Willy-Pogany's advice.

Taking The Air

Big-time bolts from the blue!
Here are radio "raves" of the
moment in close-up

By Mortimer Franklin



"Music by Gershwin," long the hallmark of what's best in American music, is now the name of a semi-weekly program. Meet the peerless George!

WE HAVE with us this month, members of the radio audience, a uniquely outstanding figure in the twin worlds of art and entertainment. A man who is likely to be remembered long after the best of our present-day ether songsters, performers, jesters and spell-binders have gone to their reward in Heaven or Hollywood. A man who—but hang the suspense! Ladies and gentlemen, I give you, (though not for keeps), George Gershwin, composer of *Rhapsody in Blue*, *Concerto in F*, and *An American in Paris*, and the man who first discovered a soul lurking in jazz.

Mr. Gershwin wears his honors lightly. Perched precariously on one of those three-by-five-inch visitors' chairs in the control during a rehearsal of his "Music by Gershwin" program, an unaffected diffidence that verged almost on shyness seemed to possess him as he talked about himself to my heart's content.

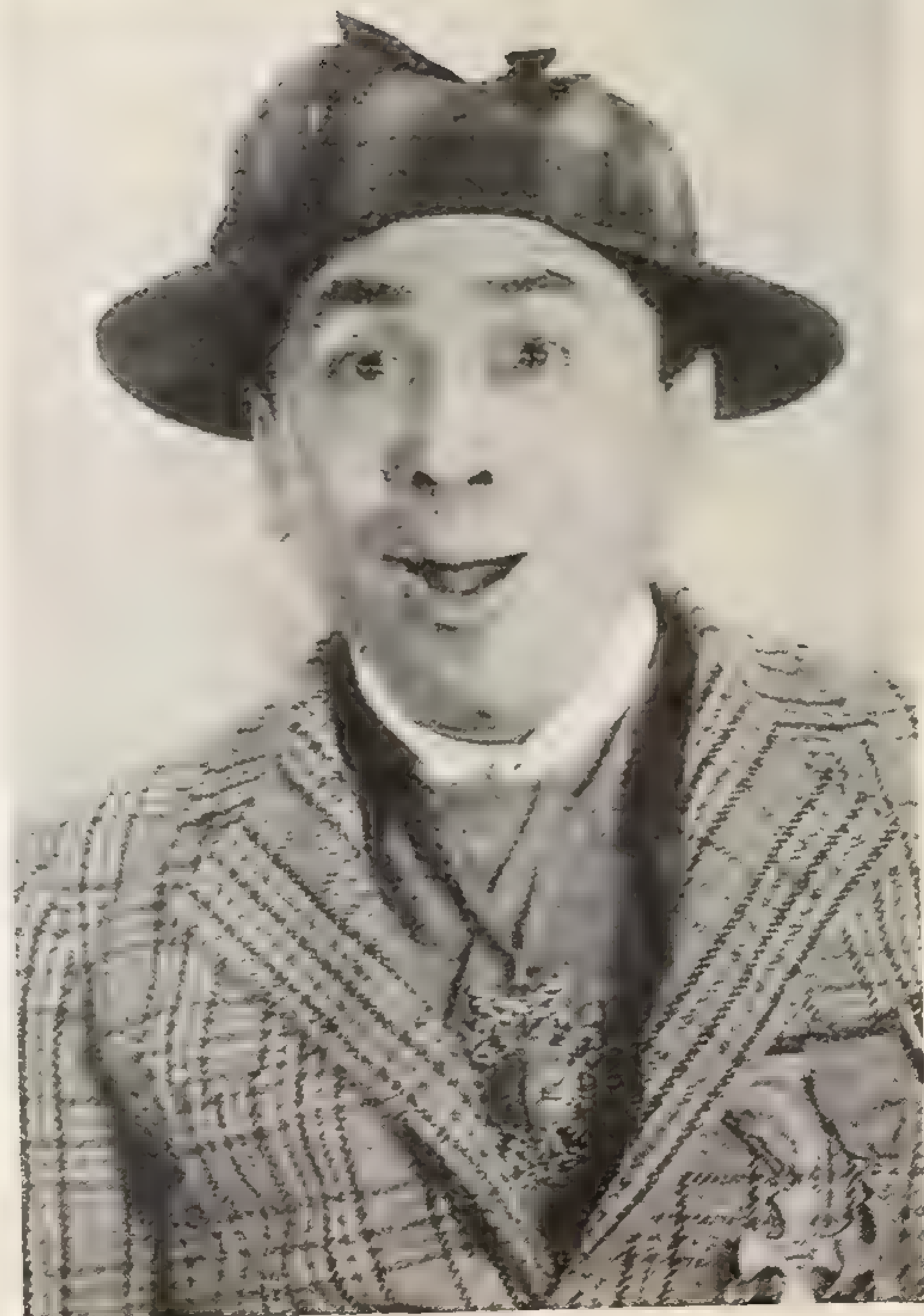
"What do I try to get across in my music? I'd call it a feeling of life as we live it today. I've chosen as my particular province, because I liked to do it, the making of music that will portray the American spirit in sound and rhythm. And I know that there's plenty of good musical raw material all around me—good ideas and themes—that can be used to express modern America in just that way."

And if you recall the distinctly native accents of his symphonic works, as well as his still-popular songs from "O Kay," "Funny Face," "Strike Up the Band," "Of Thee I Sing," and so on, you (Continued on page 85)



Shine on, bright star! Ruth Etting's appeal to the ether audience is an entirely different and special one. Read how she reacts to their reaction, and to her radio-singing career in general.

"Sho I'll tell you, Sharlie—" Your friend Baron Munchausen, masquerading as Jack Pearl, has just added the listeners of thirty-two more stations to his string of dupes. And that's no tall tale!



\$250,000 in 5 Years!

By Sydney Valentine

That's Jean Muir's ambition.
Will she achieve it?

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

JEAN MUIR has a five-year-plan of her own. If, at the end of that time, she has \$250,000 in cash and investments, she will consider her motion picture career a success.

Then she will quit pictures at once and for all time!

But, if she finds that she can't make that much money in the time she has allotted herself, she may quit them immediately, may leave Hollywood flat and go back to New York and the genteel poverty she enjoyed there, waiting for her chance at fame on the stage.

Jean has delivered an ultimatum to fate. She has a little more than four years to go on her "plan" and she has a little money in the savings bank. But things have got to pick up rather rapidly to keep this remarkable young woman happy in

Is she really a great potential star—or is she the most conceited girl in Hollywood?
YOU decide!

This pretty young girl has a sensational "five-year-plan" all her own. Read about it!



pictures. At her present rate Jean would have to work thirty or forty years to gather together a quarter of a million dollars.

"I don't want all that for myself," she explains, crisply.

"I know now that I will never need more than a hundred dollars a week to live on—no matter how much I make. But I want an equal amount of income for my family, so that I needn't worry about them any more.

"I figure that I need about \$100,000 to assure myself an income of \$100 a week. Then I should have as much more for the family. The other \$50,000 would be protection for emergencies."

Miss Muir is very definite in her own mind about the finances of her career. "This is why I've got to have stardom—immediate stardom," she explains, seriously. "Only as a star can I make so much money in so short a time. And I don't intend to spend my whole life at it. Just five years, all told. Five years from last July."

Then, lest anyone think her mercenary and grasping, Jean hastens to explain: "Of course there are other reasons why I want stardom at once. Only a star—a real star, not just a half-way one—can do what she wants to do in pictures. And if I can't do what I want to do, I just won't stay in Hollywood, that's all!"

"A star can have the director she wants. A star can demand the story that is suited to her. A star can say 'no' when a director wants to do something she knows is wrong, and make it stick. *That's* why I want stardom! It isn't just the money, really it isn't."

"Stardom is the only thing that will make it worth while for me to stay here for five years—or even another six months. It takes only one picture, you know. But it has to be just the right one. That could do for me what 'Morning Glory' did for Katherine Hepburn."

"You see, I know I'm not a great actress, not yet. I know I need strong direction. But with just the right story and just the right direction, I could be a star. I know it!"

When Jean says it, it sounds less self- (Continued on page 84)



Contented Crooner! Here's Bing Crosby in his latest film, "We're Not Dressing," with two gorgeous gals, Carole Lombard and Ethel Merman.

Victory of a Crooner! Crosby relates, in his own inimitable way, his radio and movie experiences—with sidelights on his private life

By *Bing Crosby*



WE STAYED at the Grove for about eight months and then I "walked!" That was the end of "The Three Rhythm Boys." Naturally, there were many regrets at the breaking up of such a pleasant association, but things had become intolerable for me over there. Baris and Rincker finished out their contracts because they belonged to the musicians' union. I didn't belong to that organization so I walked.

Norman Taurog, who is directing me in "We're Not Dressing," had been after me for months to leave there and go to New York. Sennett had made me some offers for shorts.

While I was still at the Grove, Dixie Lee and I married. We never were really engaged. I asked her once about marrying me and she said no, she couldn't get married—she had her responsibilities and her career to think of. Months later we were down at Balboa spending the day. As we lay on the sands (Dixie is a famous beach hound even though she can't swim a stroke!), I said, "When are you going to marry me?"

"She said, 'What's today?'"

"The 29th of August," I answered.

"Well, I'll marry you one month from today." And, promptly on the 29th of September she took the fatal step. Three days later she went to New York with Clara Bow for location scenes in "No Limit." Everybody we knew and a lot of people we didn't tried to prevent our marriage. They all told Dixie I could never make her happy, and they told me Dixie wasn't worldly enough for me.

Luckily, we paid no attention to anybody, and the more people protested, the more determined we became in our own minds to marry. We had never a regret—until Dixie returned from New York. That was the fourth of November, her birthday. By Christmas we had separated. I don't recall just now what the row was over. I suppose I looked cross-eyed at her one morning when I should have looked straight. She went home to her mother and I remained with my brother and his wife, where we had been living.

Everett and his wife were pretty hard up (Continued on page 87)

As told to
S. R. Mook



A Crosby trio! Top, "kid brother" Bob, singer with Anson Weeks' band, who may be in movies soon; bottom, Everett Crosby, Bing's manager. The small close-up of Bing, above, shows you how he looked when he was just starting to croon his way to fame.



No wonder the charming Miss Teasdale is not over-awed at the prospect of becoming the wife of the sartorially perfect Mr. Menjou! She's a "best-dressed" person in her own right!

VERREE TEASDALE isn't afraid! Any other woman, faced with the prospect of becoming the wife of one of the ten best-dressed men in the world, might have moments when her courage would fail her.

But Verree Teasdale, who expects to become Mrs. Adolphe Menjou in August, had never realized that she should be frightened until an enterprising columnist asked her outright if she was.

"Why," she gasped, "how amusing! It has never occurred to me to worry about Mr. Menjou's clothes. How can they concern me? Why should I be alarmed just because Mr. Menjou dresses well?"

Adolphe Menjou doesn't just "dress well," the lady was reminded. He was recently listed by a group of world-famous tailors as one of the ten best-dressed men in the whole world—a list on which no other motion picture star was given a place and on which even His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, was conspicuous by his absence.

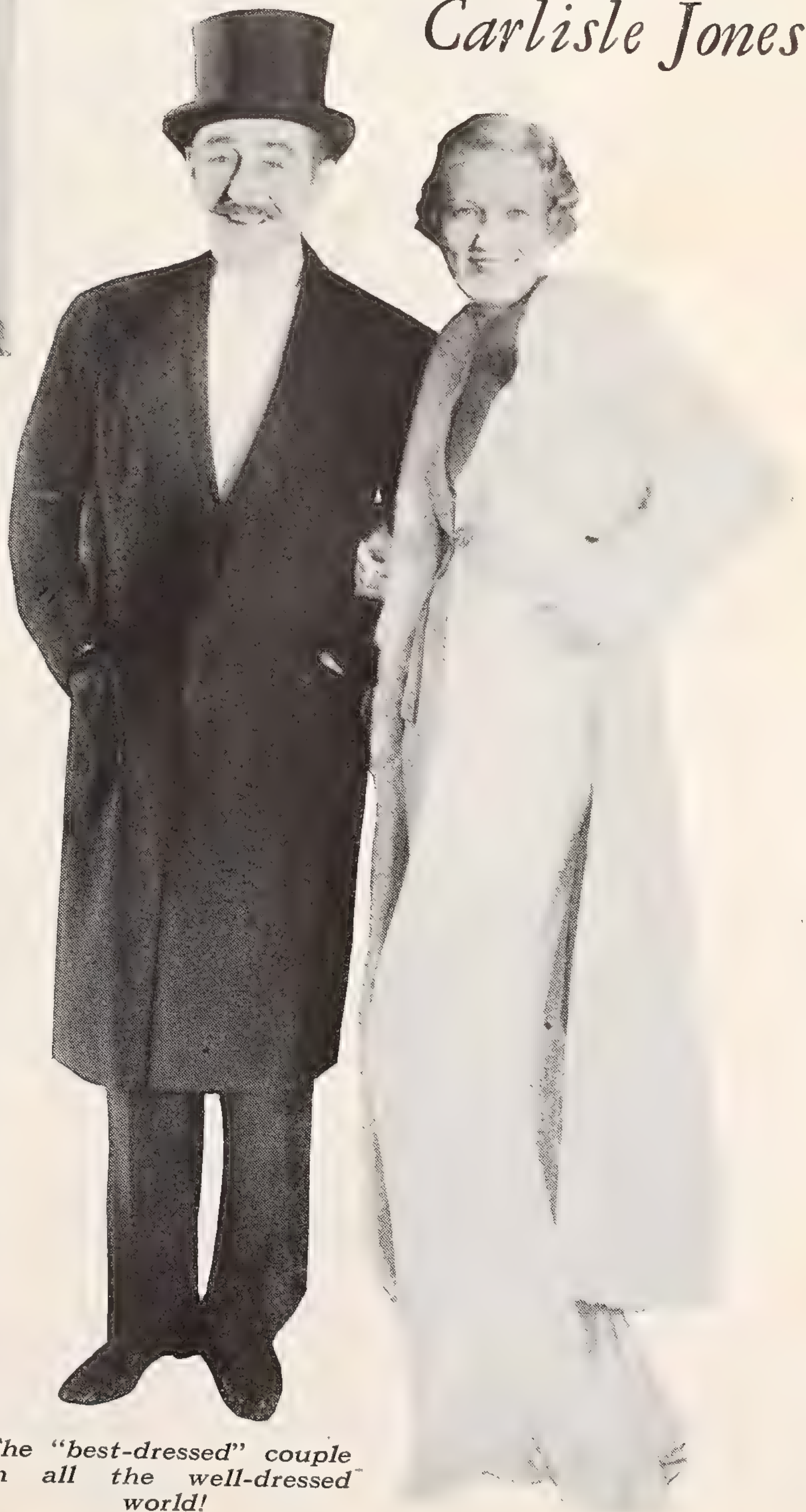
Even so, the tall, blonde, assured young woman refused to register alarm.

"It's just one of those Hollywood questions no one should answer," she parried. "It just doesn't seem important to me. I'm not scared. I've been asked the most astonishing things!" she went on. "Several writers have asked me if I love Mr. Menjou. Why they should ask me that is more than I can understand. I have promised to marry him. Surely it (Continued on page 70)

Adolphe's Ideal!

Read all about Verree Teasdale, the girl who isn't afraid to marry Menjou, one of the world's best-dressed men

By
Carlisle Jones



The "best-dressed" couple in all the well-dressed world!

"The Trumpet Blows!" And up goes the temperature, as Frances Drake swings into a vehement rhumba as a calorific Spanish dancer. Frances is the American girl who came to Hollywood via the London stage and screen.



QUITE the most daring individual stunt ever enacted before a motion picture camera was Johnny Weissmuller's act of riding a rhinoceros for a scene in "Tarzan." This was the same rhino, too, that only a few weeks previously had broken loose from its moorings and smashed sets and cameras.

According to veteran animal men, there is no previous record of a white man ever having ridden one of the beasts. Two doubles, called to the studio for the ride, flatly refused, although both had risked their necks in other ways time and again. The director was desperate until Weissmuller, over-riding all protests, straddled Mr. Rhino for the benefit of camera and carried off the stunt famously, without loss of life or limb.

Lupe Velez Weissmuller arrived on the set just too late to witness the scene, but not too late to voice a few caustic words regarding her Johnny's foolhardiness. Still, there was also pride in the glint in lovely Lupe's eyes!

INGENUITY pleases the stars. Jean Harlow, for instance, was so pleased with an odd fan letter, (a fan spoke her piece on a phonograph record and sent it to Miss Harlow), that she sent the girl a set of beautiful, autographed portraits.

IT'S getting so you can't reach any of the screen stars by telephone. For years, stars have owned 'phones with private numbers, thus to protect themselves from thousands of calls from curious fans.

Then Greta Garbo came along and rented a house without a telephone. Greta had that idea all to herself for a while, but within recent months, others have followed suit. Winfield Sheehan, chief executive of the Fox studio, lives five miles from a telephone. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee have no telephone either, and the studios must pay a \$1.50 messenger-charge to get notes to this pair. The same is true of Richard Dix.

Ann Harding has another sort of convenience, a telephone that only takes outgoing calls. It costs the studios seventy-five cents to get in touch with Ann, which must be some solace after they shell out a buck-fifty to reach McCrea and Dix!

I visited a comedy lot. In one two-reeler, "No Sleep On the Deep," I discovered Betty Compson, Dorothy Sebastian, Don Alvarado, Robert Warwick, Alice Lake, Mary MacLaren and Jack Duffy—all prominent stars or near-stars a few years ago.

Here's

Scoop-fuls of news and gossip from our star-gazing reporter!

WHEN Katharine Hepburn sailed for Europe in March the rumors flew thick and fast that she might not return. She was going, it was alleged, for the purpose of discussing with English producers the idea of starring in at least one London film; and the fact that Katie had expressed dissatisfaction with her RKO-Radio contract lent some color to the story.

Shortly after arriving in England, however, Miss Hepburn suddenly hopped a return boat, having evidently decided overnight to return to Hollywood and go ahead with the making of "Joan of Arc." And that, as we leap to press, is the last word on Hepburn.

HOLLYWOOD'S idea of a week-end trip: Pat and Mrs. O'Brien steamed to and from Panama, just for the ride . . . Dick Arlen, vacationing to Europe, was not taken off salary—nice! . . . Frances Rich, daughter of Irene, is studying sculpturing in France, and she recently sent for all available poses of Joan Crawford as the "Dancing Lady"—the poses to be used as models for Miss Rich's art class . . . Dorothy Dell received a marriage proposal from a man in the Swiss Alps; he wants her to help him raise mountain goats . . . Girls, be nice to Richard Dix; he has started a silver fox farm . . . You'll see Rudolph Valentino's famous Arabian steed, *Jadaan*, in the picture "Stingaree" . . . Jean Harlow, on her own birthday, gave her mother a town-car—but guess who'll ride in it a lot? . . . A five-and-ten clerk told Alice White that she wasn't Alice White; must have thought Alice was Garbo.



Together again! Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant, who made such an appealing romantic team in "Madame Butterfly," join forces in "Thirty Day Princess."

Hollywood!

By Weston East

LITTLE things that cause big wars: Joan Crawford and Esther Ralston were vying with each other for supremacy in an important picture scene in Joan's new film, "Sadie McKee." Ted Healy happened along at that moment, and in all innocence he asked, "Which of you two is the stooge?"

Of course, the remark was funny, and of course Joan and Esther joined in the general laughter. But the truth is, they were seriously fighting to steal that scene from each other, and the funny remark only served to point out to both actresses that they were literally "at war."

RICHARD ARLEN and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, are really "seeing Europe," according to letters and cables they have sent back to Hollywood friends.

Immediately upon their arrival in London with Richard Ralston, Jr. and his nurse, the Arlens established headquarters at the Savoy Hotel. Now they are flying to various parts of the Old Continent from that headquarters, and particularly are they visiting sections of Europe over which Arlen flew during the World War, when he was a member of the Royal Flying Corps. Arlen's latest letter declares that they have already visited parts of Ireland, France, Scotland, and Italy—and in Dick's words, "we haven't even started yet."



Back to the good old days! Joe E. Brown and Tom Mix, two circus veterans, revert to type in "Sawdust," a thrilling movie of the tent show world.



Summer garb! Dolores Del Rio, fully clothed from the ears up, is all set for the hottest of heat waves that the coming months may bring. You'll be seeing Dolores soon as *DuBarry*—but in slightly more formal attire!

ALICE BRADY is fond of dogs, and she has a small army of them as personal pets. But the other night, Miss Brady was not so partial to one of her mutts. You see, Alice was making a very serious talk before a group of women on the National Theatre movement. Suddenly her dog, which was tied at the far end of the room, recognized its mistress and set up a howl. First time in history, probably, that a screen star was heckled by a dog!

ONE night a foreign-made automobile was parked in front of Greta Garbo's house. Reporters went into a frenzy when they learned that the car belonged to Carl Brisson, the Danish actor. The same reporters went into spasms of joy when newspaper records revealed that Garbo and Brisson were once very good friends—that was when both were in Europe, years ago. With all this information at hand, the reporters attempted to start a romance rumor.

But what a blow to their reportorial pride when Brisson suddenly revealed that he is married! That fact had been kept secret by studio executives, who had hoped that Carl might become a *matinée* idol, and who believed that a wife might spoil any such public idolatry. Making this situation even funnier, it later developed that Mrs. Brisson was with her husband when he visited Garbo.

THE only fellow in Hollywood, apparently, who is not completely allured by Mae West is George Raft.

The studio had Raft scheduled to co-star with Mae in the picture, "It Ain't No Sin," and George went into training for the part, which called for a boxer. But the day the picture was to have begun, Mr. G. Raft calmly walked out and said he wouldn't play opposite Mae.

Of course, it developed that Raft wasn't really averse to romancing with Miss West. His real complaint was that the script, according to his own words, gave Mae ninety-nine per cent of the scenes, and her leading man the other one per cent.

And so, Raft walked. However, no studio difficulties ensued, because company executives eyed the script and realized that George was right, so they got another boy for the part.

IF JACK OAKIE isn't one of the biggest box-office stars in Maryland, it is because his own relatives are not attending his performances. An early ancestor on his mother's side came to America with Lord Baltimore. The family has since branched out to such an extent that Oakie has approximately 100,000 relatives in the state of Maryland!



"Tough Tracy?" Wrong! Just look at the gallant Lee chivalrously holding the make-up box for Isabel Jewell, his fiancée, as she applies a finishing dab. How about a Tracy-Jewell film?

PARAMOUNT dined and wined Richard Arlen on the eleventh anniversary of his association with the company. Unless I am mistaken, this marks a new long-term record for any star with one organization.

In addition to the many officials, departmental heads, and fellow-players who were present, Arlen was deluged with telegrams from the 1500 employees of the company. Of these, the tribute from B. P. Schulberg, producer-executive, is outstanding. His congratulatory wire:

"ELEVEN YEARS IS A LONG TIME TO BE WITH ANY SINGLE COMPANY IN ANY INDUSTRY BUT IN THE PICTURE BUSINESS IT IS A RECORD STOP FOR A YOUNG MAN LIKE YOURSELF TO HAVE THIS RECORD MAKES IT EVEN MORE UNIQUE STOP IT CAN ONLY MEAN A DEEP REGARD NOT ONLY FOR YOUR PROFESSIONAL ABILITY BUT FOR YOUR CHARACTER AND LOVABLE PERSONAL TRAITS AS WELL STOP I AM GLAD THAT DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF THESE WONDERFUL ELEVEN BEFORE YOUR TRUE WORTH WAS GENERALLY RECOGNIZED I STROVE TO HAVE YOU CONTINUED IN STOCK SO THAT TEN YEARS LATER A RECORD SO UNUSUAL COULD RESULT STOP I TAKE THIS MEANS OF WISHING YOU LONG LIFE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS AND CONTINUED AND GREATER SUCCESS—B. P. SCHULBERG."

MAE CLARKE and Sidney Blackmer, to whom Mae now admits her engagement, were driving through one of California's beautiful countrysides not long ago, when they were hailed by two little boys, not over twelve years of age. The boys asked for a ride.

"We'll give you a lift," Miss Clarke volunteered, "if you promise you're not highwaymen, and if you won't knock us in the head."

And one of the lads snapped back, "Okay—but you gotta make us the same promise. We're particular what kind of looking folks we ask for lifts!"

IT HAS just occurred to me that life can't be entirely peaches and cream for Johnny Weissmuller. All day long he works at his studio with lions and rhinos and elephants. And when the day's work is finished, Johnny goes home—to wifey-Lupe's 68 canaries, two Mexican hairless dogs, one Scottie, one Great Dane, two cats and a talkative parrot!

ONE of the oddest and funniest situations ever to occur in a studio involved Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, George Burns and "Droopy," a trained bear. It happened when the script called for a scene of Droopy vigorously scratching himself.

Droopy wouldn't scratch, and he refused to understand how important this particular scratching sequence was to the picture. An hour was wasted before Bing was imbued with an idea. "Let's put some fleas on Droopy," was the crooner's inspired notion.

Everybody cheered the thought, and then commenced a flea hunt. The studio cats were the "Hunting grounds," and Crosby, Burns, and Miss Lombard joined in the chase. At the end of half an hour, the troupe rounded up five lively fleas. They released them in Droopy's vicinity—and within a few minutes the scene was obtained with ease.

P. S. Had the cameras been slightly off-line, they might have obtained a *sui-generis* picture of Bing scratching vigorously. It seems that one of the fleas failed to arrive at the proper destination.

"SPANKY" MACFARLAND, that cherubic youngster who is a feature of the "Our Gang" comedies, gives evidence of growing into a great wit.

Spanky was watching a property man prepare a toy store window for a recent picture. As "props" set model engines, tool sets and other toys in place, Spanky's eyes widened. At last he turned to his mother, with: "Mom, why do I gotta be uh actor? I 'druther be uh prop'ty man."



Cocktails for two—not counting the "kibitzers!" Margaret Sullavan and Douglass sensitive story of the trials of an average young couple during hard times, while The script girl and technical crew complete

THE biggest laugh in Hollywood recently was enjoyed at the expense of Dorothy Dell and Jay Hunt, the pair of Southerners who brought possum-hunting to California.

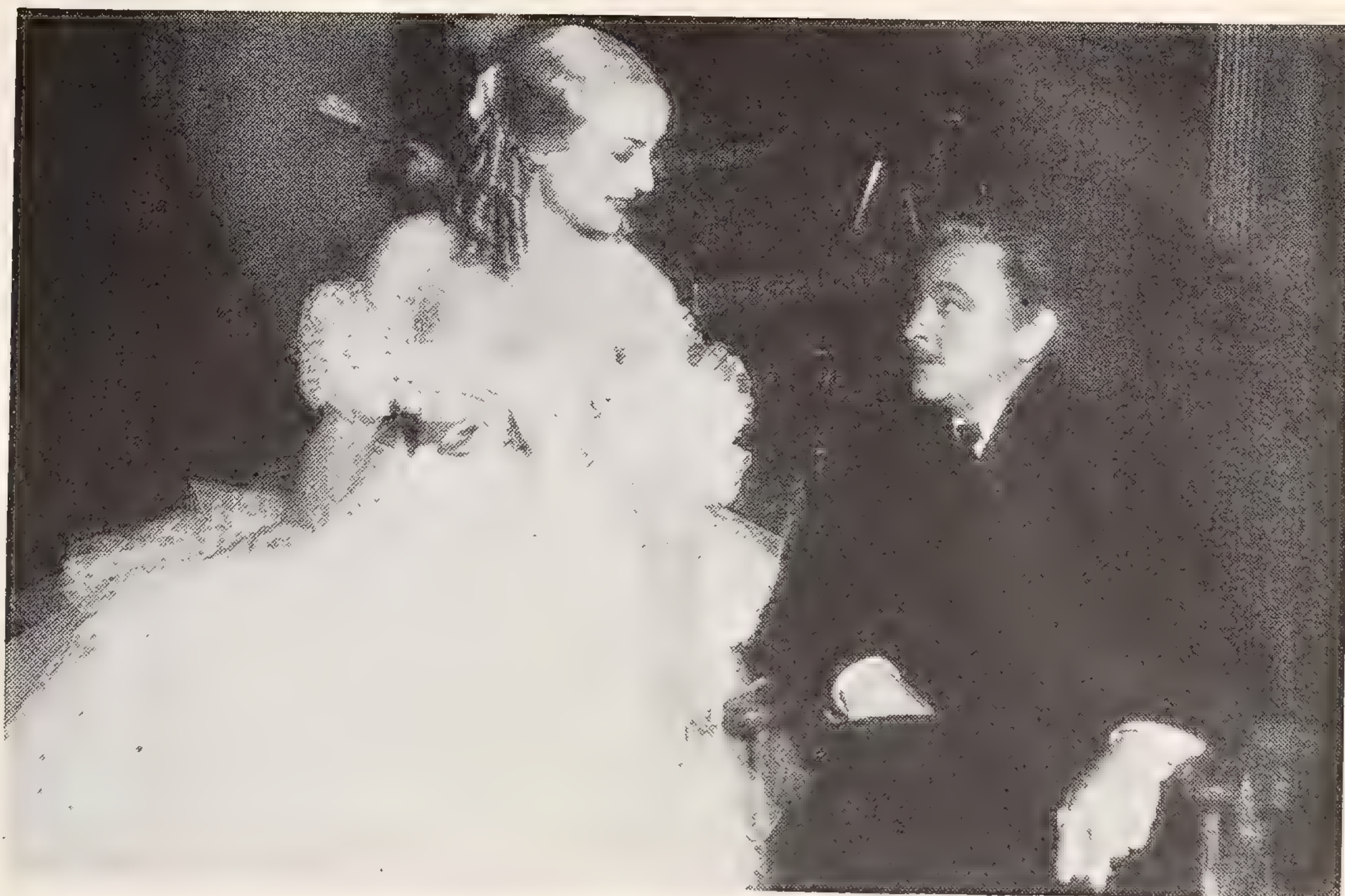
These two sent all the way to Louisiana for some possum hounds. Then, when they learned that their dogs were useless because there are no possums in California, they sent to Texas for one dozen live coons. They organized a hunting party, and released the possums. Then, with the baying hounds leading the chase, everybody rushed up hill and down dale, until at last they found themselves congregated beneath a tree, with all the hounds yelping upward.

Hunt climbed the tree and espied the victim. He gave a limb a strong shake, and down went their intended prey. But a surprise greeted the hunting party. The *possum* turned out to be a *skunk*—and that little fellow wrecked the hunting party.

HOW would you like to be along on that movie trip to the South Seas on which M-G-M plans to send Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller? Oh yes, they're being sent for a picture; this isn't exile for Hollywood's happy—pardon, I mean scrappiest couple.

I get a great kick out of Weissmuller's remark when he was told that he and Lupe would do such a picture together.

"I'll get away from my Tarzan yell," he said with a grimace, (Johnny has been very anxious to do something other than Tarzan on the screen), "but with Lupe in the picture, my lines will likely be reduced to a couple of grunts, and perhaps a snort."



When show-folks get together! John Barrymore, as an erratic stage impresario, chats with Carole Lombard, who plays his no less spectacular leading lady, between scenes for "Twentieth Century."

WILL ROGERS is not one to seek publicity. In fact, he dodges interviews and the like. So the press department boys sometimes invent little sayings of their own, and credit them to Will.

"When I die, I'm going to have a special inscription on my tombstone," Will commented, after reading one of those items. "It'll read: NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE GAGS PINNED ON ME BY PUBLICITY MEN."

AT THE Lakeside Golf Club one day, Guy Kibbe mentioned that he is not the wit of his family—the honor, (if such), belongs to Mrs. Kibbe. Whereupon Guy related that his three-year-old daughter likes to climb the heavy screen in front of the Kibbe's living-room fireplace. Guy is afraid the child will fall and hurt herself some day, so one morning he called sharply, "Get off that screen!"

At that, Mrs. Kibbe exclaimed, "Guy! Don't be so cross with her! How would you like for the producers to say that to you?"

CHEER AND HISS DEPT:

A BIG close-up to Frances Dee this month. Highwaymen stopped the car in which Frances was motoring, and they stole her money, jewels, and some letters. One letter was from a little girl who had sent twenty cents for a photograph. Frances advertised—and even asked a radio friend to broadcast—for the little girl's name, in order that she might still send the photograph.

A long-shot with bad lighting to a certain columnist, who has every reason to be grateful to famous people, but who has found occasion lately to refer to screen stars as "smellebs" and to further comment that "there are 50,000 cows in Los Angeles, not counting the screen actresses."

A nice close-up to Gloria Stuart for her unjealous praise for a sister actress. Asked to cast her vote for the finest screen performance of 1933, Gloria said, "Just Katharine Hepburn, that's all."

Another long-shot and bad sound track to that producer who insisted that Dixie Lee, (starring in his picture), be advertised as Dixie Lee Crosby. As if the gal isn't good enough to get by with her own sails!

A final close-up to Bette Davis. When she learned that it would cost the studio for which she was working about \$3000 for wigs, (to make her a red-head for "Of Human Bondage"), she dyed her own hair, and saved the company all that money.



Montgomery enact a quietly emotional scene from "Little Man, What Now?", that director Frank Borzage, the be-knickered gentleman at the left, watches intently. the spectators at this intimate little tête-à-tête!



High-flying Jackie! Young Pilot Cooper prepares to "give the gun" to his toy plane, which he and his uncle built in the Cooper backyard. It's a perfect model, equipped with instruments from famous planes sent Jackie by their owners.

RUTH CHATTERTON confirmed the general impression of an impending rift between her and George Brent when she admitted having arrived at a definite decision to separate from him. The two were married August 13, 1932, one day after Ruth had obtained her divorce decree from Ralph Forbes. And, speaking of Mr. Forbes, the rumor persists that Ruthie is going to remarry him when, as, and if she is divorced from Brent.

HOLLYWOOD'S premières have been few and far between of late, perhaps due to the fact that local theatres overdid these social affairs. Only the Greta Garbo "Queen Christina" opening and the "Wonder Bar" opening have been set off thus auspiciously since the first of the year.

The "Wonder Bar" première of last month was marked by all the lights and color that have made these events notable. Dick Powell made his Los Angeles début as a Master of Ceremonies, and enlivened the occasion with his clever introductions of Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Edward G. Robinson, Jimmy Cagney and many others.

The theatre at which this première took place is located at the busiest intersection of Hollywood Boulevard, so that thoroughfare had to be roped off to prevent traffic blockades. The vast crowd of curious on-lookers took advantage of this roping-off process and packed the avenue solid.

A near-riot broke loose when a sudden report flashed through the crowd that Greta Garbo was entering the theatre. The terrific push to see Miss Garbo might have had serious or even fatal results. Fortunately, tragedy was averted by the timely announcement that Miss Garbo was not present. After this announcement, the milling and crowding ceased.

THEY are telling a funny story in Hollywood about two mongrel dogs, one named Bill Fields and the other, Jimmy Durante. The two mutts were rambling down a street one day when the dog named Durante stopped to scratch.

"Whassa matter, boy?" demanded Fields. "Got a flea?"

Durante dug at his ribs with a back paw, then muttered, "I got a million of 'em—a million of 'em!"

BEATING AND BLEEDING HEARTS DEPT.:

If Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks reconcile, as now seems certain, let this department say "I told you so." For months, (ever since their separation, in fact), Mary and Doug have talked with each other often over trans-Atlantic telephone. While others were declaring that there was no hope for them to resume marital relations, Dan Cupid, the naked archer, has whispered to us that he has every expectation that the two famous lovers will reconcile.

Great excitement around Hollywood when Alice Faye, said to be Rudy Vallee's girl-friend, was seen places with Lyle Talbot. But Cupid, the arrowsmith, whispers this secret: Rudy and Lyle are good friends, and Rudy quite approves of Lyle taking Alice places. You see, if Alice and Lyle are rumored fond of each other, that means less publicity about Alice and Rudy, at a time when Rudy doesn't care for such publicity. Incidentally, Miss Faye hears every Vallee radio broadcast, no matter what she has to stop doing in order to listen.

More reports from Dan, the nudist: The Clark Gables are happy; no truth to rumors of trouble in this family. Virginia Bruce Gilbert positively will, (if she hasn't already done so before this is in print), file suit for divorce from John. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence have written to Hollywood friends that they may altar-ate their lives in April.

Jayne Shadduck, the actress, will likely be Mrs. Jack Kirkland, (the writer, formerly married to Nancy Carroll), before you read this. Esther Ralston and Earl Oxford are giving each other those luminous eyes.

Triangles of interest include that Dick Powell-William Powell-Margaret Lindsay affair. When Margaret was in the hospital for an appendectomy, Dick and William vied to see who would send her the most flowers.

A second such triangle finds Gene Raymond and Phillip Reed competing for the smiles of Marian Nixon, with Reed getting slightly the better of it as this is written.

George Raft denies any serious interest



Comrades-at-arms! Leslie Howard and Bill Gargan work together in the same studio, and are also fast friends in private life. Here they are swapping gossip at Palm Springs, where both have homes.

in Virginia Pine—but so did Lupe Velez say she had no intention of marrying Johnny Weissmuller, if you'll remember. The name of that New York business man who will become Miriam Jordan's husband when her divorce is final is Stephen Gray. Hardie Albright is giving Martha Sleeper such a rush that it looks serious.

Both Maurice Chevalier and Kay Francis are denying serious intent—and Cupid says you may believe them. Tom Brown and Anita Louise half-way expect to marry when they visit his folks back in New England this coming summer. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are still unwed; if they marry, it'll be one of those sudden things, done at a moment when both are in the mood. Randolph Scott, not long de-Vivian-Gayed, is solacing his heart, (and apparently successfully), with the company of beautiful Kathryn Carver, Adolphe Menjou's ex-wife.

THEY say the following story was first told by W. C. Fields. It seems that when Fields was learning to play golf, he approached the tee for the first time and placed his ball. He swung wildly, failed to hit the ball, and tore a huge hole in the turf. Four times he repeated this fierce, resultless swing.

Disgusted, Fields was about to pick up his ball when he suddenly saw two earthworms, discussing their dangerous position. Fields says that one worm was begging the other to plan some means of escape.

"The only suggestion I have for our safety," said the other worm, "is that if we don't want to get hit, we'd better climb right up there on the ball!"



ATTENTION, playwrights! If you have a play that is just aching to be produced, get in touch with Joan Crawford. She and Franchot are interested in the Little Theatre movement, and since Joan is building a small, intimate theatre as an annex to her home, she may like your play well enough to produce it there. If a play reaches Joan's private theatre, you may be sure most of Hollywood's "big shots" will see it. So go to it, scriveners.

"Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts!" So Mary Pickford, "America's Sweetheart" came up to the Biograph studio in New York, where Helen Morgan and Chester Morris are playing the respective rôles, to make the inaugural shot for the film.

THE news of Lilyan Tashman's death, coming as it did at a time when her career appeared to be flourishing, proved all the more a shock to the great numbers of filmlovers who admired her acting and her personal beauty. For Lilyan's illness, while known to her husband, Edmund Lowe, and her intimate friends, was unsuspected by the public. A conscientious troupier to the end, she insisted on putting in a full day of hard work on her last day before the camera, in order to complete the picture she was engaged in.

Miss Tashman, whose renown as "Hollywood's best dressed woman" surpassed even her fame as an actress, began her career as a dancer in Ziegfeld's "Follies," in company with such famous actresses as Billie Dove, Marion Davies, Marilyn Miller, and Ina Claire. Her last rôle was Nellie Bly in "Frankie and Johnny," made at the Biograph studios in New York, and to be released during the coming months. She also had a part in Norma Shearer's new picture, "Riptide."

There can be no substitute for Lilyan Tashman's gay, sparkling personality and handsome presence; her passing means an irreparable loss both to Hollywood life and to the screen.

MRS. JIMMY DURANTE plays her real-life rôle (Schnozzle's missus) in "The Hollywood Party" Iowa State Prison inmates must believe Mae West spouts laughs; they wrote and asked her for 100 new gags for the prison's monthly mag If you have missed Fifi D'Orsay on the screen, she has been singing in a New York nite-spot The Swedish government has issued a one-cent stamp bearing the likeness and surname of Greta Garbo Will Rogers was scheduled to fly East on that airplane that crashed in Utah, but he changed his flying arrangements at the last moment Joan Crawford gave Franchot Tone a ten carat star-ruby ring for his birthday George Arliss almost daily walks the length of Hollywood boulevard (three miles) for exercise An effort to have a Hollywood telephone exchange named Hepburn, (it is now Hempstead), failed because the 'phone company feared a deluge of such requests if it complied in Hepburn's case.



Joan Blondell's ferocious watch-dog will get you if you don't watch out! Joan takes little Cup Cake along to the studio to guard her while she's working among all the big, bad men in scenes for a new film.

Getting into the Beauty Picture!

Over the
Hair Waves

By
Josephine
Felts

One of the charming reasons why "blonde" always seems to go with "beautiful." Jean Harlow shows us how she does it.



"SO YOU'RE doing your hair a new way!" That means you are in love! Oh, yes, it does! Just as robins mean Spring; June means brides; blonde means beautiful; so, a new coiffure means a romance. Just try it and see!

Speaking of blonde and beautiful, we are not certain that Jean Harlow is responsible for this close association of the two words. (Though you will have to admit that Jean's picture is most convincing!) We are not even sure that Mr. Webster will back us up. We are merely stating a devastating fact.

Doesn't Garbo shake back blond, silken tresses from her eyes? Hasn't Mae West demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt that gentlemen can always be depended upon to come up and see a blonde? Even Cleopatra was a red-head! And you know what a reputation for beauty *she* had!

But never mind. Both history and the screen are glowing with delectable dark-haired maidens. To mention Dolores Del Rio, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, is just to begin. And as for the preferences of the lads, it is said, they marry brunettes!

The glorious fact is, that it is not the color at all that counts. You may be a blonde or a brunette; a red-head or one of those in-between-brownies, and be lovely as you please. It is not the color of your hair, it is the care you take of it that counts—and counts—and counts! And I do not mean only in pictures. I mean in life.

The other day I had an exciting experience. I watched the personnel director of a big organization picking



Dark hair that shines! Not that Sylvia Sidney recommends this exercise. We just caught her at it!

twenty girls out of two hundred who applied for a job. Her first words surprised me and I thought I was past surprising!

"Please take off your hats," she said.

Out they came, blond curls and dark ones, flat waves and fluffs. Some were soft, silky, shining; some were straggled and ill-arranged. But every one of them told a story. Care or neglect.

I see you are ahead of me! Yes, well-cared-for hair was one of the important things that determined whether or not the girl got the job.

There is something about a girl's hair that tells volumes about her. One prominent director swears he can tell, just by looking at a girl's hair, all about her past, what her future will be, and as for her present,

whether she is happy or not, which is all that counts. Perhaps we are not willing to go quite that far! But there certainly is a lot in what he says.

Now what should YOU do to have lovely hair?

It is all as simple as one, two, three. Wash it! Wave it or curl it! (Or both.) Brush it! And forget it! Because self-consciousness is worse than freckles! The only time to be self-conscious about your hair is when it looks badly. Then is when you deserve to feel miserable! When it is looking its own beautiful best is the time when you can afford to put it entirely out of your mind. Other people won't! They will be admiring. If you will glance now and then into that kindest of mirrors, the eyes of a friend, you will see what I mean.

"But is my hair really that (Continued on page 96)

CAROLE LOMBARD AGREES WITH Cupid



CUPID: "Hello, angel face, you look as though you'd just washed in morning dew."

CAROLE: "I've just washed in something much nicer—and it's your own prescription, too."

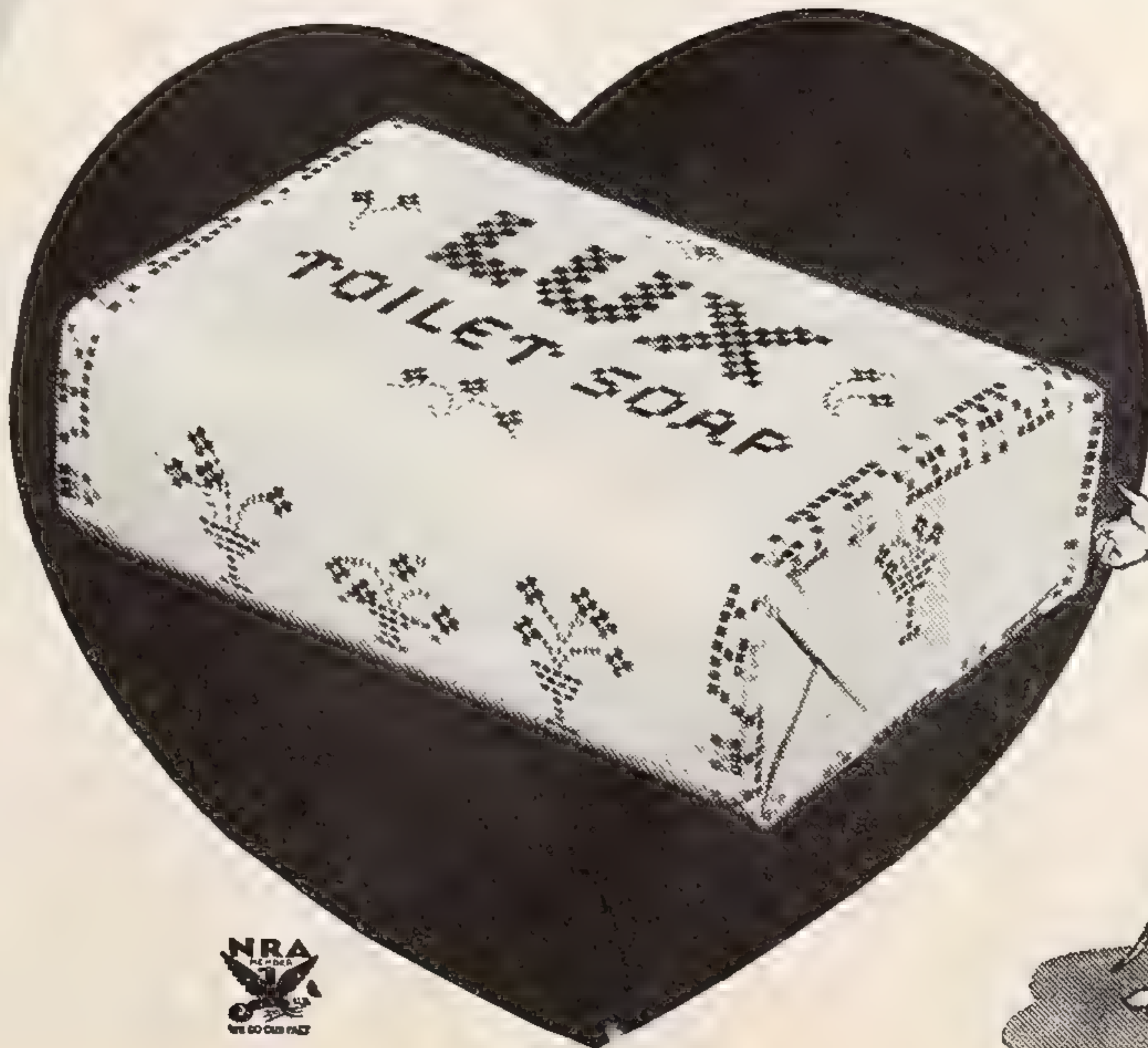
CUPID: "When did I prescribe for you? You've turned men's hearts and heads so often that I can't remember when you needed my advice."

CAROLE: "Well, once you told me always to use Lux Toilet Soap—and I agree that 'it's a girl's best friend'—those were your words, Dan."

CUPID: "You're not the only girl I've seen surrounded with admirers after taking that same advice of mine!"

Charming star of
Paramount's
"We're Not Dressing"

And how angelically smooth and fresh is your skin? If your complexion doesn't make hearts flutter, why not do what 9 out of 10 screen stars do—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap? Cupid's prescription will work for you, too—give you a romantically lovely skin, and the love that goes with it.



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...Verichrome
works where
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**KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM**

Adolphe's Ideal

Continued from page 61

may be surmised from that that I love him without my saying so in print every day or two! I just can't answer any more such foolish questions!"

Probably the lady's noticeable lack of alarm over her future husband's reputation for faultless tailoring, is explained by her own aptitude for wearing clothes. The tailors who picked Menjou to represent the film colony in their distinguished list, commented on his assurance, his confidence in his clothes, and his lack of self-consciousness inside a checkered waistcoat.

Miss Teasdale has the same flare. She appears no less self-assured than her husband-to-be. She is as unaffectedly well-groomed as Menjou—and much more beautiful! Perhaps it is Adolphe who should be worried.

In spite of the fact that Verree Teasdale has been known to Broadway for several years and has been in Hollywood long enough to appear in many important pictures, she is still considered a newcomer in the film colony.

Capable actress and probable star though she is, Miss Teasdale is recognized first of all as a runner-up for the title of best-dressed woman of the screen. Her arrival on the West Coast has made Kay Francis, Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, and other notably well-dressed screen stars, look to their laurels—and their wardrobes.

In the silent battle for style leadership which the women of Hollywood constantly wage, each against the others, Miss Teasdale has two important advantages over all. She has the benefit of the advice of Adolphe Menjou, the best-dressed man in pictures; and she enjoys the advantage of being an experienced designer, who can, and generally does, plan her own gowns.

Whatever place she wins in Hollywood's style parade for herself, one thing is certain. When she marries Adolphe Menjou they will be, when seen together, the best-dressed couple in all the well-dressed world!

But Miss Teasdale and her prospective husband have many things in common besides the ability and disposition to wear clothes. She is a poised woman of the world, who describes herself frankly as "expensive, not extravagant." He is an experienced gentleman of the "man-about-town" school, a dilettante, who might, if necessary, live frugally but never cheaply.

Both Miss Teasdale and Mr. Menjou have traveled widely. They like the same cities and the same ships. They know the same people, enjoy the same restaurants, are known to the same head-waiters. They are both equally at home before a plate of corn-beef and cabbage or over a bowl of "Bird's Nest" soup.

Each of them likes to shop, likes to play poker and ride roller-coasters. They can enjoy themselves in either a concert hall or a casino. They have a keen relish for the good things of life; they each live unostentatiously yet richly, and their home, when it is established, should be one of the most interesting in Hollywood or anywhere else.

No single word describes Verree Teasdale so well as "smart." She is stately, beautiful, frank, tranquil and—elegant. She is the kind of a person Adolphe Menjou should marry. She is a sophisticate, a charming, clever, self-confident young woman with no inhibitions, superstitions or complexes. She has brought new beauty, new poise, and a distinct challenge to Hollywood.

Verree Teasdale is her real name. It is a combination of family names which began when a Yankee officer named Teasdale married a Southern girl whose last name was Verree, just at the close of the Civil War. This Verree, the name rhymes with Marie, was born in Spokane, Washington, but moved as a small child to New York where she went to school for the next dozen years or more. She attended Erasmus High School in Brooklyn, Miss Perkins' School for Girls, Sargent's School of Dramatic Art, and the New York School of Expression.

She never intended to be anything except an actress. From her childhood she planned a stage career and it never occurred to her to worry about her success. There was no early struggle. She was not poor.

The first stage job she asked for she got. It was a part in Philip Barry's play, "The Youngest." After that she appeared in "The Master of the Inn," "The Constant Wife" with Ethel Barrymore, "The Greeks Had a Word for It" and "Experience Unnecessary."

Somewhere along this road to fame, Miss Teasdale met and married William O'Neal, a singer. They are now divorced.

After "Experience Unnecessary," the actress took the title to heart and came to Hollywood and motion pictures. She appeared in "Skyscraper Souls," "Payment Deferred," and "Roman Scandals," with Eddie Cantor, before her rôle in "Fashion Follies of 1934," for Warner Brothers, won her a long-term contract with that company.

This, in brief, is the background of the lady who isn't afraid to marry the best-dressed man in Hollywood. How they met, who introduced them, what they said to each other, nobody seems to know.

It is known, however, that Menjou paid elaborate and carefully planned attention to Miss Teasdale almost from the first. He bought her unusual gifts, not all of them of an expensive variety, but all different enough to intrigue her interest.

"I have three turtles," she explained, when listing her pets, "little fellows with the words 'Forget-Me-Not' on their backs in brilliants, one word to a turtle. They're darling. Mr. Menjou gave them to me."

A moment later she turned back her glove to display a chain bracelet on her left wrist from which dangled ten or a dozen small gold objects.

"Good luck charms," she explained. "Mr. Menjou went all over town to find them. Don't you love them? See, there's a whistle that really blows, and a little gold tub with a washboard and cake of soap in it, and a telephone, and a four-leaf clover, and a tiny cork-screw which really opens!"

The busy Menjou must have spent days gathering the tiny objects.

Together they explored new cafés and invaded the Los Angeles Chinatown district to find curious shops and out of the ordinary oriental restaurants. He humored her interest in fortune tellers and within the first few weeks of their courtship had taken her to visit every seer of importance in or near the film colony.

"And did they say you were to be happy?" she was asked.

"I don't necessarily believe what they tell me, ever," Miss Teasdale answered, "but I love to hear them tell it, anyway. Yes, they said I would be happy."

Which may be one reason Verree Teasdale, who is to marry one of the ten best-dressed men in the world, isn't even a little bit scared.



*I'm sending the snapshot
— did you really mean it
when you asked for one?*

★ How much a snapshot says to the one who waits for it! No longer is the separation real. This little square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats . . . Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Don't just write it—

Picture it—with snapshots

Want to Have a Hollywood Figure?



In this first article of his series, James Davies tells readers of SCREENLAND not only how to take reducing exercises and diets, but also how to relax. Above, Ida Lupino illustrates what Davies calls "the spread-eagle" position, described fully in his story, which is excellent for complete relaxation.

looked around at the other stars on the lot, and said: "How long will it take you to get my weight down?"

I looked at her and it seemed to me that she had what I had for some time believed to be the coming popular figure. I told her I would just take a trifle off her abdomen and hips, but otherwise I wanted her to remain as she was. I was right. Today most people agree with me that Miss West is the leading exponent of glamorous sex on the screen.

Miss West was a private patient of mine, so she did not attend the gymnasium on the lot. This gymnasium is in charge of Richard Kline, physical director of Paramount, and stars who wish to take exercise at the studio do it under his instruction.

I didn't put Miss West on a diet, as I did not want her to lose, but I gave her massage and taught her some simple exercises. She's an amusing patient, always wise-cracking, and most of the time I worked on her she had me laughing.

I will give you here one exercise for reducing the abdomen and one for taking excess poundage off the hips. These are two of the exercises that Miss West follows, and I will guarantee that they will be beneficial to you.

Continued from page 23

Exercise for Reducing Abdomen:

Lie flat on the floor with hands clasped behind the head, and feet under some obstacle—a low-runged chair will do.

Then sit up without raising the feet. Do this half a dozen times every morning.

Exercise for Reducing Hips:

Lie flat on floor, arms crossed on chest, roll three times to right, then three times back to position. Do this half a dozen times every morning.

Too simple? But that is why they are valuable to begin with. Do them slowly at first, and increase your speed each day. You will not be sore or stiff.

When Sari Maritza came to me she was a stocky little girl off the screen, and on it, she looked decidedly overweight. I brought her down to 109 pounds and she looks like a slim angel.

I used to get her up out of bed every morning at six o'clock to go through her course of exercises. We bought a small portable rowing machine for her; the first morning I let her do half a dozen pulls at the oars; the next morning, she got up to ten, and we gradually increased it until in a couple of months she was doing as high as



If you haven't a rowing machine in your home, here are two views of an exercise which is a good substitute. James Davies and Ida Lupino, in the pictures above, show you, at left, the start of the exercise; and, in the picture at the right, the final position. This rhythmical exercise is of great benefit. Try it to music! Read Mr. Davies' article in full for the detailed explanations of all his recommended exercises.

150 pulls at the oars each morning. For her size, Sari is the strongest and finest little athlete in pictures.

In connection with the rowing machine, Sari did the two exercises above and a variety of others that I will give you later on.

Remember to try not to overdo exercise. The only safe and certain method of getting good out of exercise is to begin in a small way. Do some simple exercises, half a dozen times, the first day. Gradually increase your speed and add to the exercises as you go along. The moment you overdo, you will find yourself sore and out of sorts. Exercise will seem a form of torture, instead of a pleasure.

Before and after exercising, I have my clients go through deep breathing, as follows:

Hands at sides, head up, body erect, inhale through nose slowly, raising arms forward to overhead position, at same time rising on toes. Exhale through mouth as if blowing out a candle. Lower arms and heels to floor. This deep breathing brings stimulated circulation down to normal.

Charles Laughton, the celebrated English actor, used to come to me for massage during the noon hour, while he was working in DeMille's "Sign of the Cross." He didn't come for reduction of weight, for he is not concerned with his size or girth. He doesn't go in for diets—says he's too happy a man to think of such things—but he comes for relaxation of muscles and nerves.

Whether you are over-weight or under-weight, you should know how to relax. I have more calls to soothe screaming nerves than I have to reduce or build up bodies.

You will realize that most stars come to me when they are tired, nervous, or run-down, and it is up to me to figure out a way to make them well. They are high-strung people, or they wouldn't be actors; But I find that they are marvelous to deal with, for they are in earnest about improving themselves, and they are willing to follow my instructions to the letter, without cheating both of us by skipping a day here and there.

If a player is very much over-wrought when he comes to me, I put him into an electric cabinet bath and let him relax. I suppose, however, that not every reader of SCREENLAND has an electric cabinet bath, so I'll give you a simple alternative that you can use by yourself.

Take a luke-warm shower, put on a light, loose robe, and lie down on your back in bed without a pillow. Adopt the "spread-eagle" position, with eyes closed and head tipped back, and count up to 500 very slowly, without moving a muscle or a nerve.

People who lead lives conducive to nerve strain—writers, lawyers, doctors, mathematicians, students of any kind—will find themselves fifty per cent more efficient if they will learn to relax.

When Miriam Hopkins is working, she has me come to her dressing-room for a relaxing massage every day at noon before she eats her lunch. Miriam keeps in excellent condition by this means. She is naturally slim, so she doesn't go in for exercise.

Fredric March has a nicely developed body, which he knows how to handle, but he used to have me come out to his house early every morning to build him up after he had the flu, or when he knew he was working too hard.

Some players realize that definite steps must be taken when they begin to feel run down; others neglect the trouble signals.

Gary Cooper was terribly run-down from over-work, so that he finally had to take a leave of absence from the screen to rebuild his health. To my way of thinking, Gary doesn't stand still long enough to put

New Hair Styles . . . Created by Hollywood

But not for hair too DRY or too OILY



(above) A lovely Hollywood blonde goes in for a "Helen-of-Troy" hairdress with romantic curls at the back. Ideal for evening if your hair is soft and silky, but merely untidy if your hair is dry and harsh. To help dry hair, use the Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment below.



(below) Another star, who likes simplicity, uses a satiny swirl from right to left in back. For this style the hair should *not* look plastered down, and that means it cannot be oily and stringy. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment (below) helps to correct over-oily hair.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

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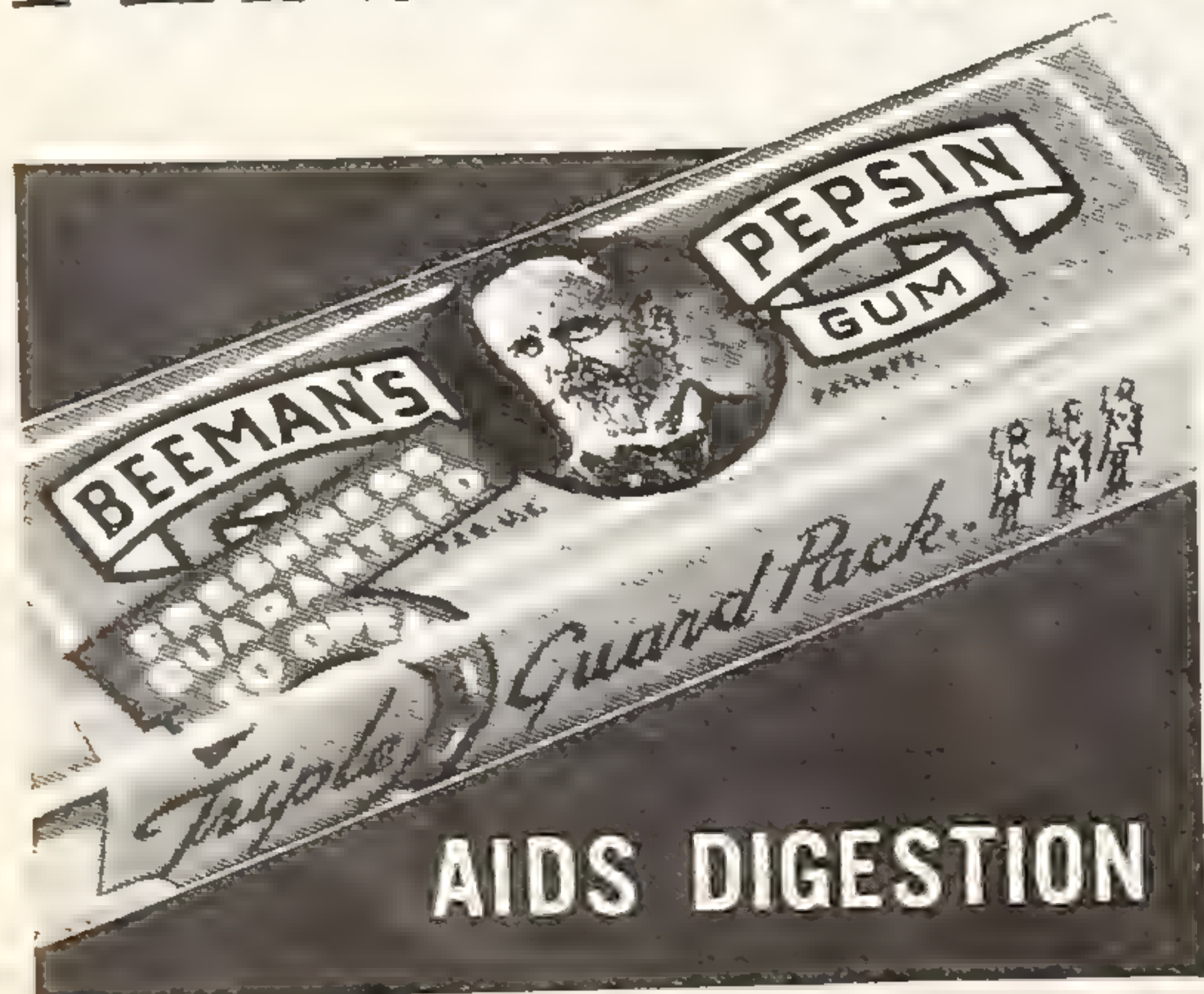
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on necessary weight, but if he would put himself into my hands, I could build him up.

Any of you who are suffering from nervousness and underweight may get benefit from following the course I will outline here, though a later issue in this series will be devoted to more detailed instructions.

But, taking Gary's case, the first thing I would do with him would be to have him cut out smoking so many cigarettes. Then I would see that he got at least ten hours' sleep every night. I would have him swim every day, beginning with a short dip and continuing until he could do a good half an hour in the water. I would have him walk as much as possible; he could ride if he liked, but he would have to stay in the open the major part of the day.

I would see that he ate quantities of good, nourishing food, whether he had an appetite or not, with plenty of milk and fresh eggs—a good steak once a day would be included on his diet list.

Let me list now, for the benefit of those who are especially interested in reducing, a few excellent exercises to take off those too, too solid pounds:

If you haven't a rowing machine in the house, here's an excellent substitute: Two people sit on the floor facing one another, a box or covered brick separating the soles of one pair of shoes from the other, knees flexed, a rope, (an ordinary skipping rope will do), held by both ends by the stronger of the two persons, its looped middle held by the other. Straighten out legs, then sway first toward one, then toward the

other; lengthen the sway until first one, then the other, can lie back flat on the floor. If this is done to music, it will be found a rhythmical exercise of great benefit.

You can do this, after a fashion, by yourself without the rope. Lying flat on the back, you stretch arms upward, bring legs up to join them and sway upward and forward until you reach a sitting posture.

A more difficult variation of the Mae West exercise for reducing the abdomen is illustrated by Ida Lupino and myself. Seat yourself on a stool, hands clasped behind head, feet under some obstacle, or held by someone, (as I am shown holding Miss Lupino's feet in the illustration); bend slowly backward until your head touches the floor, then rise to first position, and repeat.

Then reverse the position and lie on your stomach on stool, hands clasped as before, feet held as before, and bend forward until head touches floor, return to position and repeat.

The "land crawl" is an excellent exercise for limbering up and keeping generally fit.

Lie flat on floor, face down; raise head and cross arms in front; bring right leg forward on floor, then slide right arm toward right foot until you can touch your toe with your fingers; return to position; repeat with left arm and leg. Do this half a dozen times.

(Next month, James Davies continues his series of exclusive advice to SCREENLAND readers who want to have a Hollywood figure.)

Jeanette Wins!

Continued from page 20

gravely. "Not many people seem to realize that we've done only three films together, 'The Love Parade,' 'One Hour With You,' and 'Love Me Tonight.' And I've made about fifteen pictures in all!"

"Maurice has had successful films without me. I've had successful films without him. The whole thing is that we each work best under Mr. Lubitsch, who is a genius! When both of us are working with him, the result is bound to be good. That's why we all have such high hopes for 'The Merry Widow.'"

I asked Jeanette what she thought of the stories that Maurice was jealous of her success. Some of the papers had commented that he didn't want her opposite him in "The Merry Widow" because her part would be larger than his.

"That's just nonsense," answered the lovely songstress. "The two leading rôles are at least of equal importance."

"Besides, Maurice is too fine an artist to have to worry that I might steal the picture. Then too, he's interested not only in his own performance, but in the picture as a whole. He wouldn't sacrifice the excellence of a film by demanding inferior players, just so his own work would show to advantage. I know Maurice too well to believe that."

"And not believing that, how can I imagine that he is jealous of me? Or give credence to such reports? Especially when he has no possible reason?"

She told me how eager everyone had been for her and Maurice and Lubitsch to make "The Merry Widow."

"I really think the fans would have been disappointed if we didn't," she declared smilingly. "Right after 'The Love Parade'—my very first picture—they began to write letters urging that we three make 'The Merry Widow.' When rumors spread

to the effect that some other star would play one of the major rôles, the studio was deluged with letters of protest."

"Newspapers and magazines were literally flooded with demands that Maurice and Lubitsch and I do the picture. Mr. Thalberg at M-G-M received numberless petitions in our behalf."

"One of my very special fans in Paris, Emma Presti, has done a most exquisite painting of me as *the Widow*. It's on exhibition now in a well-known salon over there. When she heard that I might not get the rôle, she was heartbroken. She wrote to me that I simply must play *the Widow*, or her portrait would be useless. Well—" Jeanette laughed a little "—I couldn't let that happen, now could I?"

American fans aren't supposed to be loyal or tolerant, the way Europeans are. But Jeanette's fans—American, European, and every other kind—have been unswerving in their loyalty. Jeanette finds it really touching, this intense adoration that is bestowed upon her.

"It restores all my faith in people," she says tenderly. "It makes me feel that I must be worthy."

She told me that Lubitsch had not yet decided in what period he was going to set the story. It will be in whatever period gives Jeanette the most flattering costumes and hair arrangements.

"It doesn't matter to Maurice—he wears a uniform anyhow," the exquisite red-head explained. "Mr. Lubitsch has been talking about bustles and little curls. Those are awfully flattering, but somehow I think they're much too sweet and girlish for *the Widow*. It seems to me that she was definitely a sophisticate."

"The Merry Widow" was first produced in 1903, which was the era of wide-brimmed hats, flowing plumes, and pompadours, ac-

according to Jeanette.

"And since I can wear pompadours as easily as curls, we'll probably do it in that period."

I asked Jeanette what other plans she had for the future.

"Well, after 'The Merry Widow,' I'm to do 'Naughty Marietta,'" she told me excitedly. "Isn't that perfect? Victor Herbert's lovely melodies." Her voice trailed off into ecstatic silence.

"And then to Europe again?"

"No, I don't think so. My next concert tour will be in South America. They want me, and I like the idea of combining work and travel. Besides, I can fit such a tour into my program perfectly by going during the summer. That's winter for them—the height of their theatrical season."

"You really ought to go to China," I said jokingly, remembering Jeanette's tremendous popularity among the Orientals.

"And I shall!" she answered seriously. "Not now. But as soon as it's peaceful enough, I'm going to pack my music and set out for the Far East!"

Jeanette certainly is looking ahead. Right now, though, her one thought is to make "The Merry Widow" all that her fans have dreamed it would be.

Garbo vs. Sten

Continued from page 27

glimpse of Garbo's twin on the screen. What they saw was a radiant vision who did, in the delicate purity of her features, in the high cheekbones and shadowy hollows of her face, suggest the Swedish girl—a vision, besides, whose every pose, every turn of the head, every shade of expression was an aesthetic treat to watch.

If I had to classify Dietrich, I should place her somewhere between Garbo and Sten. She has the poetic beauty of the one, without her elusiveness, and, in a more subtle form, the irresistible sex appeal of the other. It's my private opinion that if anyone had been able to rock the Garbo throne, it would have been she. The fact that she didn't, but won her own wide following instead, is a tribute to the individuality of both. For it soon became evident that the resemblance between them was merely superficial, and that the essence of their charm was as different as black from white, a difference which may perhaps be summed up in the conviction that men would adore Dietrich and understand her; would worship Garbo and be baffled by her.

As for Hepburn, who has been nominated Garbo's successor by more than one canny prophet, I can't see it. If Hepburn is anything, she's the spirit of modernity, typical of its strength and weaknesses. She represents the uncompromising candor, the driving intelligence, the scorn for all flabbiness which we associate with the young of today. She seems to me far more easily at home in the brusquerie of "Spitfire," in the self-absorption of "Morning-Glory," in the eager impatience of the first part of "A Bill of Divorcement," than in any scenes of warmth or tenderness I have watched her play. She carries conviction as the standard-bearer of courage and gallantry, but faced with the necessity of displaying the softer emotions, she seems to me cloaked at once in self-consciousness, gauche by comparison with Garbo's grace, immature by comparison with Garbo's mellow experience.

Yet none of these things have any importance, in view of her tremendous appeal—an appeal which may very well be based on the fact that she's unlike Garbo. And always will be, unless I'm wide of the mark.

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For Garbo is timeless—while, whatever the years may bring to Hepburn, it's difficult to conceive of her as anything but an Anglo-Saxon child of the twentieth century.

When I first saw Dorothea Wieck in "Maedchen in Uniform," noted the strong, sweet face and the gracious dignity of manner, felt a kind of spiritual force beating out at me from her shadow on the screen, found myself enthralled by the heart-breaking beauty of her performance, I thought: "Here's someone who might—just might—give Garbo a run for her money. Not beat her," I hastened to assure myself jealously, "—just give her an interesting time."

Well, and so she might have. We'll probably never know now. Unfortunately, there was no one who could afford for Miss Wieck the advantages provided for Anna Sten. English was obviously still a tongue-twister to her when she was put to work, the result being that her characterizations lacked the ease and authority of her memorable *Fräulein von Bernburg*.

In addition to which, her pictures seemed to have been chosen with the sole object of giving her a chance to weep and look mournful. Certainly she did little else throughout "Cradle Song" and "Miss Fane's Baby." She did it very effectively, to be sure, but there was a monotony about it.

And now rumor has it that she's "through." Which, if true, seems to me a great pity. Whether or not she could stand up to Garbo doesn't matter. I'm less inclined now to think that she could than I once was. But I can't help feeling that the girl who gave us *Fräulein von Bernburg* might have added many a notable portrait to our gallery, and that we're losing out by letting her go.

There's another German menace who, with her pictures, has been banished from Germany and is appearing at this writing in a London stage production. If you were to tell Elizabeth Bergner, star of "Catherine the Great," that her name had been in-

cluded in an article dealing with possible Garbo rivals, she'd probably open incredulous eyes and try like a well-behaved child not to show that she was laughing at you—if, that is, she's anything like the person she projects on the screen.

For Bergner is neither beautiful nor mysterious, neither glamorous nor seductive nor exotic. She's merely an actress, to whom the word "great" may be applied without fear of misgivings.

You may feel a little flat when she makes her first appearance as the *Princess Catherine*—the princess with the nice but thoroughly unexciting face. But as scene follows scene, you begin to realize that you're watching the creation of a work of art, a perfect piece of acting. Every word and gesture, every pause and inflection is unerringly, exquisitely right. Your mind ceases to be critical and becomes purely appreciative, and by the time the final sequence has rolled around, you're enslaved hand and foot—applauding the artist who has made *Catherine* so believable a figure, loving the woman who has made her such a darling.

And still—she's not Garbo. And the thing which Garbo has, Bergner hasn't. Nor any of the others.

In "Queen Christina" the final close-up shows her at the prow of the ship which is bearing her dead lover back to Spain. As the wind billowed the sails and the ship moved slowly out to sea and the face at the prow loomed closer and closer, larger and larger, I felt my heart tighten and then swell. For that face with its look of pain transcended seemed to me the face that poets sing about, the face of *Helen* and *Iseult* and the *Blessed Damsel*, the face of all fabled beauty and all lost dreams. Then it faded out, leaving me staring through a mist of shame-faced tears at the cold white screen.

Wherefore I give you an amendment to an ancient salute: "The Queen still lives! Long live the Queen!"

Novarro Is News Again

Continued from page 21

write his own exciting success story!

"The growth and development of the actor himself are captured by the camera just as indelibly as the characterization he is creating. Both are transmitted to the screen.

"In that fact lies the secret of the rise or fall of each and every one of us. For proof, just look around at the various players who have been or are now in pictures. Almost without exception, the progress or degeneration of that person's character can be gauged by following his work upon the screen.

"Take the case of one of our best-known, (and at one time best-loved), foreign importations—a man. The first picture he made in his country offered him a rôle strangely similar to that which he portrayed in his latest film. The contrast between the two characterizations was heart-breaking!

"The difference in the man—the personal problems he has had—the unhappiness he has experienced during the past five years—the emotional upheaval he has known—lay starkly and indecently bared upon a million screens!

"He still acts as heartily—still wears his hat at the same jaunty angle of yore. But the mechanical perfection of his performance cannot deceive the camera. Today he is a man made perhaps a little cynical

by success. Therefore, when his shadow flashes on the screen today, it is a shadow lacking much of those lovable, heart-compelling qualities which first endeared him to his audiences."

With original perception Mr. Novarro also believes that it is this all-seeing eye of the camera which is responsible for the difference in attitude toward screen players and all other performers before the public.

"It has remained an unanswered question as to why screen actors and actresses, among all other artists, are allowed no personal lives. We know that the actor on the stage is seldom asked what he eats for breakfast, or with whom he goes dancing.

"That is because the public accepts him as he is given to them—no more, no less.

"But we of the screen come to the public not only as the characters we are portraying, but, because of the camera, as the shadows of our real selves. Regardless of our performances, no matter how correct our work, the camera catches something of the man or woman behind the make-up—and it is this actual glimpse of real personality which quite naturally intrigues the public."

Mr. Novarro's logic sounds most reasonable—especially in his own case. His

real life-story—the rise of a Mexican boy to the topmost pinnacles of film fame and fortune—is indeed romantic enough to withstand the most penetrating scrutiny, even by the camera's eye.

This authentic background, coupled with this innate idealism, may be the reason why, more than any actor on the screen today, Novarro typifies romance, pure and unadulterated. There is an old-world, dream-like quality of his love-making. His ardor is always touched with tenderness, his passion with gentleness.

It is, as he says, the triumph of ideals over reality.

"Regardless of anything that has ever happened to me, I have never lost my faith nor my ideals. Naturally, in every life there are discouragement and disillusionment. There are times when it is very difficult to believe in the essential rightness of things. At such times, if we allow ourselves to become bitter, we are lost!

"For myself, I know there is no 'Santa Claus'—but I still believe in Christmas! It may sound foolish to realists, but I prefer to shut my eyes to the dishonesty, the cowardice, the petty smallnesses which are all around us in the world, and see only those things which are fair.

"Perhaps I have been especially fortunate in that I have had those persons in my life who have helped me in keeping my faith. There have been some who have never failed me. So, I have been spared the difficult task of clinging to belief when there was no one in whom I could believe.

"However, though he be disappointed a million times, though his trust be betrayed on every side, I think the man is richer within himself, who still clings to his ideals, than is he who becomes a cynic, believing in nothing."

Despite his strong faith and incorruptible ideals, there is one subject on which Mr. Novarro refuses to harbor illusions. That is marriage for an artist in any city, but most especially in Hollywood.

He adds his voice to those which have already been raised in admitting the cinema capital a difficult and well-nigh impossible locale for conjugal bliss.

"I think it foolish—and dangerous—for any person to say just when he will or won't marry. We all know that such statements are of no value when one really falls in love.

"And love—real love—comes without warning. I think it better for an artist if he remains single, as to do justice to his work he must give it so much attention that there is little time or energy left to devote to any woman. But if and when he falls in love—he is helpless to fight it!"

Ramon's present plans include an early return to Hollywood, and the completion of another picture to follow "Laughing Boy." After which, he hopes to go to London to produce a play he has written, entitled at present "But It Won't Last."

"It is a tragedy, and I know that everyone will say it is autobiographical—but it is only partly so. It is the story of a motion picture actor—and the leading rôle, which I will play myself, is so intense and heavy that I feel sure I will be able to play it for only a couple of months. Then I will be so worn out that I will have to take a long rest."

This rest will probably mean a return to Hollywood and more pictures. While under no term contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Mr. Novarro expects to make two pictures a year for that organization, the vehicles to be selected by mutual agreement.

He prefers costume-dramas with a touch of comedy—and romantic, of course. Between films, he will continue his concert tours. For there is really nothing that a young man with ideals cannot do!

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**"Peg's
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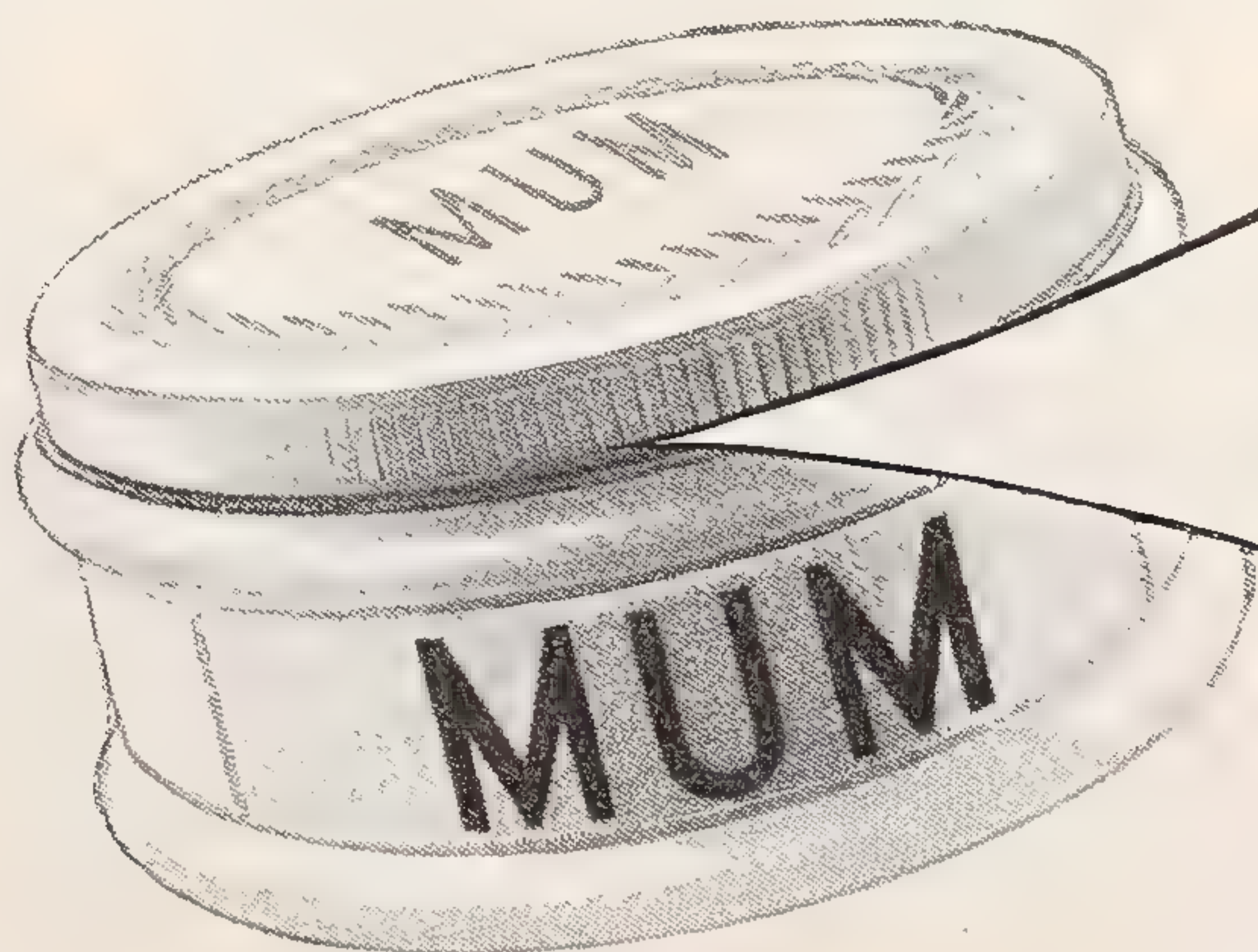
"But she's either stubborn or dumb. Said she didn't need anything—that soap and water were good enough for her. Well, that's Peg's mistake."

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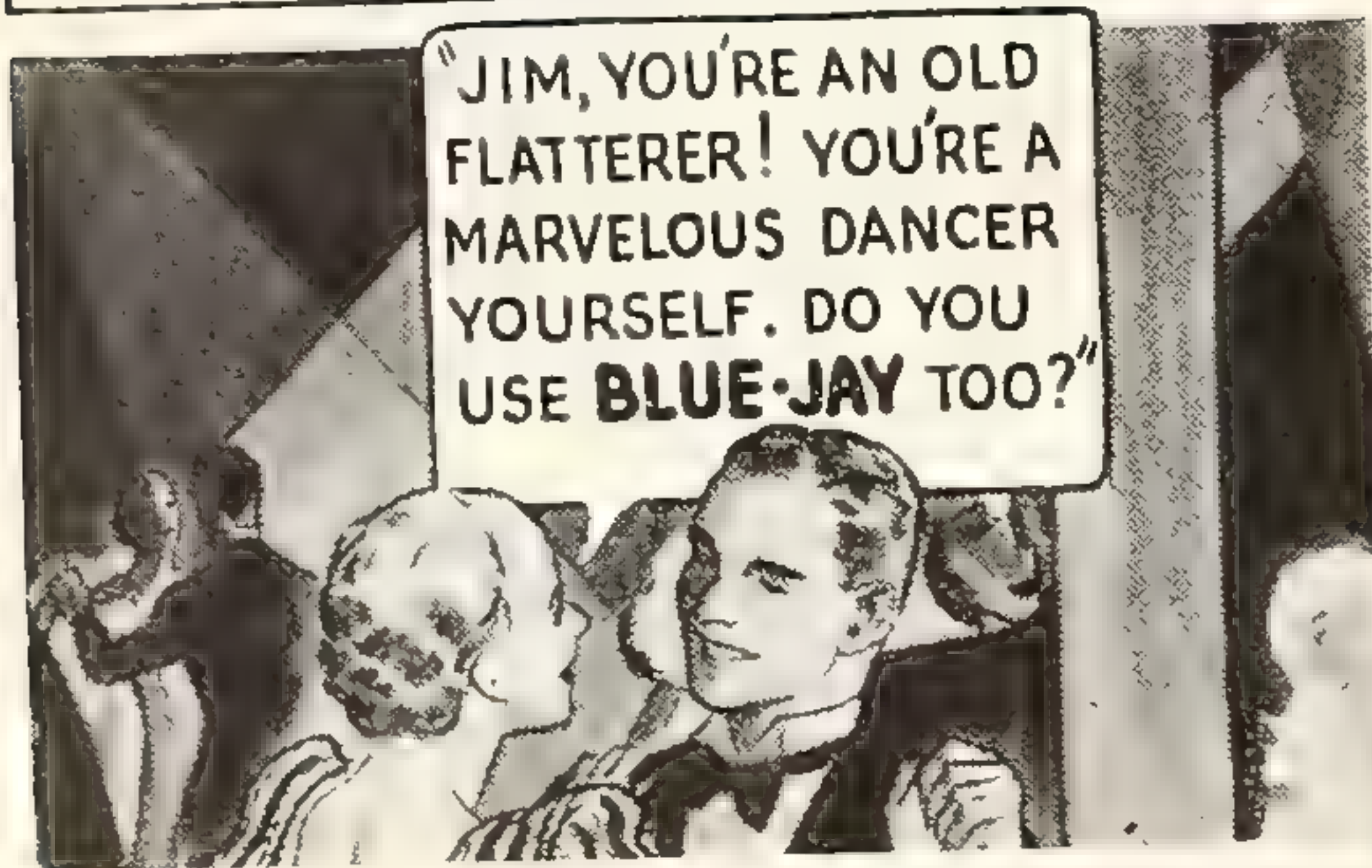
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What, No Screen Beauties?

By Earl Carroll

Continued from page 28

Jean Harlow has an amazing supply of flash and color, but under no circumstance could Miss Harlow be described as being beautiful. Her features are too heavy, and too unsymmetrical. Her face is interesting, but far from classical.

Marlene Dietrich might come near to being beautiful, I think, if she permitted herself to be. But why does she wear coats featuring heavy, padded shoulders? Now, can a woman with bulgy shoulders be called beautiful? In addition, Miss Dietrich has plucked or trained her eyebrows until they extend straight across her forehead, on a line across her temples. The effect is animalistic, and not lovely. Nature shaped feminine eyebrows; their natural contour is beautiful.

Greta Garbo is plain, in my opinion. She reminds me of nothing so much as an Englishwoman shopping in the rain. Tall, angular, Garbo falls far short of all accepted standards of feminine beauty, to my mind.

Beauty is measured by a general standard. These standards vary in widely separated parts of the world. In Turkey, for example, fat women are more admired than are slender, well-formed females. In certain districts of Africa, big-lipped women are considered beautiful; the bigger her lips, the more beautiful the woman. In China, tiny feet are regarded as a woman's greatest treasure, and Chinese females torture themselves during childhood by wearing tight shoes to stunt the growth of their feet. Thus, in different corners of the globe, conflicting standards of beauty have been set up.

Our beauty standards are set according to our visual point of view. We say that "a pair of legs are beautiful." We mean, those limbs are curved according to a standard we have learned to accept. As we stand or sit, we perceive those legs from a certain angle, and if they measure up to our accepted standard, they are lovely.

But suppose we up-end those limbs? Suppose we turn them upside down? They would no longer be beautiful, because they would cease to conform to our accepted standard—the standard to which our eyes have become accustomed. Actually, the legs will not have changed shape because their position is reversed.

It is this naturalness that Hollywood actresses lack. I have seen in Hollywood many girls who would be much prettier if they would permit themselves to remain as nature designed them. But no—they must adopt artificialities. They seem to think that because they are in Hollywood, they must be "unusual." As a rule, this "unusualness" is actually bizarre.

A marked example of this error is Ida Lupino, the pretty young English actress. For a reason known only to herself, perhaps, Miss Lupino has shaved away her eyebrows. She paints eyebrows on her forehead! The effect is practically eerie. Why? Simply because painted eyebrows are not natural; our eyes are not used to them. Of course, if all women were to shave their eyebrows, we would soon reach that point at which our standards would undergo a change. We would eventually become accustomed to women without eyebrows; the woman with her own eyebrows would be exceptional, therefore unnatural, and thus unpretty.

Grace Bradley is another newcomer to motion pictures who might be much

prettier. She combs her hair in the Zulu Islander fashion. Miss Bradley has symmetrical features, but the bushy unkempt mop of hair spoils her effect.

Dorothy Dell, the "Miss Universe" of a recent international beauty contest, has, (and this is a common fault in Hollywood), permitted herself to become careless; she has grown a bit too plump. She is not fat, by any means, but the extra pounds she has accumulated are just sufficient to offset the natural beauty of her body.

Too many lovely girls go to Hollywood, and promptly become careless about their appearance. Hollywood plays too much. To retain beauty, a woman must play moderately. She must eat carefully, (not diet at intervals), exercise regularly, and she must retire early at least four nights every week.

The lack of beauty on the screen today is easily explained. During the era of silent pictures, feminine comeliness was a prime requisite to success. Then Hollywood was over-run with lovely women. Talking pictures arrived over-night, and the film producers suddenly discovered that their beauties were untrained as actresses. There followed a great hue and cry for experienced players; and the studios turned to the stage, the only source from which such veterans of histrionism could be drafted.

But few stage actresses are beautiful. Most of them are women who began life with the handicap that they were not beautiful. They had to attain a substitute for beauty. They attained individuality, or they became accomplished dancers and singers, or they developed into fine actresses. It was from this group of women-of-the-stage that the screen was forced to select its early "talking picture talent."

At least in one respect, the screen does have beauty. I refer to eyes. Rare indeed is the film actress who does not possess entrancing eyes. There are a few exceptions, such as Norma Shearer, Madge Evans, and one or two others, but I have discovered that the vast majority of feminine stars have orbs that make audiences temporarily forget other facial defects.

At first, I could not understand the universality of beautiful eyes on the screen. One night I was mulling the matter over in my mind, and the answer came to me—an answer that is so simple that I laughed to think how it had eluded me.

When two people converse together, they look into each other's eyes. I am convinced that when audiences watch actresses perform and listen to them talk, the audiences concentrate their gaze on the eyes of the performers. That is the reason beautiful eyes are most important to an actress.

You may ask, how can one ascertain just what real beauty is? Suppose I use Janet Gaynor as an example. Taken alone, Miss Gaynor is most attractive. But let us assume that we have placed Miss Gaynor in a sound-proof, glass showcase, and beside her we have introduced a classically beautiful woman. As long as the two specimens remain motionless and soundless, and are compared only for their physical beauty, the second girl will attract far more ohs and ahs.

It is when the two women move about, and act, and talk, and come in contact with their watchers, that personality has the opportunity to manifest itself. When that

happens, eyes will concentrate upon Miss Gaynor, for she has a tremendous magnetic personality. Thus, she will be the more *attractive*, but provenly not the more beautiful. And of course, of the two, attractiveness is more important to motion pictures.

Long, so-called "master scenes" were largely responsible for the disappearance of beauty from the screen. This title is applied to those lengthy conversational sequences that run for minutes without interruption. Untrained actresses could not cope with them.

I predict the return of feminine pulchritude. I base my prediction on the fact that sound picture technicians are rapidly learning how to handle their mechanical project. Over-long scenes are becoming rarer. Action is being speeded, and shorter scenes are now in order. Thus, training is becoming less and less important. Now an actress need not be able to memorize and enact those lengthy, difficult sequences. The director is again in a position where he can mold his leading lady's actions to suit himself.

It is evident to me that the motion picture producers realize that beauty is on its way back to the screen, for I have perceived—among the younger girls who are being groomed for future stellar rôles—a great number of really beautiful persons. A few years from now, when screen technique has been thoroughly mastered and directors are once again able to sculpt putty-like beauties and make them appear talented, the screen will again be decorated with real beauty.

That time isn't here as yet, nor will it come too soon for fans who idolize present-day stars. Until that day *does* come, the Crawfords and Garbos and Dietrichs will continue to rule the screen.

By Cecil DeMille

Continued from page 29

and eyes and mouth, and with every word which she speaks. There is a very general term which covers this—"personality"—but there is more to it than the mere accepted connotation of this word.

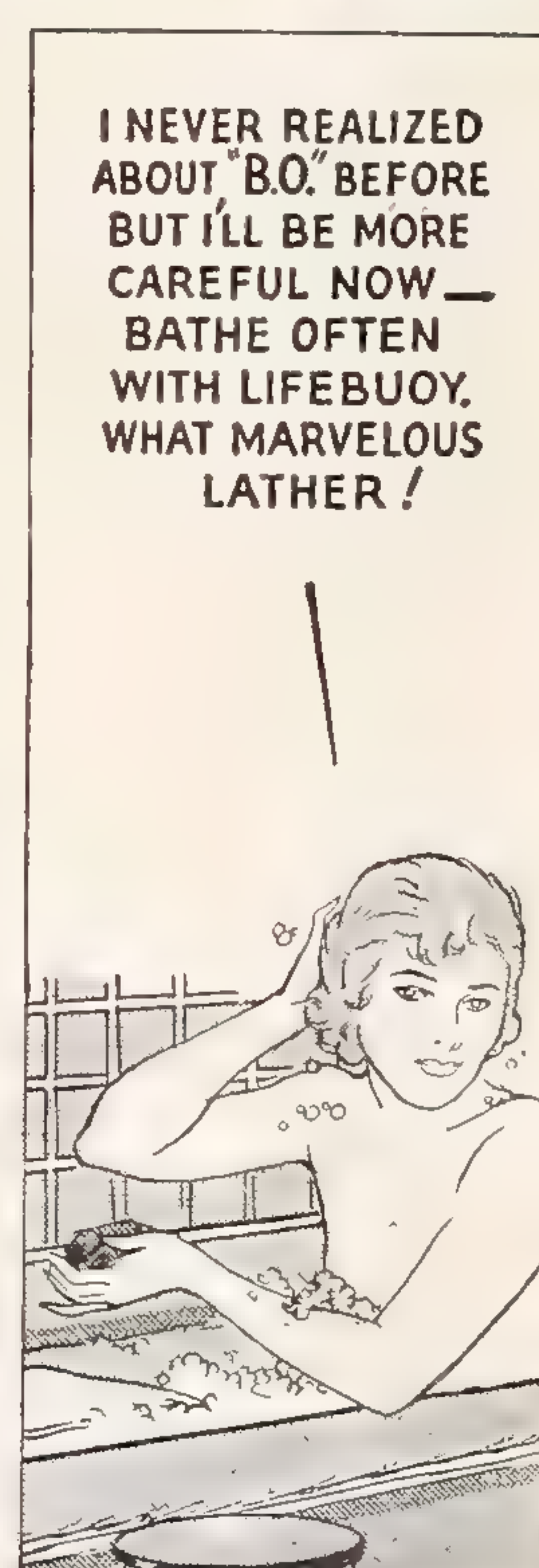
Mr. Carroll points out Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo as women who fall below "accepted standards" of beauty. Let us assume for the sake of argument that he is correct in the flaws he has discovered in their physical make-up. The question, then, is why do millions of women try to emulate these actresses in dress, mannerisms, make-up and coiffure, instead of copying the more beautiful five-and-ten sales-lady? As a matter of fact, if we examine more closely into facts, we'll actually find that five-and-ten sales-girl also copying her favorite star.

The reason is that the force of beauty expressed through what we call personality is more convincing and impressive than surface perfection.

Pure beauty is cold and lifeless. It is found only in chiseled marble, or in marble-like women—but it is not life. The nearer one approaches the ultimate in beauty, the nearer one gets to the inanimate.

Mr. Carroll himself unwittingly proved my point when he said that the silent screen possessed more purely beautiful women than the present talking screen. If we follow the course that beauty takes, we will learn why this is so.

Let us start with the Greek statue which possesses that thrilling perfection of line and form which Mr. Carroll finds so sadly lacking in Hollywood. The nearest thing to the statue is a girl whose body and



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face are most approximate. When she is in repose, we gasp with admiration; but when we see her walk across the room with an ungainly gait, or speak with a dull voice which clashes with the implied charm of her body, or present a pair of eyes which clearly indicate that nothing is going on behind them, then the illusion of beauty is entirely dispelled.

The next type of beauty is the kind with which Mr. Carroll himself has worked for years. She is the stage chorus girl, with beautifully chiseled features, lithe body, and agile limbs. She is made to be seen—but not to be heard. Perhaps she is not always as pulchritudinous as her more "beautiful but dumb" sisters, the show-girls, and certainly she is not as perfect as the Greek statue. But she more than makes up for this lack with her beautiful face above a body that is engaged in expressing grace of rhythmic movement. Slight imperfections go unnoticed in contemplation of the trained co-ordination of body and limbs which not only interprets music, but is music itself.

Next we come to the silent screen, on which a high degree of pantomimic expression was required. A woman could have a voice like a fog-horn, or a harsh squeaky contralto, and it would not matter. It was heard by none other than the people who worked with her. But she did have to possess the ability to express life, and the innermost beauty of soul with her body, limbs, and eyes.

Searching for young women with this ability in silent picture days narrowed us down, and caused us to make many concessions and compromises. If her nose was a little crooked, according to Greek standards, or her calves a little thick, it did not matter so long as she could lift her arms in a gesture which would suggest to an audience the quintessence of beauty about which poets have written for centuries. Her eyes had to tell a story and

mirror the emotions that went on within her. While her eyes were holding attention, what did it matter if her tibia was a fraction out of proportion?

As may easily be seen, the requirements grow as we approach fuller expression of life. First, with the statue, we had only perfection of form and features. Then we added grace of movement. Next came expression through body and eyes. Finally, when we come to the talking screen, we add the requirement of voice to all the others—and the least required of these is that of plastic form. The reason for this is that the talking screen actress is constantly in motion, not only with her body, but also with her eyes and mouth, which together keep all the muscles of the face in movement.

The screen actress of today must be able to walk across a room in a manner that will hold respectful attention through flow of movement. She must be able to speak flawlessly and convincingly with a voice whose overtones will imply that which she has left unspoken. Her eyes, at the same time, must combine with the voice in telling her story, and must serve to express what cannot be put into words.

Beauty is a creation of illusion; and suggestion, rather than realism or actuality, is the more lasting and the more impressive medium through which any phase of artistic beauty can be expressed.

The Garbos, Dietrichs, Crawford, Colberts and Gaynors of our present-day screen are all engaged in the common duty of suggestion of beauty.

That which is built up in the minds of the audience after this suggestion has been planted is what constitutes true beauty.

Therefore, I say Mr. Carroll is mistaken! And I say that he will be better able to estimate beauty if he considers not only physical perfection, but also weighs the other attributes of beauty of soul, rhythm, and expression.

Man-Made Movies for Women

Continued from page 19

records, there's Dorothy Arzner and Lois Weber. The picture people are talking of signing up Wanda Tuchok. She helped to megg 'Finishing School' at Radio. That would make three in all."

One supervisor and two directors! A pitiful figure to bring to the girls back home. "How about interior decorators, George?" Surely, I thought, there were women designing the sets. I recalled Elsie deWolfe, whose name was a household word. Rose Cumming, E. S. Farley.

"There's Cedric Gibbons at Metro; there's Hans Drier. There's Van Nest Polglase."

I began muttering under my breath as I checked frantically down the list. Camera-men. Electricians. Technicians. Dress-makers. Ah, dressmakers. There I had him! I thought of Mary Walls. Sally Milgrim. Hattie Carnegie.

"Well—most of the studios have men in charge of the dressmaking departments. There's Orry Kelly at Warners. There's Adrian at Metro. There's Travis Banton. He designs the clothes for Miss Hopkins, Miss Colbert, and Miss Dietrich. You see, Miss, the stars feel that men can tell them what the men want. The women dress to please the men, you know."

A lady does not argue. But I had heard, on good authority, that women dress for women. I proceeded down the list. How about make-up? Women were acknowl-

edged world celebrities in that particular field. Helena Rubenstein. Dorothy Gray. Elizabeth Arden. Rose Laird—and so many others.

"I know Max Factor, Miss. Know him personally. And there's the Royal Westmores. Percy's at Warners. Ernie at R.K.O. And Wally's at Paramount. Fifteen hairdressers and six make-up men in the make-up department at Warners." George threw out his chest as if he owned the lot and took the curve on two wheels.

In sheer desperation, I demanded: "Aren't there any women in the business end of the motion picture business?"

The bus lurched. Jack Oakie was approaching likety-split on the handle bars of a bicycle.

"Hi, George," waved Oakie. "Where are you going?"

"Out on a woman hunt!" And George mopped his brow. "Women," he echoed. "Well, let's see. There's Miss Natalie Bucknall doing research at Metro. There's Miss Kaufman at Fox in charge of the costume department. There's cutters. There's script girls. There's secretaries. And there's waitresses."

We cavorted to the R.K.O. gate. "Don't stop, George," I said, "I want to think." I was mulling over the list of women represented in every other field of endeavor. There was Amelia Earhart in aviation. Mrs. Lindbergh rode shoulder to shoulder

with Lindy. Helen Wills and Miss Jacobs ruled the tennis court. Miss Perkins presided in the Cabinet. The feminine rostrum of fame glittered with literary lights. Willa Cather. Sigfrid Undset. Pearl Buck. The theatre applauded its feminine wits. Rachel Crothers. Edna Ferber. Science was a man's game but there was Madame Curie to challenge that out-dated statement. Women deep-sea divers. Women explorers. Women evangelists. Women everywhere—but behind the scene in Hollywood.

I tried to be a sport, though a losing one. "But, George, there *are* women holding important positions in this motion picture business." Brightly: "What about the stars?"

"What about 'em? Most of the stars have no more to do with making pictures than wax figures have to do with making shop-windows. Every one of them was hand-picked by a man, either a casting director, a unit producer or a young Thalberg."

And George was right, I had to admit, though I hated to. Golly, how I hated to! The stars had no voice in the days of the silent picture. And now with the advent of the talkies, the only voice they have is that which is given them in the lines of dialogue, written usually, by a man.

"Look here!" said George placatingly. "There's a handful of lady writers," offering me the handful. "There's Anita Loos. Sonya Levien. There's Agnes Christine Johnson. Sarah Mason. Adela Rogers St. Johns. Marion Dix. Jay Gelzer. Jeanie MacPherson. Frances Marion."

Yes, there's Frances Marion, who, competing against men as well as women, walked off with three out of four Motion Picture Academy awards for the best original story of the year.

But now you have the startling fact. Hollywood is a man's world!

A gagman (whoever heard of a gag-woman?), or an author, usually a man—gets an idea. He submits it to a producer—a man. The producer gives it to the director—a man. The director gives it to the continuity writer—a man. The continuity writer gives it to a dialogue writer—a man. The daily rushes are run off by a projectionist—a man; the picture completed with the help of an editor—a man, who passes it along to the executive—a man, who gives it to a salesman! He sells the picture to theatre exhibitors and the exhibitors show it to their audiences.

And here's the Big Surprise!

This man-made entertainment is served to an audience composed mainly of women. In fact, women constitute 81.7 of motion picture audiences. Let's be generous and call it an even 82 per cent.

And what was Hollywood doing about that 82 per cent?

That's what I asked George because that's what the women had been asking me.

And while George consulted his Blue Book for the answer that was not there, I reviewed the history of show-business. Egyptian festivals, Greek marathons, Spanish bull-fights—all of them were man-made entertainment for men. Men lorded it on the circus lot. A showman was a showman with the accent on the man. And when a new entertainment developed—the motion picture—it was still man-made entertainment for men. Justly so, because at first, the audiences, in the majority, were men.

Ask any man what's wrong with the movies and you'll get every answer but the right one. The women insist that they are made by men from a masculine point of view. Woman's main interest lies in clothes, children, and romance. Man's

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main interest lies in achievement, science, and war. The Gulf of Mexico lies between.

The man who thinks he knows all about women is a fool. Women themselves can only approximate what other women want.

The exhibitor will tell you that if he gets the women into the theatre, he gets the men. Men may take women to the movies. But the women choose the picture.

Yet, because of the age-old tradition of masculine supremacy, the producers still make pictures for men—even though the women control the vote and the veto.

That's why the wily theatre-owner invented the handsome doorman, the bowing usher. He called in architects to build theatres with beautiful Elizabethan retiring rooms. He gathered curios from all

parts of the world to make a perfect setting for the blazing diamond. Yet on the screen, as out of place as a cuspidor in a lady's boudoir, man-made entertainment is still being served to women. Why do prize-fighter pictures flop? Don't ask the men. Ask the women!

The news-reel is another instance of man-made entertainment—for men. Train wrecks. Airplane stunts. Sham navy maneuvers showing battleships being blown into bits. Cameramen—being men—naturally shoot what interests men, forgetting that they are shooting for one man and four women.

Women do not contend that men cannot make entertainment for women. They can—after a fashion.

But women have more critical judgment than men in the matter of costume, home-

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says

Mary Brian



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furnishing, etiquette, and love-making. That is why the women fans suggest having a woman's keen eye at the studio to supervise the details. If nothing else, women could detect the incongruous boners that frequently appear in pictures.

The script girl on the set does her best to catch the scene in which the star appears at the top of the stairway wearing no gloves, yet miraculously arrives at the bottom wearing sixteen-button lengths. The script girl tries to catch the scene in which the actor is given a black necktie by his valet, only to emerge in pale pearl. And a bow-tie into the bargain! The script girl tries to catch the clock that reads five minutes to noon when the property man hangs it in place and remains five minutes to noon all through a meeting, hating, loving and mating scene!

The boners are not the fault of the script girl, poor little thing! She has no voice of authority. Her opinions are usually given in a polite mouse-like whisper. After all,

she is merely a little woman and the movies are made by big he-men. Eagle-eyed as she is on the set, boners will appear in spite of her. They crop up in the cutting-room where the picture is rolled in its can to eliminate scenes for the sake of footage. There, boners are born that make the female of the specie known as fan bristle indignation with pen, pink paper, and blue ink.

George was pulling up to the bus terminal. "This world began with Adam and it'll be a man's world to the end of time."

"Don't you believe it," I challenged. "The women don't. According to the Theosophists, we all take turns in being born. That means next time, I'll be a man. Who can tell? Maybe you'll be the writer and I'll be driving this bus."

"In that case," said George, "let me give you a little present. Can't get along without it—" and he held out the Blue Book.

"All About Hollywood"—Hmm," I said, "written by a woman!"

What Are Little Girls Afraid Of? Wynne Gibson

Continued from page 52

creatures, to them. To me they were just guys to rough-house with. At parties I used to sneak off and hide in corners, I was so embarrassed about not being able to talk about boys as romantic devils."

Once a girl friend lent Winnie a lovely hat, very hoopsie-doopsie at the time, made out of horsehair. She wore it, one night when it was raining, and when she got home it was a limp ruin. Winnie cried and cried, in an agony of shame. She didn't even know how to keep hats out of the rain! To this day she has never been able to get up courage to speak to the girl who owned the hat.

"I stayed away from other girls for the good and simple reason that every time I was around them things went wrong," she says. And, the longer she stayed away from them, of course, the less chance she had of ever learning really to be a woman herself, so far as the little tricks of the trade went. And today, it's too late for her to learn. She knows it. But what can she do about it?

"It's still the same," she says. "When I go to Hollywood parties the women are still talking about men and clothes, men and clothes. I can't handle the line any better today than I could when I was a kid."

"Or suppose we play bridge. If my partner's a man, and I pull a boner, I know how he's going to take it. But if I make a mistake when I'm playing with a woman I'm scared to death. You know what they give you. The raised eyebrows, and that, 'Well, my deah, realleh!' A man may call you a fool to your face, but I can take that. I can't take a polite knifing from a woman."

So, at parties in Hollywood, just as in the old days, Wynne usually ends up in a corner. Of course the men drift over to that corner too, before long, and stand around her in rings. And that doesn't exactly endear her to the other gals, either. Oh, yes—women in Hollywood are just like your women friends in your own home town. Only more so!

So now, to make it simpler, Wynne just doesn't go to parties at all. The last one she went to, she hardly got inside the door before another actress came up and spilt a drink all down the front of her nice new dress. "A nice, pink drink," Wynne says. "I looked as if I'd just cut my throat. All I could do was head for the good old corner

again. Boy, I've lived in corners all my life, when women were around!"

And speaking of new dresses—there, if anywhere, is where you learn how different from most women Wynne is. For a movie actress not to care about clothes is about the same as for a horse not to care about oats. But Winnie doesn't. When she wants something to wear she phones a shop, asks them to send out some dresses for her to look at, and just grabs anything. There is no parading back and forth in front of mirrors. And you couldn't drag her out shopping with a block and tackle. You won't believe me when I tell you why. *She's scared of the salesgirls in the stores!* Woman-shy, again.

She can't understand the way women think. "Most of them are fixers," she groans. "You tell them a secret, and they'll spread it all over town out of some outlandish notion that they're 'helping' you."

Once, not so long ago, she had a crush on a man. (She won't tell his name.) Any way, she had to have someone to tell how wonderful he was, so she unburdened the news to just one, lone friend—female. Do you know the rest? Can you guess it? You did! It was all over town by the next morning. Not only that, but Wynne's friend phoned the man in question and told him Wynne was crazy about him! Just helping things along, you know. The result being that Wynne is so embarrassed she has never been able to look at the man since, and what might have been a romance has gone up the chimney.

Around the studios Wynne has a reputation for clowning. When she isn't wise-cracking she's jabbering away a mile-a-minute. Especially when other women are around. A lot of people think that's all there is to it—that she just likes to clown. If they could only know the agonies of embarrassment and self-consciousness she's undergoing! Let the plainest little extra girl come within a block of her, and Wynne starts thinking about how homely she, Wynne, is; how clumsy, how badly dressed. It's just that old shyness she has for her own sex. She uses the wise-cracking and the clowning to cover it up.

For she *does* want women friends. She'd give her right arm for them. Not long ago Wynne and another girl decided to take a trip up to San Francisco. The other girl

wasn't in pictures, and didn't have much money. Wynne said to herself—and this is the way she thinks—“Now, if I go and spend a lot of money on clothes, she's going to feel terrible.” So she packed nothing but a lot of old dresses. You can guess what happened. The other girl hocked her salary and put it all on her back for the trip. She arrived in San Francisco looking like a movie actress, and Wynne looked like something found in an alley ash-can. But that's not the point. The point is, Wynne was willing to go out of her way that far to keep from hurting a woman friend.

She isn't so shy at those poker parties! Men, from executives to prep-boys, talk to her as they'd talk to their kid brothers. Men understand Wynne and she understands them. The virtue she most admires is the virtue men most admire—square-shooting. She has made her own way in the world like a man, “not asking nothing from nobody.”

When you say Winnie gets along with men and not with women, you sort of find yourself wondering how she got along with

the two men that were her husbands. Well, I don't know how she got along with her first one, Murray Queen, because I don't know anything about him at all. But I know a little story about her second husband that'll show you *just* how well she got along with him. John Galledet, his name is, and the story happened only a couple of weeks ago. Wynne came into the Brown Derby for lunch alone, and sat down at a table. Looking up from the menu, she saw a face at the table on her right that struck her as familiar—and recognized the man as the best man at her second wedding. But that was only a mild surprise to what happened next! Glancing the other way, at the table on her left, she saw a face that looked still more familiar. The man who owned *that* face promptly stood up and grinned.

“Maybe you don't remember me, Miss Gibson,” he said, “but I'm Mr. Galledet, your second husband.”

Wynne shrieked with laughter. It wasn't a gag, it was really an accident. Wynne and John went out on a date together that night and had a swell time.

Glenda Farrell

Continued from page 53

up there,” Miss Farrell recalls, “and I was generally kept dangling for several minutes before I was let down. I used to cry every time I had to ‘go to heaven’ at night. Whether I was already afraid of the dark or whether those experiences taught me to be afraid, I don't quite know. I do remember, though, that I liked to ‘go to heaven’ in the afternoons when we played matinees. I could float around up there then, chasing the flies that always gather in the top of a tent.

“Once or twice I made so much noise doing it that I was scolded when I came ‘down to earth!’”

The screen's most successful “gold-digger” has been earning her own living since she was seven years old. She ought to be self-reliant, sure of herself, fearless. But she isn't. She appears to live in a state of constant terror. Just what it is she fears nobody seems to know. Perhaps she doesn't know herself. A victim of sleepless nights and galloping nightmares, she plunges into her day-time activities with an energy that seems sometimes to be born of desperation.

Less is known about Glenda Farrell's real life story than is known about that of any other well-established player in Hollywood. Between the time of the Little Eva rôles and Miss Farrell's appearance in New York in “The Rear Car” and as support for Alice Brady in “Love, Honor, and Betray” there are long lapses which the lady has never been persuaded to talk about in detail.

It is known that she played in stock in San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. It is known, too, that she married and was eventually divorced and that nine-year-old Tommy, the child of that marriage, is her dearest possession and the inspiration for all her hard work and her determined climb to success.

Glenda Farrell was born in Enid, Oklahoma, twenty-nine years ago. She started on the road with the “Uncle Tom's Cabin” company just seven years later. Somewhere along that route to fame she acquired her strange fears, her terror of the dark and of being alone, and that unconquerable complex which makes her Hollywood's most timid actress.

Miss Farrell hasn't liked many of the stories that have been written about her

since she started working in motion pictures. Most of them have sought to delve into her somewhat unhappy past. She will probably not like this story any better because it tries to explain her not-too-happy present.

The principal reason why Glenda is not happy at the present time is that she feels that her screen career got started off on the wrong foot and that she can't change the pace.

A series of brilliant performances in “Life Begins,” “I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang,” “The Wax Museum,” and opposite Paul Muni in “Hi, Nellie!” made her a marked woman. The public accepted her as it accepted Winnie Lightner a few years ago, as a wise-cracking, rough-and-tumble young actress who could play tough girls and newspaper sob sisters but as one who could not be expected to be either subtle or sophisticated in a polished way.

Now subtle and sophisticated and polished comedy had been Miss Farrell's chief claim to fame on the New York stage.

“I'm not a wise-cracking, slap-stick comedienne,” she explodes. “At least I wasn't before I came to pictures.”

“The truth is,” she adds, “I haven't a funny bone in my body. I can't tell a joke so that it sounds like anything. I'm not a punster. I never think of the smart answers until it's too late to use them.”

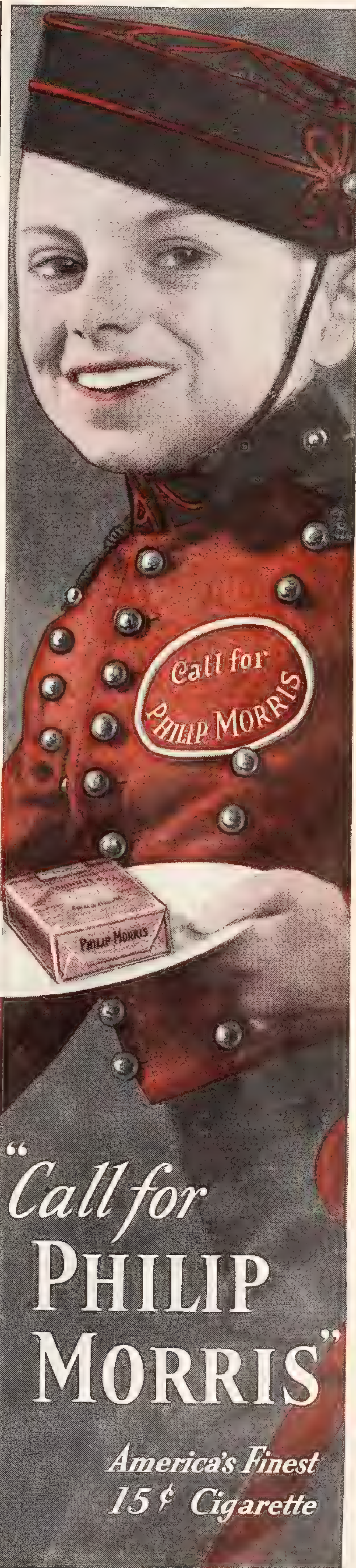
“But because I started in pictures that way I'm probably doomed to be a fast-talking, slang-slinging character actress all the rest of my days.”

One other thing that worries this strange young woman constantly, is the state of her health. She insists that she is half sick, a nervous wreck, and momentarily in danger of a break-down in health and nerves.

She doesn't look it and on occasions when she is too busy to worry about herself, she doesn't act it. She has worked as hard or harder than any other actress in pictures during the past two years, and with few vacations, but she looks plump and young and saucy (and a bit out of temper), when she complains.

Shortly after the start of the picture, “One Man Woman,” in which she shares leading rôles with Pat O'Brien, Miss Farrell announced that she had gone on a special diet under a doctor's orders.

On her dressing-room table lay a large



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candy bar, a special confection which, it appears, is delivered to her set each afternoon. She unwrapped it hungrily. It was a large bar, fully five inches long, two inches wide and an inch and a half thick. It was a kind of candy sandwich, with nut-filled fondant between chocolate slabs.

"The doctor says," she confided, "that I can have one piece of candy each afternoon." She nibbled it gently. "Well, this is that piece."

It must have weighed half a pound!

It appears then that if Miss Farrell could sleep nights and could enjoy the good health

she seems to possess and if she might be allowed to change the type of rôle she plays, she would be happy. Since she can't do these things, she isn't.

We like to think of her as a happy-go-lucky, care-free young lady who can wisecrack her way out of trouble and who could, if necessary, live on her wits.

But Glenda Farrell isn't that kind of a young woman. She is a cautious, timid soul, who knows exactly how much money she has in the bank and who looks under the bed each night before she retires.

She is the haunted lady of the movies!

\$250,000 in 5 Years!

Continued from page 59

laudatory than it does here. She is so earnest, so vehement, so obviously sincere.

"If I can't have my way about these things and if I can't make enough money to keep myself and my family comfortable for the rest of our lives, then Hollywood isn't worth while, so far as I'm concerned. I'll go back to New York and live on six dollars a week, like I did. I was happy then, anyway."

Not, this strangely contradictory young lady insists, that she is unhappy now. Not at all!

"I like pictures," she admits. "I want to be a success in them. I live very comfortably. I spend seventy-five dollars a week and have everything I like and need. I save the rest of my salary. I appreciate the nice apartment I have here which I didn't have in New York. I enjoy knowing that I have a maid at home who will have my dinner cooked when I get back from work and am tired. If I left Hollywood now and went back to New York, I couldn't have any of those things. But I will go back unless I get what I'm after."

"I'm not unhappy here. I'm just not happy. I'm not content to just move along slowly. It's stardom or nothing. It's useless to try to fit me into the regular Hollywood pattern. I won't fit. I won't play!"

Jean names a number of young actresses in pictures who have made progress toward importance but who have never reached full stardom, as horrible examples she does not want to follow. The fact that they make comfortable salaries which would, in due time, if they lived as economically as Jean lives, amount to small fortunes, makes no impression on her. She is determined to have the whole loaf of stardom or nothing.

"Five years from last July," she says, grimly, "I go back to New York to start my own repertoire company—no matter what happens. All I do in pictures has to be done before that."

In her short eight months or so in pictures, Miss Muir has managed to irritate many of the "best minds" and several important people, including two or three of her directors.

"She is a stubborn, opinionated young fool," declared one director. "She thinks she knows more than everybody else on the set put together. But don't mistake me. She's intelligent. She will almost certainly be a star—in spite of everything."

From her first day in Hollywood she has been both different and difficult. No matter what she has been asked to do, whether it was pose for a portrait or appear at a benefit for flood sufferers, she has invariably answered the question with other questions.

"Would Kay Francis do that?" she demands. "Would you expect Katharine

Hepburn to go? Does Ann Harding pose like that?"

She has hitched her own career to the careers of these three women particularly. She seldom names anyone else when comparing her activities to those of other players.

She considers Jimmy Cagney her best friend in Hollywood. "I want the kind of stardom he has," she declares. "Full stardom."

The background of this unique personality is no more unusual than the background of any one of a hundred other actresses in Hollywood. Three years of stage experience in a Columbus, Ohio, stock company and on Broadway, as Jean Muir Fullarton, followed a normal education and a year spent in France. She was sent to Hollywood as an unknown. Her name was changed as she was assigned her first rôle. It was that of a corpse in the picture, "Bureau of Missing Persons." She does not list it as among her screen accomplishments!

Her part in "The World Changes" opposite Paul Muni, (who is, incidentally, her pick as the best of Hollywood's actors), brought her her first attention from the critics. In "As the Earth Turns" she plays the leading rôle, just one step removed from the stardom she craves.

It is no doubt natural that the Hollywood which Miss Muir discusses so freely and so bluntly, should retaliate by telling amusing stories about her. It has been more or less reliably reported that she spent an hour or more in the studio make-up department, shortly after she reached Hollywood, posing for herself before a mirror and saying: "You are beautiful, Jean. You are perfectly beautiful."

It is altogether possible that she may have done this. If she did, she had a purpose in mind. She was either trying to convince the audience she suspected was listening that she was "Different" or she was trying to rid herself of one of her pronounced inferiority complexes. Incidentally, every authority in Hollywood agrees that she has real camera beauty such as is seldom found.

About two things in particular, she is very frank. These are her age and the size shoe she wears. She tells them both without hesitation when asked. She was 23 years old on February 13, 1934; and she wears a No. 9 quadruple A shoe.

Perhaps the most amusing summary of the girl was offered recently by a young woman who was talking about Jean's dog, a Scotty pup named "Shandygaff."

"He used to be a friendly little fellow," she explained, "ready to play with anybody. But not any more. He's gone serious. Anybody could tell now that he's Jean Muir's dog!"

Taking the Air!

Continued from page 58

can readily understand what he means.

At the present moment Gershwin, having come to grips with a truly epic task, is almost entirely absorbed in the mastering of it. He is writing the music, at the Theatre Guild's special behest, for a projected opera based on "Porgy," that famous dramatic Negro folk-tale. Easily the most ambitious undertaking he has so far set himself, it is also one of the biggest in the whole history of American music. And I mean "music" in the highest sense of that term.

Gershwin chuckled, a shade ruefully, as he described the proportions of the job he has tackled.

"You see, all I'm undertaking to do is to write a complete new body of Negro spiritual music, new songs and chants, in the manner and spirit of the old-time spirituals that everybody knows. No old themes or patterns, however good, will do. Well, to produce enough original music of that character for an opera lasting two to three hours is what I might call a little something! During the next ten months when I'll be working on it, all other interests are strictly out, with the exception, of course, of my radio stuff."

I asked his opinion, as that of a man who should know, regarding the future of jazz. "It will," hazarded Gershwin, "gradually evolve into something else—something, perhaps, more cerebral, without at the same time losing its primitive vigor. But whatever direction it takes, it will have to get better. The radio is seeing to that—it's making audiences more and more critical of their music."

When Gershwin isn't at grips with melodies and motifs he is apt to be daubing away at a canvas. Painting, which he began as a hobby, has become his chief obsession aside from his music. His own private art collection is famous among all art lovers. And he admitted—though only when questioned persistently—that a number of galleries have invited him to exhibit his own canvases. "So far," he confessed, "I haven't been able to work up enough courage."

It was "music by Gershwin" that provided the occasion for the first "big-time" concert of music in the jazz idiom, some years ago, at New York's Carnegie Hall. It was "music by Gershwin," again, that graced the program when no less august a body than the New York Philharmonic Orchestra played its first composition in the jazz mode. And now, with the first completely successful American opera still to be written, and with Gershwin hard at work on "Porgy," the Theatre Guild's production of this work may well mark a turning-point in our native music.

When Ruth Etting sings a torch-song, something happens that defies analysis. Some new, hitherto unfelt quality of heart-break infuses the words and communicates itself to the hearer. Which is what probably happened to Irving Berlin, several years ago, when he heard a record Ruth had made of one of his songs, and straightaway snatched her up for the next "Ziegfeld Follies."

"It's the way she lassoes her words," was all that Berlin could say in explanation of the emotion.

Today, as a front-rank radio singer of wistful love lyrics, Ruth continues to "lasso her words" and to do strange things to young hearts and old. The stack of fan mail which I saw piled up on her living-room table bore witness to that. But this was no ordinary fan mail—blackface com-

A Curve

IS THE SMARTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS

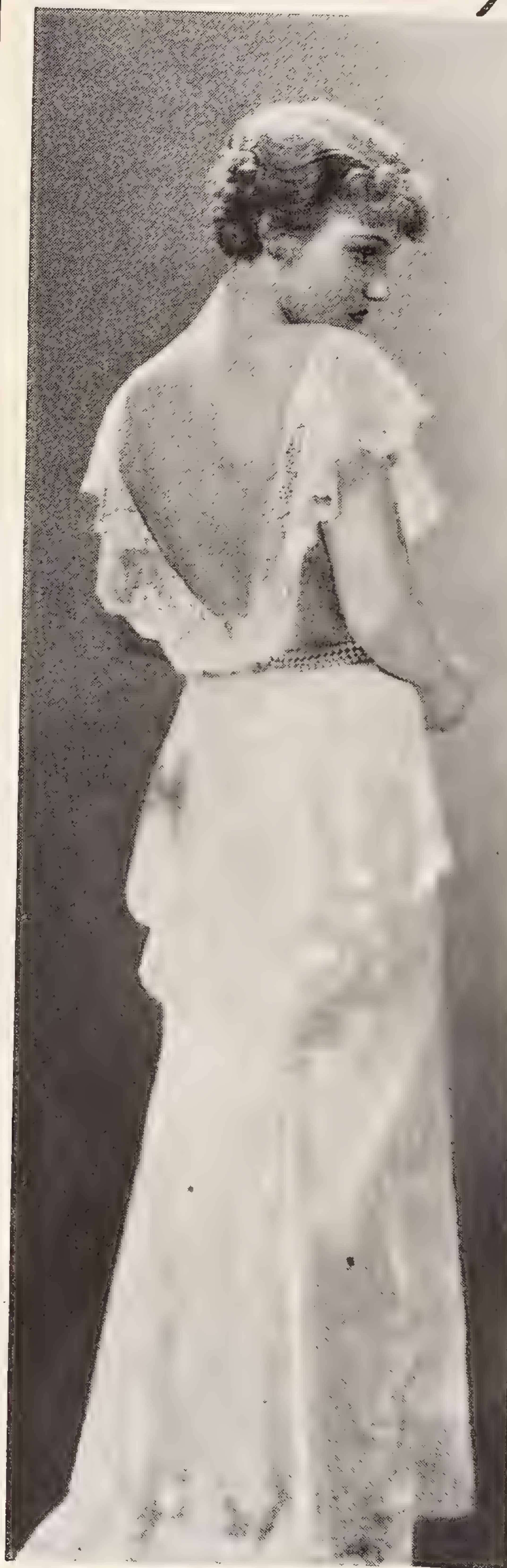
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edians and impersonal orchestra conductors receive lots of letters, too. Ruth's mail, as I found when starting to read it at random, is personal correspondence of a kind impossible except for people between whom a genuine emotional bond exists.

"You'll notice," commented Ruth, "that a good part of the letters are from people who keep writing to me every now and then, and since I answer them personally every time, our correspondence naturally gets on a more and more familiar basis. Personally, I think that's great. If these people weren't sincere in their friendship they wouldn't bother to keep writing again and again. And besides, in radio more than any other business it's important to keep in direct touch with your audience, find out what they want, and how they like what you've been giving them. Here"—indicating a letter in a tiny, delicate hand—"is a sweet old lady down South who writes me after every single broadcast."

Though Ruth can torch-sing over the radio for spectacular fees indefinitely, if she cares to, she enjoys her intermittent trips to Hollywood to take part in pictures. She'd enjoy them still more if the producers, after spending fancy sums to get her pulsating voice on their soundtracks, didn't indulge their well-known hobby of leaving out important footage when the pictures finally hit the screen. Miss Etting also is mystified at the popular Hollywood belief that she, an actress of experience, can do nothing but sing.

"Of course they will insist on typing you," she remarked cheerfully. "Look at young Fairbanks. For years he was kept from being an actor and was made a sappy juvenile in every picture because it didn't occur to anybody to find out whether he really could act. Then he went to England, played in 'Catherine the Great,' and—well, you've seen him in that picture, and you know now that he's a first-class actor."

Possessing one of the evenest temperaments in the show world, Ruth has never once, in all her broadcasting career, made a false step while on the air. Once, she recalls, the accompanying orchestra flatted when she struck a high note. She simply put her hands to her ears to prevent being thrown off, sang the note true, and calmly proceeded with the song. As for forgetting the words of a lyric, she takes no chances on that. "I never fail to sing with my music in front of me, no matter what I'm singing. That goes even for 'Shine On, Harvest Moon,' and I can sing that backwards without missing a note. But—well, let others do the grand-stand act!"

One of the chief ways in which Miss Etting keeps that philosophical calm is through her favorite form of relaxation—the unscrambling of jig-saw puzzles. She exhibited an eight-hundred-piece affair calculated to produce jitters in the mind of an ordinary mortal. "But I really do enjoy working on it," she insisted. "And as for jitters—on the contrary! I find it restful—and one thing I never permit myself to do is to get nervous or tense about anything!"

With jubilant snorts and chuckles, *Baron Munchausen* suddenly materialized from nowhere and stood before me, pouring out a stupendous tale of swimming across the ocean and pausing a few hours on its bottom to give swimming lessons to mermaids seventy (or seventy million?) feet below water. I listened agape, never daring to doubt—knowing too well what would be my fate if I did.

Then, as suddenly as he came, *the Baron* was gone—vanished into the ozone which is, after all, his domain. And in his place stood Jack Pearl, the sober, earnest, dark-haired actor who had been there before *the Baron* suddenly displaced him. Which is, in brief, the effect one gets from talk-

ing to *Baron Munchausen's* flesh-and-blood creator. Easily the world's champion dual-personality boy, you can never be sure which one of him will be with you at any given moment.

The Baron, however, you know of old. So let's grab a glimpse of Jack Pearl before he suddenly goes into his *Jekyll-Hyde* transformation.

The real-life Mr. Pearl is, as has been said, a sober and serious gentleman. He has ideas. He has plans. He knows what he wants, and how to go about getting it. And he usually gets it.

Discussing his career, Jack Pearl lost no time in seizing the bull by the horns and dealing with a sinister rumor that *The Baron* may be scheduled for retirement. Both he and *the Baron* enjoyed a good laugh at that one.

"Look," said Mr. Pearl. "My option for twenty-six weeks more on the air was just renewed by my sponsor the other day. The next option—twenty-six weeks more—will be up to me to renew if I feel like it, and not if I don't. And about *the Baron*, let me tell you, *Sharl*—er, let me tell you!"

"When my last contract ended, and I signed with my present sponsor, a few people advised me to drop *the Baron* and get a new act. Well, my new people heard about that. Right away they called me in. 'Jack,' they told me, 'we want *the Baron*. Sure,' they said, 'we know you can play lots of other things—we don't care if you can play *Julius Caesar* or *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. But what we want you to give them is *the Baron*, and to keep on doing it.' So there you are!"

That takes care of Pearl's and *Munchausen's* immediate future. Later on, though he has no intention of deserting the radio, he would like to do a stage play.

"I've been in show business for twenty-three years," he argued, "and I don't have to depend on any one character. I've played more different parts than I can remember, and I have six other dialects at my command besides the one I'm now using on my radio act. Right now I'm considering offers to do a comedy drama on the stage."

Which leads, in turn, to his next movie venture; and there is going to be one—of that he feels no shadow of doubt. In fact, he declared, the chief detail that remains to be cleared up is the matter of story, for negotiations are already under way with one of the major producers. "The only way to put a character or a story on the screen," Pearl insisted, "is to play it for awhile on the stage. Then you get a feeling, you get a picture, of what it's all about. When I made 'Meet the Baron,' shooting some of the early scenes first and the late scenes last, I had to use my imagination more than my sense of a continued story." That is his proposed cure for many movie ills—to take each script, even if it has no stage origin, and play it in dramatic form somewhere, anywhere, for a couple of weeks until the actors have a comprehensive feeling of what they are trying to do. "Sure, it'll cost money," said Pearl, "but nothing compared to what's otherwise wasted in re-making and re-editing scenes."

In personal life, Pearl is the direct opposite of the blow-hard he impersonates through your vacuum tubes. Like many stage-bred notables in New York, he lives a quiet life in his tower apartment fronting the park, content with the company of a few friends and of his wife, the former Winifred Desborough, to whom he has been married eleven years. And nothing, by the way, amuses him more than the question that naïve radio admirers persist in asking him. Does he tell his wife the kind of tall tales that *Sharlie* hears?

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" he chortled. "There are things that even *the Baron* doesn't try to get away with!"

My Life Story

Continued from page 60

at the time. Dixie found out they had no tree and no presents. She went out and got them a tree and fixed it all up. I hadn't been able even to see her since our separation. So, while she was fixing up the tree, Everett slipped over to the Grove to tell me she was there. I dashed home and finally induced her to give me another chance. We were blissfully happy—for about five minutes—until she discovered I'd forgotten to get her a Christmas present!

Three weeks later she had left me again. This time she went down to Caliente with some friends and the first inkling I had that her intentions were serious was when her lawyer served notice of her plan to divorce me. I flew down to Caliente and persuaded her to fly back with me so we could talk in privacy. Luckily a moon was shining and once more Love reigned supreme by the time we landed in Los Angeles.

I can't recall now whether it was a week or a month later that we separated the next time. And once, after that, I left her. She had driven me over to the Grove and as she left she said, "Well, take care of yourself and don't get hurt." I immediately decided what she really meant was, "Go lose yourself." So I did—for a week.

Dixie left me so many times that first year that she finally decided to leave her clothes at her mother's and just bring an overnight case with her when she came home after a reunion. It saved packing and unpacking.

We were separated at the time I decided to go to New York to accept one of the radio offers made me. That particular separation was caused by her wanting a place of our own and my feeling we should remain with Everett and Naomi. Although separated we were perfectly good friends.

I've always contended the thing that decided me to go to New York was hearing a chap who had substituted for me at the Grove on my numerous nights off, singing my stuff over the air in a brazen imitation of me.

Dixie, on the other hand, insists I went because it was the only way we could get together and save our pride. If we went to New York we'd be together and neither of us would have to give in on the subject of a place of our own. That's her story and she sticks to it. Who am I to argue with her?

In New York after numerous auditions—and offers—I finally signed with the Columbia Broadcasting System. That was the beginning of my troubles. It seemed to me that everybody in the country began suing me for breach of contract—the Grove, the musicians' union, one of my lawyers, agents—Heaven knows who all else!

The Columbia people left my first program pretty much to me. I was anxious to get a good orchestra together because it was such an important broadcast—for me. I went to a lot of the musicians I knew in New York who had been with Whiteman at one time or another and who were then recognized as practically the best on their instruments in the country: Eddie Lang, (guitar); Joe Venuti, (violin); Jimmy Dorsay, (saxophone); Tommy Dorsay, (trombone); Manny Klein, (trumpet); and Chauncey Morehouse, (drums). I asked them if, instead of working at their regular high salaries, they would, for two broadcasts, work at the regular union rate. I told them if I went over I'd make it up to them, and if I flopped they would just have to charge it off to profit and loss. Only Eddie and Joe were willing to take a chance with me.

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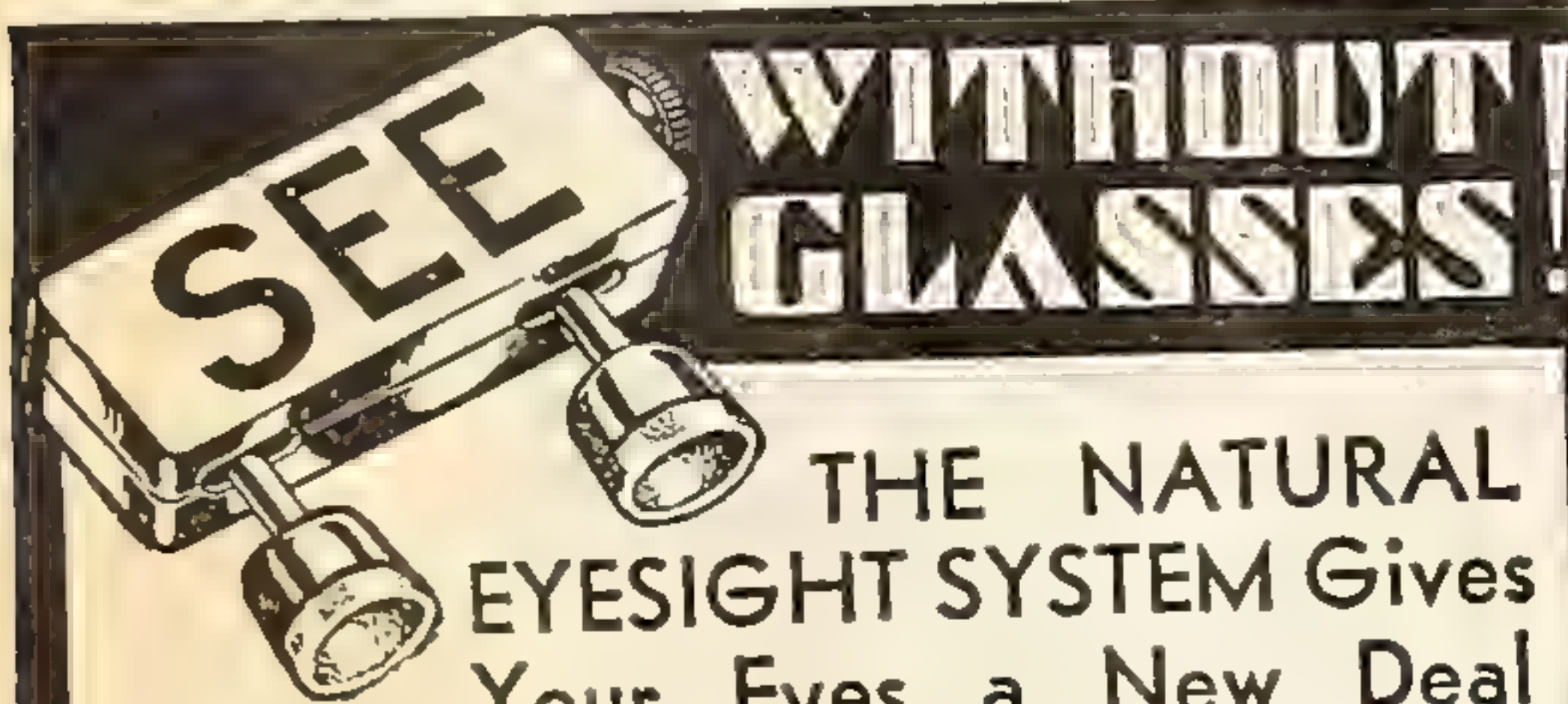
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When I clicked I did make it up to them and they remained with me that first winter as my accompanists—at a pretty stylish salary. Eddie was with me until his death. The day he died I had to go on and do a broadcast. That was the toughest assignment I've ever had.

Here's something that has always struck me as funny. While I was in New York, before I had signed a contract, I used to hang out with all those musicians. We'd be somewhere and the orchestra would start playing. It's the hardest thing in the world for me not to sing when I hear music. I'd start hitting hot licks like I do now—you know what I mean? Instead of singing the words, I'd start my boo-boo-booing and making all those little noises I make in tune to the music. Well, the boys used, without exception, to say, "You're not cut out for hot singing, Bing. Just stick to the plain stuff and you'll be all right."

After I'd been on the air a while the Columbia people told me I'd clicked. They got me a commercial broadcast, raised my salary, I began making personal appearances—and everything was going swell. Dixie and I were still having occasional scraps, but her mother was three thousand miles away and that was too far to go running home every whipstitch, so our rows only added zest to living!

We came back to California in the summer of '32 to make "The Big Broadcast," and then returned to New York. Paramount took an option on me for two more pictures. During the fall of '32 and the winter of '33, they took up the option. We came back out here in the spring of '33 and I haven't been back to New York since then.

"College Humor" was the first picture I made that year and I still don't know to what to attribute its success—except, perhaps, the presence of that sterling actor, Richard Arlen, and that inimitable comedian, Jack Oakie. At any rate, after its

release Paramount gave me a new contract which called for more pictures and more dough.

More trouble! They wanted to star me. I've never wanted to be starred. It entails too much responsibility. I much prefer the sort of arrangement I had in "Going Hollywood." Marion Davies was starred and I was merely featured. She's used to the responsibility of stardom. I'm not. And from all I've seen of it I don't care to get used to it.

People ask me if I've ever got used to singing on the air or if it still makes me nervous. The only time I get nervous now is when I feel I'm not going over well. But, being lazy, I generally fail to do anything about it until the broadcast is over—and then it's too late!

Dixie and I haven't had a good scrap in so long I wouldn't even know what course of action to pursue if we had another! We have a nice home, the baby is healthy, we're expecting another one in August, my golf game is showing steady improvement, the peerless Carole Lombard is sharing honors—at least, I hope she's not stealing them)—in "We're Not Dressing," and the piquant Arline Judge is to complicate the plot in my next picture, "She Loves Me Not"—and the studio has promised me a good long vacation when that's finished.

In addition to the foregoing, the same fans who put me over on the air have stuck by me loyally through this first trying year in pictures. Taken all in all, I guess I'm a pretty lucky boy. If only I could catch a tuna-fish weighing over three hundred pounds so I could be admitted to the California Tuna Club, and lose some of my hips I'd have nothing left in the world to wish for!

Having done nothing to merit all this I can only attribute my fortune to the prayers of my wife and mother with a little blind luck thrown in on the side. *Auf Wiedersehen!*

Home Appeal!

Continued from page 57

a restful, quiet, introspective person, you should have a background that will set off these qualities and give you the atmosphere of peace and harmony that you require. If you are a restless, noisy, ebullient individual, your background should perhaps be stimulating, unless you are the type that delights in contrast and needs calm to set you off."

Mr. Pogany selected a still of Art Director Hartley (Warner Brothers), a design of modern bedroom-sitting room to illustrate the setting for temperament. This room is for a writer and is for use by a person who loves beauty, but has no time for ornament. The telephone is not hampered with a fancy covering or container. The desk is very plain, yet beautiful, made of two kinds of wood that give a sufficiently decorative quality to justify its place in a room of this kind. You could use paint to get much the same effect.

"You will note that Mr. Hartley has put a silvery wall-paper on the walls," said Mr. Pogany. "This gives an excellent photographic quality to the set, and for that reason is good in the picture. Personally, I do not care for wall-paper and believe you should take into consideration why it is used here. The alcove and draperies give the place an intimate touch. I think this is a good way to take advantage of an alcove off a bedroom. Note also the way the shelves are set into the room's wall."

The householder who takes the time to go to see pictures is apt to become dissatisfied with his own surroundings, according to Mr. Pogany.

"He comes back—or she comes back—from a picture wherein lovely sets were shown and looks around at the home. 'Oh, what's the matter with this dump of ours?' she says. (It's more likely a woman who notices these things first.) 'We could make the place over, if we used some of the ideas they've shown us tonight. It's trite and it's tawdry now, but why must it remain so?'"

"Kay Francis had a beautiful bedroom in that picture tonight. It set her off. Why did she look so much better by that dressing-table than I do beside mine? That's easy: because her dressing-table is modern. It matches her personality and it sets her off, while I—also a modern—am smothered by my old-fashioned surroundings!"

Mr. Pogany is convinced that the public as a whole is not satisfied with an obvious, mechanical, or trite arrangement of furniture and treatment of walls today. Pictures not only have to improve the public's taste but must carry them forward.

"Eighteen months ago," he remembered, "I did the interiors for Gloria Swanson's picture 'Tonight or Never,' and today the furniture I made for that film is in homes everywhere. If I showed it on the screen now, they would say: 'That isn't new! I have some of that myself!' But I made it only eighteen months ago."

"Eighteen months hence, the things you see on the screen now will be common."

"I am a modern man. I am antagonistic to the stereotyped thing. I feel that no laws can or should be laid down as to what is good and what should or should not be done with walls and floors and so on."

for June 1934

What is suitable for one person, may not be suitable for another. I am against talking of 'average' families, because I don't believe in 'average' anything. Every background should be for the individual. If I am to build for a person, I first sum up that person, because only so can I know what sort of a background he needs. Certain general comments can be made.

"A home should be a place where people like to stay. It should be a place where they can relax. To this person, relaxation may mean rest and letting down; to that one, it may mean doing as he pleases, making a great noise, having a high old time.

"The introvert and the extrovert need different backgrounds.

"The home is breaking up now-a-days. There is a tendency to demolish it. People are always moving from one place to another. Formerly, the grandfather planned and built a home for his descendants, but today it is ridiculous to suppose that the children will live where their parents did, let alone in the ancestral dwelling.

"Homes have become transitory, and like ideas must frequently be changed. This or that unique or odd idea may be developed in a home because after all it will be altered in another year or so. Probably new people will be in the house by that time and they'll have ideas of their own, so let's do something amusing, whether sensible or not!

"The wide publicity of the screen has one drawback, however—ideas are spread so quickly that what was new yesterday is old tomorrow.

"The rage today is for white, because the screen shows so many lovely white rooms," went on Mr. Pogany.

"The reason light furniture and white backgrounds has such appeal for modern people is because we are all sunshine-crazy! Formerly a house was curtained and dim. Now we are all so mad about sunshine that we tear out whole walls and put in glass. People want to be outside all the time, so they try to bring their gardens indoors.

"I saw this tendency coming years ago, and began to create light rooms mainly glassed in. White is tremendously aesthetic and beautiful because it is chaste. It is symbolic of freedom and denotes an improvement in the public taste.

"White reflects light and creates a atmosphere of sunshine. Indirect light helps, and the white walls become reflected light sources, where formerly lamps and windows were the only light available.

"People used to like to rest in darkened rooms, with curtains drawn and everything gloomy, but now we can go to sleep outdoors. We take sun-baths and revel in sunshine. It's essential to modern life, and so we take it into the house.

"Modern design is a revolt against traditional depressing gloom. We design for 1934—if not for 1935—where people are what matter, not early traditions. Our homes reflect the trend of human society; human society is in tremendous movement, so homes are in that movement. Formerly, people were satisfied with things as they were, but now we want change, change."

As an illustration of white background, Mr. Pogany selected a design by Jack Okey (of the Warner Studio), of an ultra-modern breakfast room.

"Mr. Okey used light satin to upholster his chairs, because he needed the contrast of light and shade for the camera," Mr. Pogany observed, "and you will admit that it works up very well. However, if you were to adapt this room for your own use, you might find it more practicable to use leather or to have metal chairs instead. The hostess cart of metal and glass seen to the right of this still is both beautiful and practical. The indirect lighting from a well in the ceiling is another new idea that can be used to advantage."

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correct, is always graceful, so a piece of furniture correctly designed for comfort is always beautiful.

"All rooms need not be done in the modern manner, for all people are not moderns. Also, many people have old pieces that they like very much and wish to use.

"Look at the still of the interior of a man's den, designed by Mr. Wehl. An old tapestry, several ancient chairs, table, etc., are here worked into a charming den that would be excellent for a modern California home in Spanish style. Notice the fireplace, breaking the monotony of the far corner, the lovely ceiling design, and the design of chandelier, carrying out the feeling of the room. This ceiling is of wood, but it could be copied in plaster and wood.

"I am very fond of velvet and of leather for use in upholstery. Marvelous new things can be done with leather, but it must be used as leather and not made to imitate something else. Leather can be beautiful, so why make it look like imitation velvet? Wood should be used as wood and not painted to look like metal. Imitation of other materials is the artist's cemetery.

"Let me tell the readers of SCREENLAND to consider the sets they see on the screen with care. Consider if you could live in such a room. If you think you could be happy there, and that it would bring out your best qualities, you may copy it, or adapt it. But if you feel it would be only for show, do not have it at any price, for home should be a place of comfort, and no one can relax in a formal apartment."

ful Moments

from page 51

One night, during the success of "Storm," Elissa attended a dinner at which she met Michael Arlen, and while gaily reading his palm—oh, yes, she knows a lot about palmistry, too—she quoted a sentence from her partly written novel, "I'm a kippered herring, I wish I were a lily."

The phrase delighted Arlen and to his questions, Elissa confessed about her book. He must have glimpsed the spark of real genius, for while he teased her saying that no beautiful woman should be so clever, he also begged her to send him the chapters she had written. So, the next day, she bundled up her manuscript, decorated it with a kippered herring and a lily, added a little verse, and sent it to him to read.

While Elissa repeated the lines of the verse to me, I wrote them down and here they are:

"Rhymes will always come a-plenty
At the golden age of twenty;
And my mind is surely nimble
To be thinking of this symbol:
'Kippered herring and the lily'—
Please don't think me very silly!"

The whole incident intrigued Arlen immensely, and a few weeks later, at his home on the Riviera, he told it to a group of friends.

By an odd coincidence, the son of one of London's foremost publishers was present, and on his return home, he told his father of Arlen's find. There was a conference with Elissa and she was urged to complete her novel at once and they would publish it.

Seeing her first book in print was really the *biggest* thrill, and there have been many, in Elissa Landi's life. She insists that no applause from an audience can bring to her the joy and satisfaction that she finds in seeing her name on a printed volume.

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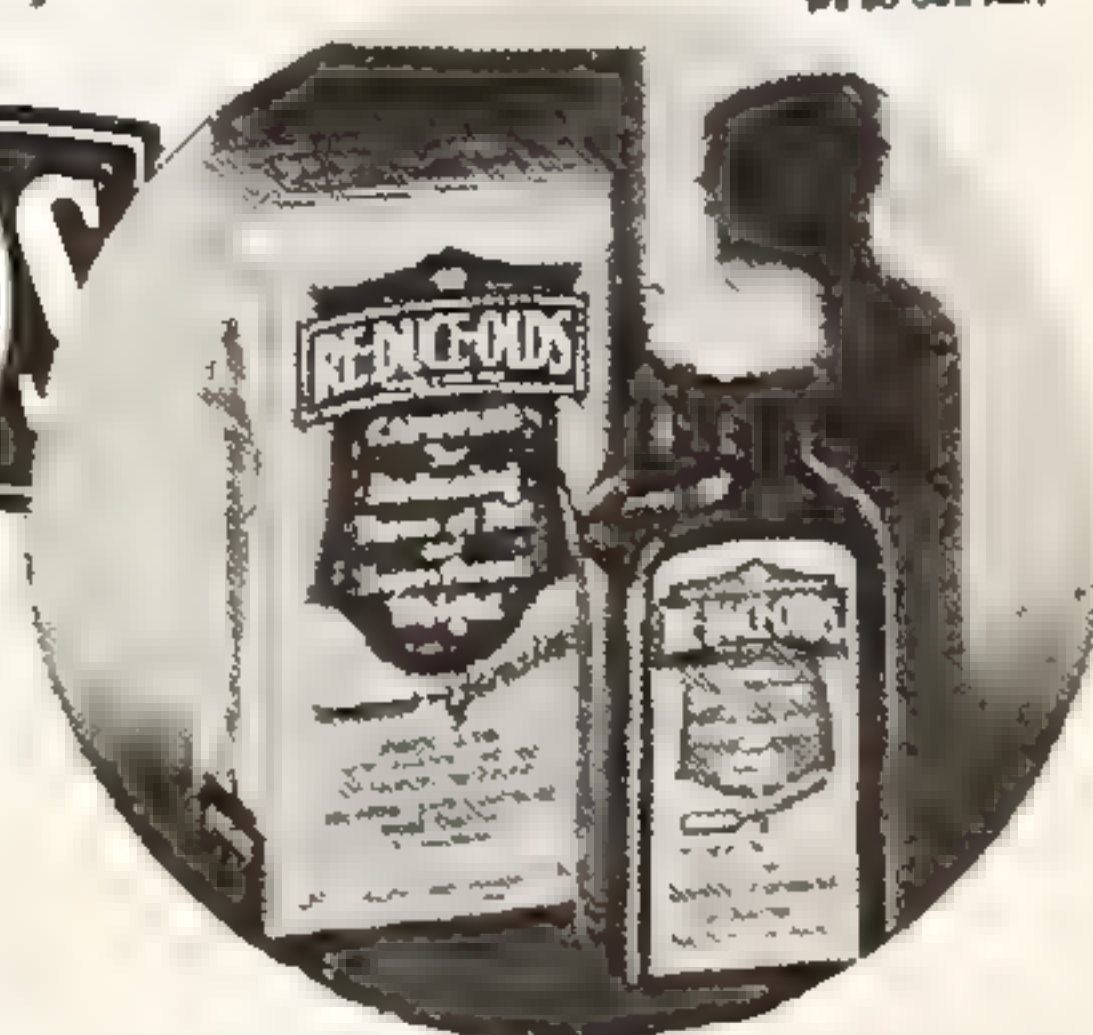
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Russian Ballet and cultivated my voice. I thought and planned but one career, that of an author.

"When at last I began my first novel I discovered I needed knowledge of the stage for atmosphere, so I joined a repertoire company in Oxford. They encouraged me and I remained for several plays, and then was given the starring rôle in 'Storm,' a London production. This was in 1924. I was startled at my success and I remember that on the first night when the audience called, 'Elissa, Elissa,' I thought they were hissing, and fled to my dressing-room!

"The success of this play—it ran for five months—brought about the second crisis in my life. I was asked to sign a stage contract and suddenly I realized I stood on the threshold of an entirely different career than I had planned; that instead of being an author I was now stepping out as an actress.

"It isn't easy to give up one's dreams. I already knew how acting absorbs, isolates one from every other phase of life. Too, I was still shy about undressing, emotionally, before the public. Yet this is what an actress must do. She deals in emotions and must reveal the innermost recesses of her heart in her portrayals.

"Well, I signed the contract—but secretly I determined to make the stage a brief interlude, for writing was still my overwhelming ambition."

The third momentous event quickly followed.

Already she has seen three of her books published; the fourth, "The Ancestor," comes from the press on June 6th. She has another novel almost completed and still another planned out to the last detail. Her well-trained mind works swiftly.

"The fourth vital moment came when I had to decide whether I should remain in America or return to England," Elissa again took up the story.

"I had come to New York to do a play for Al Woods, expecting to remain only a few months, but when I was offered a film contract that would take me to Hollywood, I knew I was standing at the cross-roads. It was a terrific step to take. I confess I wavered. I was even more afraid of what pictures would do to my writing than the influence of the stage."

With a gay laugh she added, "I came and I was completely conquered! Not only by motion pictures, but by California. I love both—and best of all I find everything most congenial for my writing. I meet so many, many interesting people who broaden my viewpoint tremendously. It is amazing how much talent there is in Hollywood, especially among the screen's technicians, a fine lot of men, each an expert in his line."

Let me tell you, Elissa is even more beautiful off the screen than on. She has a delicate patrician loveliness that combines glamor with charm and poise. With all her aristocratic background, she is one of the most unspoiled and sweetly democratic persons I have met.

She talked enthusiastically of her hope that some day she would be given a film part in which she can unleash her emotions. She hasn't had a chance yet, for her rôles have too often been cold, sophisticated women, building up the impression that Elissa is devoid of warmth, of passion.

"But what can I do?" she asked. "Even in my latest picture, 'Sisters Under the Skin,' which I made with those grand actors, Joseph Schildkraut and Frank Morgan, I had no opportunity to abandon myself in great love scenes. The woman I portrayed gave herself to the older man merely for money, and she fights against the young musician, whom she really loves, because she believes the situation is hopeless. So, you see, in neither case could I give way to real passion. But I'm an optimist! I believe Columbia intends to give me some fine rôles and I'll show them I can be *Cleopatra*, or *Carmen*, or any other warm and temperamental lady!"

"Of course, every woman must have love. No life is complete without it, for it is the inspiration for all human activities. But love is not the supreme crisis in her life, it is not the *whole* of her existence. No one emotion can still the conflicting desires that surge through a woman's heart. It is the uncertainty in romances, in careers, in life itself, that spurs us on, that makes us yearn to drain them to the last drop. Nothing is worth working for if we already know the answer."

Life has always been good to Elissa. Born in Venice, Italy, she has lived in the great European capitals, has traveled the world over, has found the answer to many interesting experiences. Today, as a screen star and authoress, she lives quietly with her mother in a magnificent seven-acre estate in Brentwood, within sight of the Pacific Ocean, her nearest neighbors being the Will Rogers'.

With four fateful moments already illuminating her life, we speculated as to what the fifth might be. And when! Elissa gaily suggested that one year from now we have luncheon together again and make another check-up. So it's a date! Perhaps I'll have a story for you then, telling of Elissa Landi's fifth decisive turning point.

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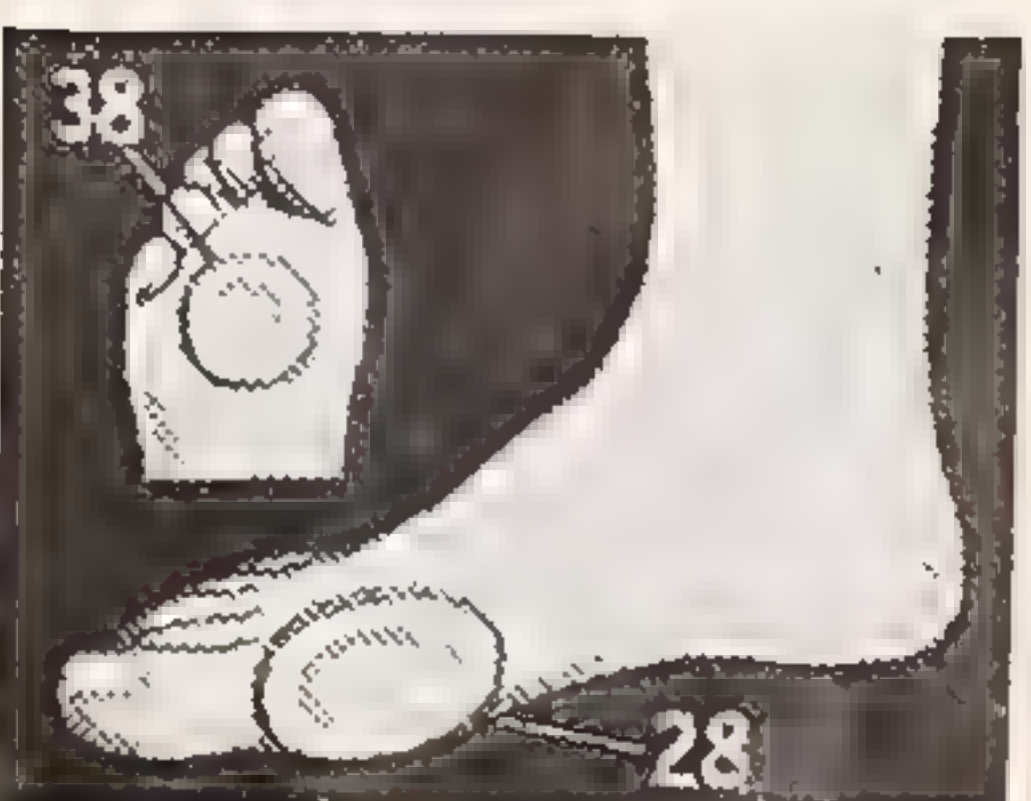
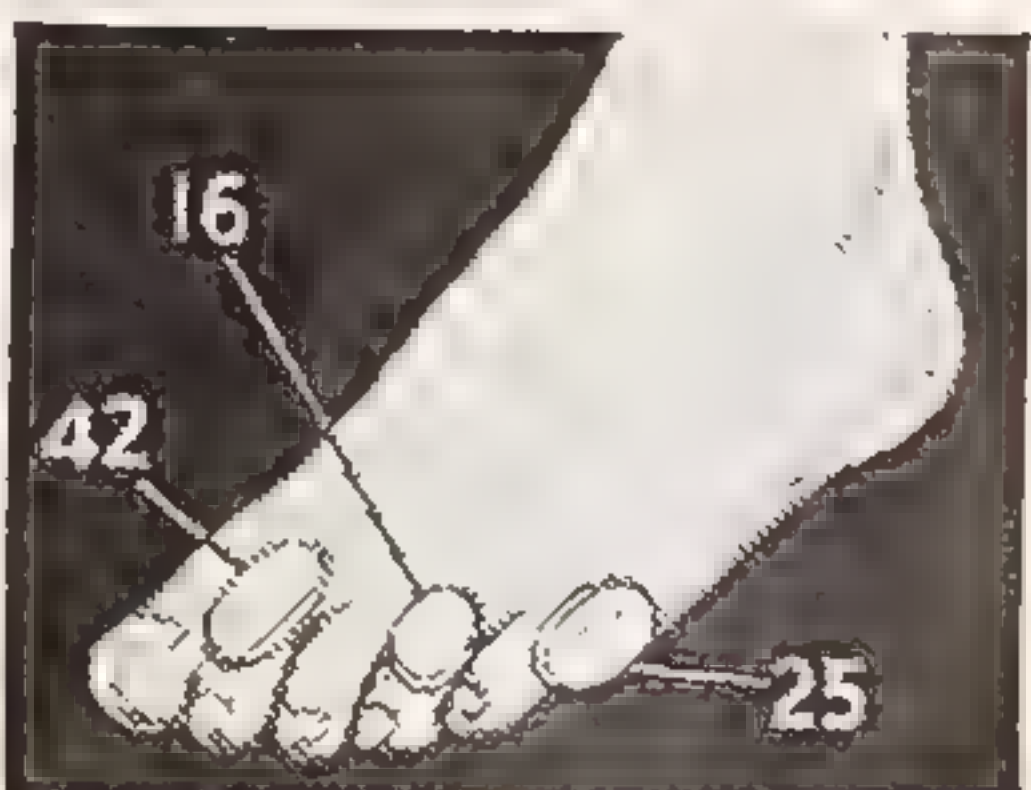
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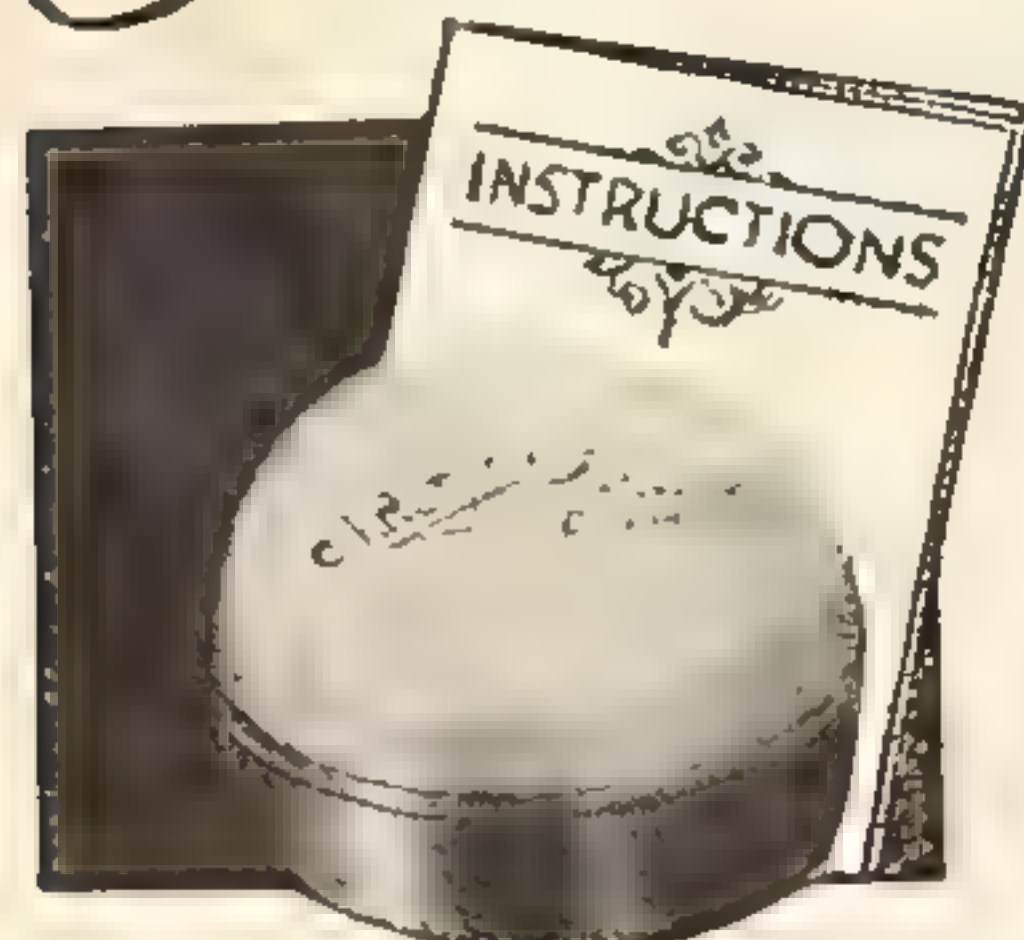
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Has Hollywood Tamed Its Tarzans?

Continued from page 33

account of she likes to adorn herself instead of socking the baubles away in a vault, insurance companies prefer to let her protect her property herself.

As a result the Weissmullers have *more fun!* Each of them totes a pistol wherever they go and their servants are armed to the teeth. The doors in their house are especially built to foil robbers and, all in all, it's like sitting on a keg of dynamite. Which might be a strain on you and you, but is merely exhilarating to them.

"Lupe and I practice shooting and no one better trespass on us!" Johnny exclaims with the honest glee of a *Tom Sawyer*. He is proud, too, of his gigantic German police dog Hota. This animal lunges ferociously at all visitors, unless restrained by the master.

"We put a 'Beware of the dog' sign in front and several delivery boys thought it didn't mean anything. Hota took some bites out of them and now they seldom walk in unannounced!" The other night friends brought a six-piece Hawaiian orchestra over to serenade and marched inside the sacred walls. "Luckily I had Hota locked up inside," laughs Johnny, "or there'd have been bits of Hawaiians scattered all over the yard!"

Impulses rule the Weissmullers. They scorn dull routine. The chief bone of contention with them has been the question of when to seek rest.

"I want to go to bed early and get up early," Johnny states. "Lupe's idea is to sleep late and then she's all pepped up at midnight and ready to step out. We've finally compromised and don't go places more than three evenings a week. That's enough, don't you think?"

Being too wise to cross Lupe in her personal business, I declined to commit myself. "We do have fun when we put on the dog and go out," she maintains stoutly. "I say to Johnny, 'Pretty ritzy, aren't we, baby?' He grins and answers, 'You bet we are, Momma!'" So long as the master has his forty-five minute swim daily he'll be able to keep up with Lupe's hectic pace.

The Crabbes, in direct contrast, are restrained. Virginia, Buster's pretty, dignified wife, was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma at U.C.L.A., and no college sorority has a snootier standing. Buster himself was a Sigma Chi at the University of Southern California. Living modestly in a Beverly duplex, driving a Ford, saving their money, this well-bred young couple follow a sanely-formulated schedule.

While Johnny and Lupe are living lickety-split, the Crabbes are estimating on the morrow. "Virginia and I want security," Buster divulges. "I had intended to be a lawyer and when I got this acting chance I resolved to build just as firmly in this line as I would have in the law." Gradually the Crabbes are making more friends in the film industry, but they avoid the gay parties which intrigue the flamboyant Weissmullers.

Everything about Johnny is colorful, verging on the fantastic. He's a storybook hero whose motto has been: "Obey That Mood!" Who goes around suppressing desires? Not Lupe's Poppa! (Yes, he comes a-runnin' when she shrieks "Poppa!") and she skips promptly to his "Momma!")

Contrarily, Buster, the ideal college graduate, weighs every move intelligently. His is a logical attitude towards life and his tempered off-screen conduct reflects this thoughtfulness. He plans—whereas Johnny plays!

The character of neither has been changed by Hollywood. Both remain reg-

ular, each having done what was to be expected, considering their strikingly different designs for living (and loving). Johnny, the Free Soul, at thirty can look back on years crammed with excitement. Buster, the grown-up Boy Scout, is twenty-four and has a record of diligence which is truly inspiring.

Johnny's becoming the world's finest swimmer was a Horatio Alger feat. Born in Chicago, son of an Austrian army captain, he was a puny, sickly youth. By unwaivering effort he transformed himself into a magnificent specimen of manhood.

At seventeen he started acquiring swimming titles, participating in the Olympics of 1924 and 1928 as the foremost aquatic star. In 1929, having garnered all the medals in sight, he turned "pro" and began traveling about the country giving exhibitions under the auspices of a bathing suit company.

Buster's athletic prowess was a natural inheritance. Raised in Honolulu, he literally grew up on Waikiki's healthy beach. When he enrolled at the University of Hawaii he paid his own tuition with the money he had earned as a life-guard. (And he'd saved twenty-two lives, although he modestly omits telling this!)

When a swimming tour brought him to California he transferred to U.S.C. To pay his expenses—the depression having overtaken his father, a real estate dealer—Buster worked six hours daily during week days and all day Saturdays in the stock room of a Los Angeles men's shop—and made a "B" average and the Olympic team again in 1932. (He first crashed to the fore in the Olympics of 1928.)

"I only made \$18.50 a week at the store, but in the summers I was a life-guard and that paid enough to help me carry through. I always was a movie fan," he recalls, "but I never dreamt I had picture possibilities myself." His over-night break came when Paramount was hunting for a competitor to Weissmuller and noticed Buster in the '32 Olympics.

Johnny's swimming days were sweetheart days. Women could not resist his overwhelming masculinity, and Johnny never had monastic notions.

However, Buster adored only The One Girl. He and Virginia went together four and a half years before they married. Their meeting was romantic, their first glimpse of each other occurring when she sailed into Honolulu harbor and saw the agile Buster diving zestfully with the native boys who swam out to greet the tourists. He noticed her on the deck and maneuvered an introduction that very afternoon. Next day she was learning to swim under his directions!

I think Johnny has taken an unfair "beating" from the fans in regard to his separation from Bobbe Arnst. When they divorced shortly after his initial Hollywood hit, the sob sisters swung the sympathy toward her. He'd been her man, they proclaimed dogmatically, until he'd been glorified as *Tarzan*.

Being a gentleman, Johnny kept his side to himself. He has talked to me and I can assure you he and Bobbe were not split by Hollywood. They were absolutely incompatible. Two weeks of Miami moonlight and they'd rushed into a marriage which was doomed to fail anywhere. They did not contemplate their fundamental natures. She was conservative—and he decidedly isn't. She longed to possess and Johnny, the irresponsible, can never be owned.

"Bobbe gets all the credit for getting me into pictures," Johnny apprised me, "yet she actually arranged that I be *rejected!* True, she did take me out to M-G-M, but

only because I'd learned about the rôle of *Tarzan* through the wrestling instructor at the Hollywood Athletic Club, and insisted upon trying for it. She arranged beforehand with the man we interviewed that I was to be turned down.

"Being a fatalist, I decided to forget the whole thing. But at the club I was later introduced to Cyril Hume, who'd written the scenario. He approved of me immediately and took me back to the studio, to the man who had active charge of the production. They tested me right away and liked me."

His unhappiness with Bobbe taught Johnny a degree of caution, and he waited more than a year before he ventured into matrimony with Lupe. Personally, I believe this combination an excellent one. Both are essentially children at heart, impatient, turbulent, head-strong. Likewise they are genuine, generous, and you can't help liking them. They scorn the hypocrisies and the artificialities which those of us who deign to live conventionally find we must heed.

It is strange indeed to witness either Johnny or Lupe compromising. The two who loved 'em and left 'em are now drawn together, enchanted by the inexhaustible vitality which distinguishes each. I'd be willing to prophecy they'll be happy so long as they are *uncertain* of each other.

Lupe's not going to do any more Broadway shows unless her husband goes East with her. "A Spanish proverb says those who take love at long distance are fools," she quotes to me. "I'm no fool! I'll never accept another job which will part me from my Johnny!"

The marital status of the Crabbes has little likelihood of being perturbed by Buster's movie fame. "Virginia was reconciled to my being an actor before we married," he allows, "and so far as any doubts arising between us—? Why, she knows I love her and I know she loves me. And that's all there is to it!"

In spite of marrying at twenty-three Buster does not recommend such youthful unions for most people. "Our case was somewhat exceptional in that we'd gone together so long we were *sure*. There's a peculiar advantage to marriage here in Hollywood, too. A single man's a constant target. When you're married, the chisellers let you alone!"

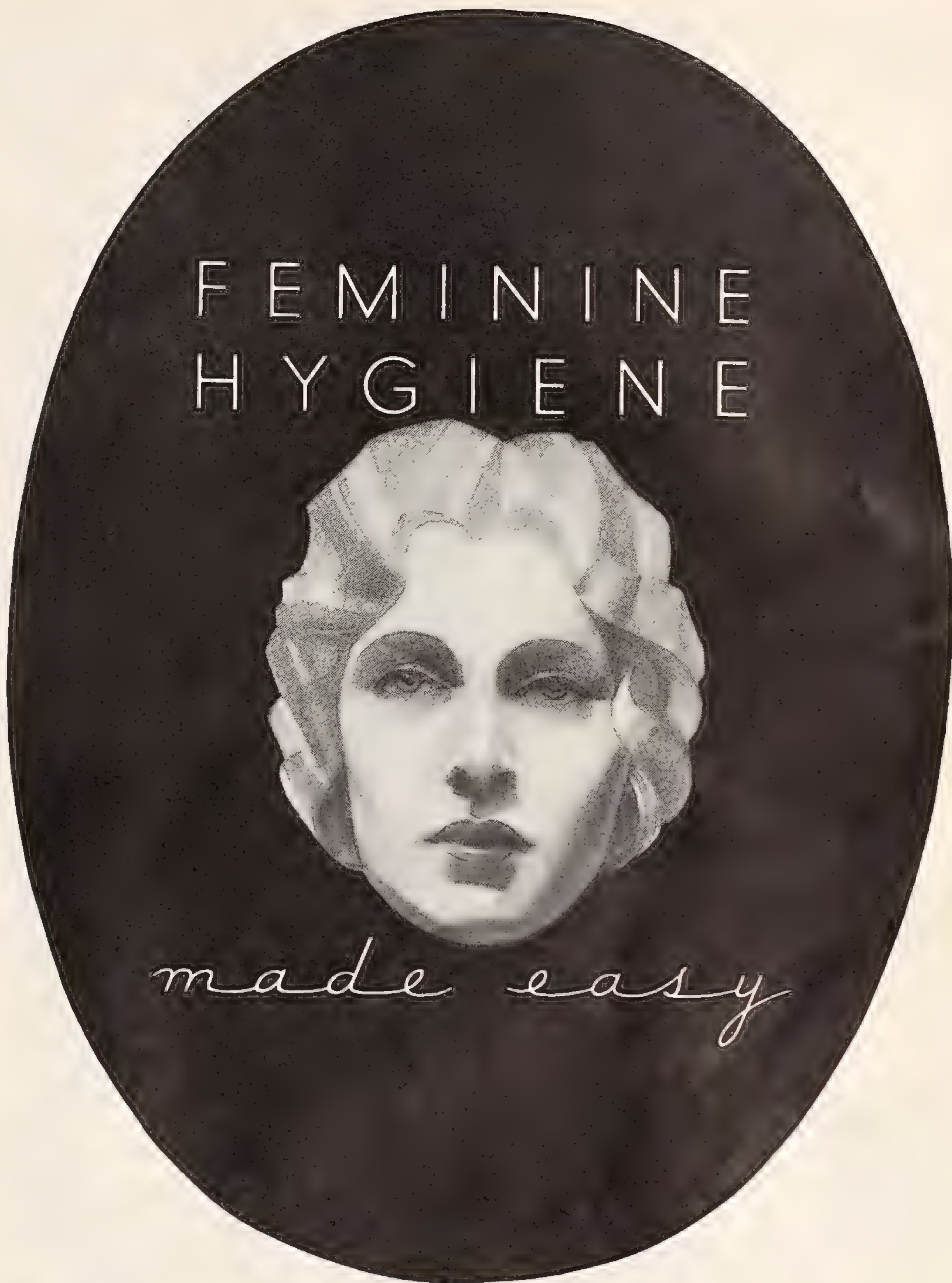
One senses an undercurrent of rivalry between Johnny and Buster, which is easily understandable. The former reigned supreme in the swimming world. When he was ready to rest on his laurels, along came Buster. Then Johnny was a sensation on the screen, and darned if Crabbe didn't come clicking after! Add to this their totally foreign viewpoints and what's the sum? You've added correctly!

At present Johnny is straining at the leash to be off for the South Seas. There he can splash lazily all day in the sun while Metro photographs him in a tale of native passion. His "Loop" is going with him, to his delight.

"She'll be a great help opposite me. She can act so much better than I can that I'm bound to improve by working with her. She can do everything better than I can," he continues magnanimously. Then remembers, "Except swimming!"

Buster is currently pleased at getting by creditably under the handicap of being fully clothed. He's earnestly endeavoring to live down his last year's nudism. "I'm thoroughly sold on acting, but to last I must progress to doing straight leads well," he says in analyzing himself. "I still appear stiff in many of my scenes. I've concluded the best way to overcome this amateurishness is to play as many rôles as I can get."

"I'm willing to take any kind of billing and any kind of part, to get experience. I



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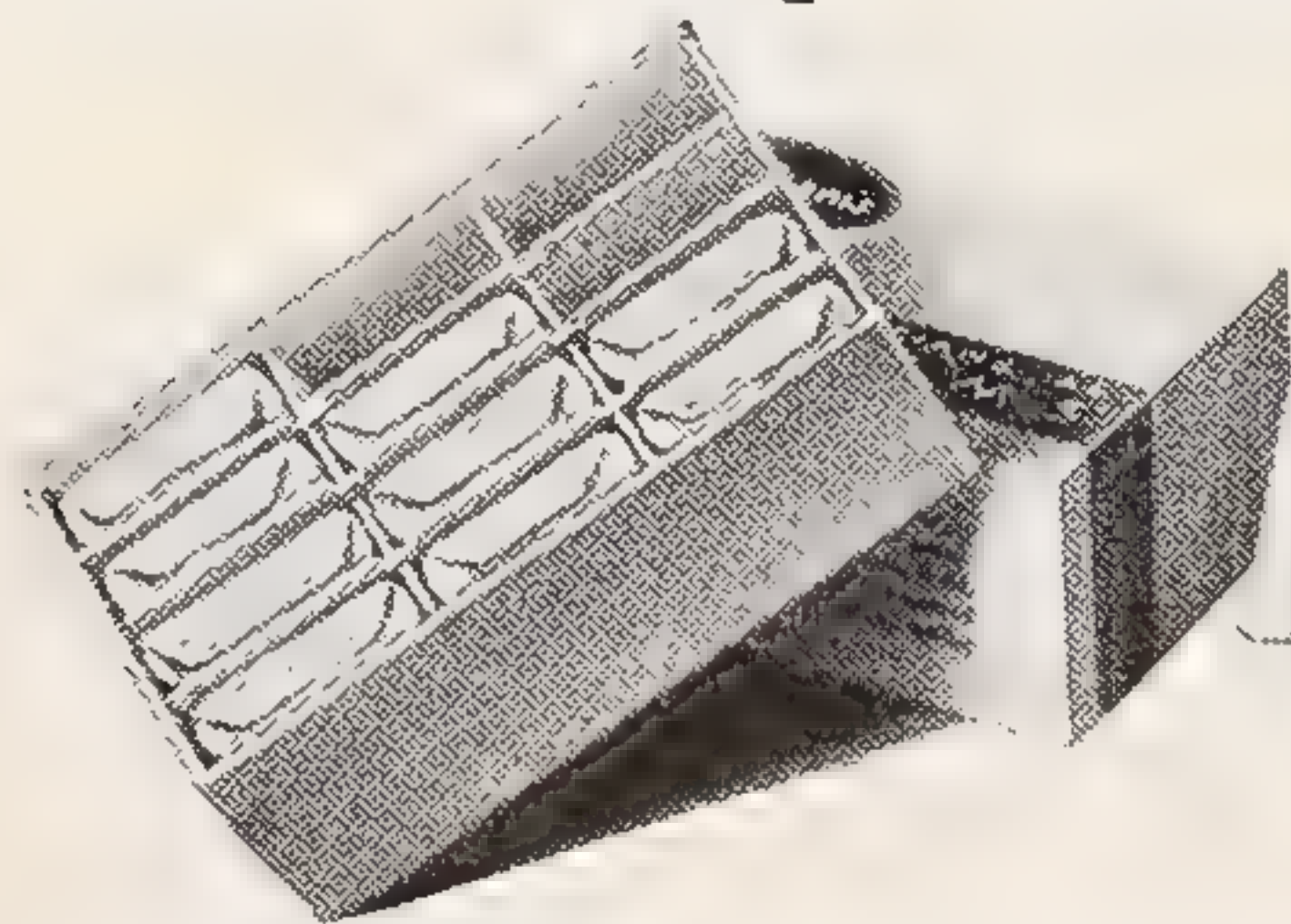
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didn't take any dramatics at college because I had no thought I'd ever crash pictures." Unable to turn time back, he is studying with the young players Paramount sends to the dramatic coach on its lot.

This instruction that Buster is obtaining is the only thing which Johnny covets. "I wish my studio would take more interest in my future," he sighs when he stops to meditate. "Lupe bought a machine to record my voice and I started to improve my diction. And then I was informed they wanted me just as I am. They want me to be natural, to be practically silent and keep on making that goofy face at the camera when the other characters talk at me!"

"They console me with the argument that *Tarsan* is a unique 'line' and yet I'd like to branch out into sport stories as well. I wish I could have done 'The Prizefighter and the Lady' and 'Eskimo.'"

Both Johnny and Buster agree on this:

they've had to acquire self-confidence to survive in Hollywood. Johnny, who was so shy he sat in the corners at parties and shook whenever he saw a camera, has learned from Lupe that the one who shouts loudest generally is rewarded here. Buster, carefully observing, is deliberately putting determination into his naturally soft, good-natured voice.

Tamed? Well, Buster didn't smoke until he had to tackle a cigarette for a recent scene, and now he can puff nonchalantly. But it'll take more than Hollywood to seduce him from the straight-and-narrow. As for Lupe's *Poppa*—the whoopee princess who thought she had every man's number is stumped by him. She's trying to tame him, tactfully so's he won't suspect. But I find that neither *Momma* nor film stardom has tamed this Johnny who has always won exactly what he wanted when he wanted it.

Gable-Crazy!

Continued from page 12

with women overcome with his appeal.

Oh, there were men and boys among the tremendous mobs that greeted Clark wherever he went, but—poor males—they were pushed and shoved and trampled by overwhelming numbers of the oft-called weaker sex, whose historic weakness became strength through sheer madness.

A toll of Gable's losses on his short trip includes the following articles:

- 27 silk handkerchiefs.
- 33 buttons torn from his clothes.
- 1 complete sleeve of a dress-shirt.
- 1 lapel from the coat of a business suit.
- 1 pair of bedroom slippers.
- 1 top half of a pair of silk pajamas.
- 1 wrist watch.

Gable cares little for any losses except the watch. He believes that it may have been taken by a souvenir-hunter who did not understand the watch's real value. As a matter of record, Clark would like someone to return the watch to him. This is his reason, in Gable's own words:

"The watch was a gift from my wife, therefore it has much sentimental value to me. If the finder, or taker, will return it to me, I will be happy not only to send that person a duplicate of the watch, but I will also pay a cash reward of fifty dollars, and ask no questions."

The watch is white-gold, and attaches to the wrist by means of a white-gold link-chain. On its back are the two initials: C. G. Do you know who has the watch? If you do, please be sure and explain Clark's reward offer.

Many and strange were the efforts of girls and women to see Gable alone. In Baltimore, a girl rented the hotel room adjoining the suite occupied by Clark, Mrs. Gable, and a constant guard who rarely left the actor's side. Beginning early one evening, this girl knocked at the door of the Gable rooms. She was answered by the guard, who politely but firmly informed her that Clark was not in. At intervals of about one hour, the girl continued to knock, but each time she was greeted by the vigilant guard.

Perhaps the girl thought the guard would eventually go to be elsewhere in the hotel, because she kept calling and knocking. Finally, about two o'clock in the morning, the guard informed her: "Beg pardon, miss, but I remain in these quarters all the time. No need for you to knock on the door; I'll always answer you." Whereupon the girl thrust out her tongue and

uttered that rasping noise known as "the bird."

The following morning, as Gable stepped alone into the elevator to go downstairs for breakfast, this same girl stepped in behind him. Barely were the doors of the elevator closed before she threw her arms around Clark and began to rain kisses upon his cheek and neck. When he attempted to turn away from her, the excited girl rudely (such, such manners!) proceeded to nip one of the Gable ears with her teeth.

In the midst of this latter display, the elevator reached the lobby and the doors were opened. A crowded lobby of people were treated to a show that caused Gable to break away from the girl roughly, and dash for the front doorway. As for the brash young lady, she only grinned—and pocketed a button from her idol's coat. Gable never returned to that hotel.

It was during Clark's stay in New York that he received a most amazing letter from a girl. The letter was penned on expensive stationery which bore a crest. The writer introduced herself as a cultured member of a fine family. She had seen Gable on the stage, she said, and she frankly admitted a certain type of love for him.

Calmly and apparently without shame, the girl went on to say that she had read that Gable was the father of no children. She had discussed this with her own parents, and they had agreed that if she could have a child with Gable as its father, they would offer no objection!

She insisted that any such affair between them would be purely platonic, with no obligation on Clark. Her family was wealthy, and she was well able to care for her own baby. She even requested that he talk the situation over fully with Mrs. Gable.

"I am sure your wife, being a woman, will understand," the girl pleaded. "I want this baby more than anything else in life."

Amazing? Unbelievable? "I did turn the letter over to my wife," Clark tells, with that boyish grin that endears him instantly, "but she wasn't favorable to the idea!"

One daring girl managed to sneak backstage at the theatre in Baltimore. She made her way unseen into Clark's dressing-room. When Gable completed his turn behind the footlights, he found the girl awaiting his return. He had closed the door behind him when he saw her for the first time. He stopped short and demanded: "What are you doing here?"

The girl choked before she could speak,

then asked stammeringly: "Will—will you autograph something for me, please, Mr. Gable?"

"Gladly," Clark answered, believing this the easiest way to dismiss her without any fuss.

With that, there was a quick, tearing noise—and the girl brought into view the brassiere she had been wearing.

"Autograph this!" she cried.

Stern-lipped, Gable threw open the door that opened from his dressing-room out on the back-stage runway. That was for protection. Then he seized a sheet of writing paper from his make-up case, scribbled a hasty autograph, and gave it to the girl. Before she quite realized how she got there, the girl was outside the theatre—but clamped in one hand was her autograph; in the other hand, the brassiere without the Gable signature.

A chambermaid in another hotel owes the fact that she still holds her job to the good sportsmanship of both Clark and his wife. To designate the hotel, or even the city, might lead to the maid's identification, therefore such information must be withheld.

At any rate, the Gable suite usually consisted of a living-room and two bedrooms, one of which was occupied by Mrs. Gable and the other by Clark. This arrangement was of necessity, because often Mrs. Gable would go to the hotels and retire early. Clark, returning later from theatres, would occupy the other bedroom, rather than awaken his wife with the noise of his homecoming.

Perhaps the chambermaid did not understand this arrangement. At any rate, the first morning of Clark's stay at this particular hotel, the maid entered the rooms—and went almost at once into the bedroom where Gable was sleeping. The actor was awakened with a start, and discovered the woman standing beside the bed. She had been stroking Clark's cheek, while smiling tenderly down at him.

Perhaps more roughly than he should have spoken, he snapped, "What's the idea?"

And with that, the maid fairly burst into tears. She confessed that she had long been in love with Gable on the screen. When she had learned that she was to clean his rooms, her heart had overflowed. She wanted only to touch him, to be close to him. That was what she had dreamed of ever since seeing his first picture.

At that moment, Mrs. Gable came to the door. Thanks to her sense of humor, she laughed heartily at the sight of her husband, sitting bolt upright in bed with the covers drawn close around him, while the husky chambermaid poured out her tale of love for him!

The maid was terrified. She opened her mouth to beg for forgiveness, but before she could speak, Mrs. Gable interrupted. With the sense of humor that is typical of the woman Clark married, she told the maid to "go about her duties, but the next time be sure and pick a man whose wife is not so close by."

"This public admiration is astounding, but of course it is not Clark Gable, the man, that the fans pursue," Gable said to me, soon after his return to Hollywood. "I believe that the motion picture magazines are responsible for fan idolization, because their writers have exaggerated screen characters, and have made demi-gods of really ordinary people, like myself."

"Our country is famous for its hero-worship. I think the public is partially hypnotized by its very willingness to idolize. Even when fans see the stars in person, and have that opportunity to discover that we are just human beings like themselves, they continue right on with their unbelievable worship."

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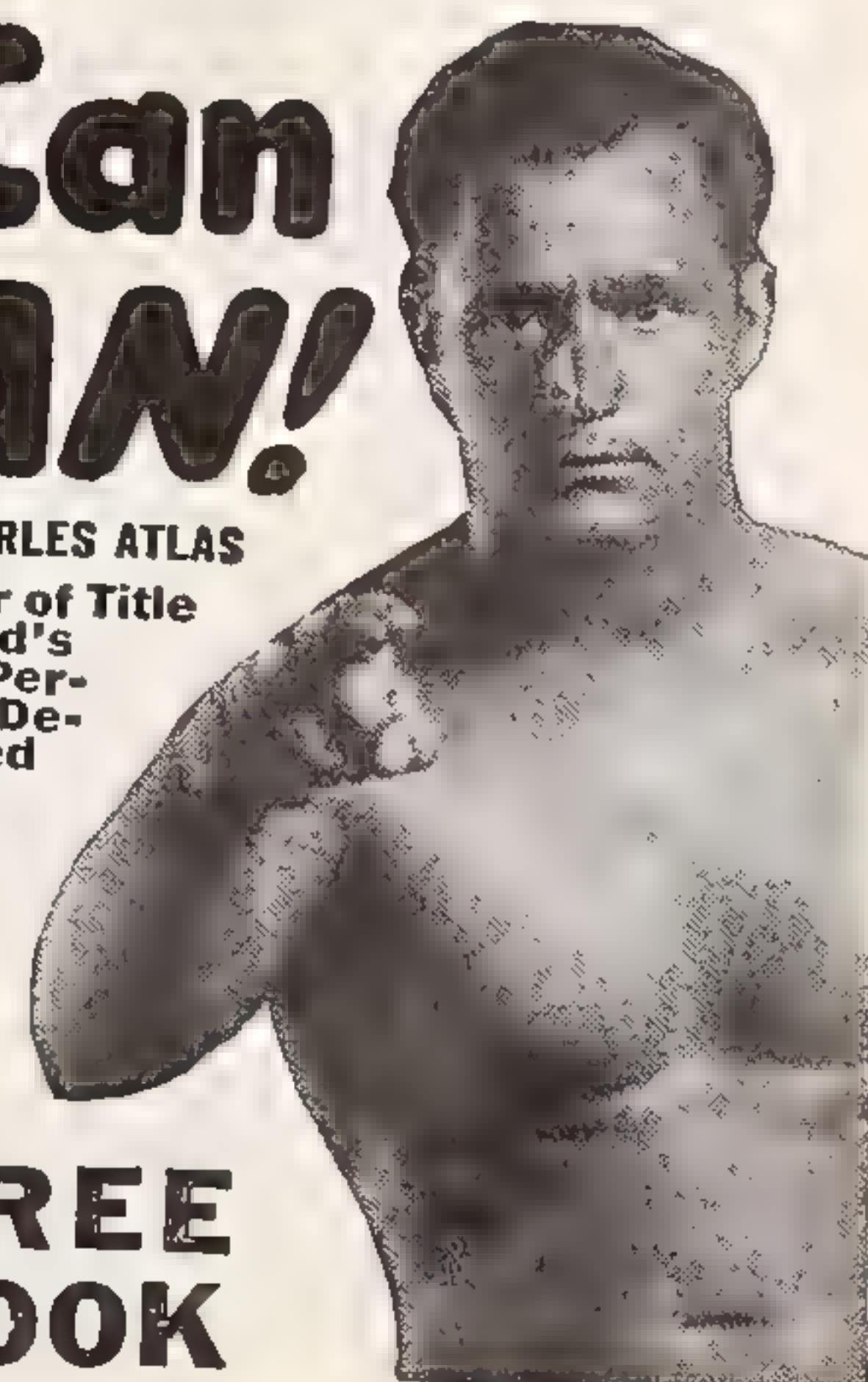
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And here's another Jean. Miss Arthur, after a season on Broadway, is back in "Whirlpool."

Getting Into the Beauty Picture

Continued from page 68

important?" you probably will ask. It is! You may have million-dollar eyes; you may have a million-dollar smile; you may have a million-dollar ankle; but without lovely hair, you just won't do.

The encouraging part about all this is that the way your hair looks is up to you. It is very difficult to change the shape of your face, they tell me. And you know it is considered quite a feat indeed to grow up tall and willowy if fate has cast you for the part of a little short girl. But there are a thousand and one things you can do to have lovely hair. If it is straight, you can have a beautiful, soft permanent that looks as natural as the lights in your eyes; if it is dull and lifeless, you can give it a glorious, vital sheen by proper shampooing and brushing. You may wear it in any one of a dozen different ways: piled high on your head, slung low onto your neck, in curls or waves or bangs.

If you neglect your hair, you lose. And if you care for it, then do you win and no questions asked? You certainly do!

While you are brushing your hair, don't forget to brush your eyelashes too. That is a trick every screen star knows. It makes them soft and silky. It makes them look longer.

Which reminds me. The other day I was watching Director Menzies looking over the make-up on some of his girls with the critical glance directors have. Dorothy Dell caught his eye.

"Good make-up job," he commended. "Best eyelashes I've seen. Who put them on?"

"My mother!" answered Dorothy promptly.

Wouldn't it be nice if we could have a short chat on the subject of beauty with our mothers a bit before we were born! Can't you just hear the chorus: "Blond curls, please! And a dimple and pretty hands and a marvelous smile—and—and—!"

Heigh-ho! Then when we grew up we might not like ourselves any better than we do now! Who knows, perhaps we had better leave things as they are!

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Beauty is as
Beauty does!



Here is a new one! A
two-purpose cleansing
cream that smells like
orange blossoms.



A beauty treatment for
your lashes...



A shampoo to make
your hair lovely.

A new cosmetic star, in this present, for which we predict a bright future, is Tussy's Emulsified Cleansing Cream. It is made of a combination of vegetable oils and is designed especially for all of us who do not enjoy thin, liquefying creams. It is light, penetrating, emollient, and it gives your face a thorough, gentle cleansing, as quick as a wink. At the same time it does what the old-fashioned nourishing creams all promised to do: keeps your skin soft and smooth. They say that even wrinkles get dreadfully discouraged when you use it! If your life sends you out a good deal in the wind and the sun you will like the way it keeps your complexion in good condition. While for those of us who are too rushed in the morning, too tired at night for elaborate beauty treatments, it is a gift from the gods.

But how does it smell? Lady, it smells

is dry, stringy, lifeless, or over-oily and dull. But the right shampoo will change all this. We've always been in favor of simple, downright, honest cleanliness. It has an amazing lot to do with charm. Clean, sweet, shining hair is a glorious asset to any girl in or out of pictures. And clean, sweet, shining hair is what Packer's Shampoo will give you. Use their Pine Tar Shampoo if it is oily hair that stands between you and your own best looks. Use Olive Oil Shampoo if your hair is dry or lifeless. Then find the type of new hair style that intrigues you most.

like orange blossoms!
Does that give you an
idea?

It pays to encourage your eyelashes! Show them the little attentions they deserve. If you dress up your lips and your hair but neglect your lashes, they are going to feel badly and show it! Brush them. And don't forget that a judicious touch of a pure mascara, such as Winx, will help give you that wide-eyed, romantic look it is such fun to turn on the world. They tell us this mascara doesn't smudge or run and that it makes your lashes look softer, silkier, and of course longer. With hats off the face, attention will be on the eyes. Be sure to make the most of yours.

It is time again to be taking deodorants very, very seriously. Mum is the word in this connection that deserves your earnest consideration. This pure white, greaseless cream wipes out unpleasant odors immediately and guards your freshness for hours, without stopping perspiration. It can be used the last minute before you go out, because it has the priceless virtue of not spoiling clothes. If you are housewifely, keep it in the kitchen to remove the least suspicion of cooking odors from your fingers.

Romance is in the air! You find it no matter where you turn. It slips into the new fashions, the new pictures, the new ways of combing your hair. Are you ready to take advantage of it? You aren't if your hair

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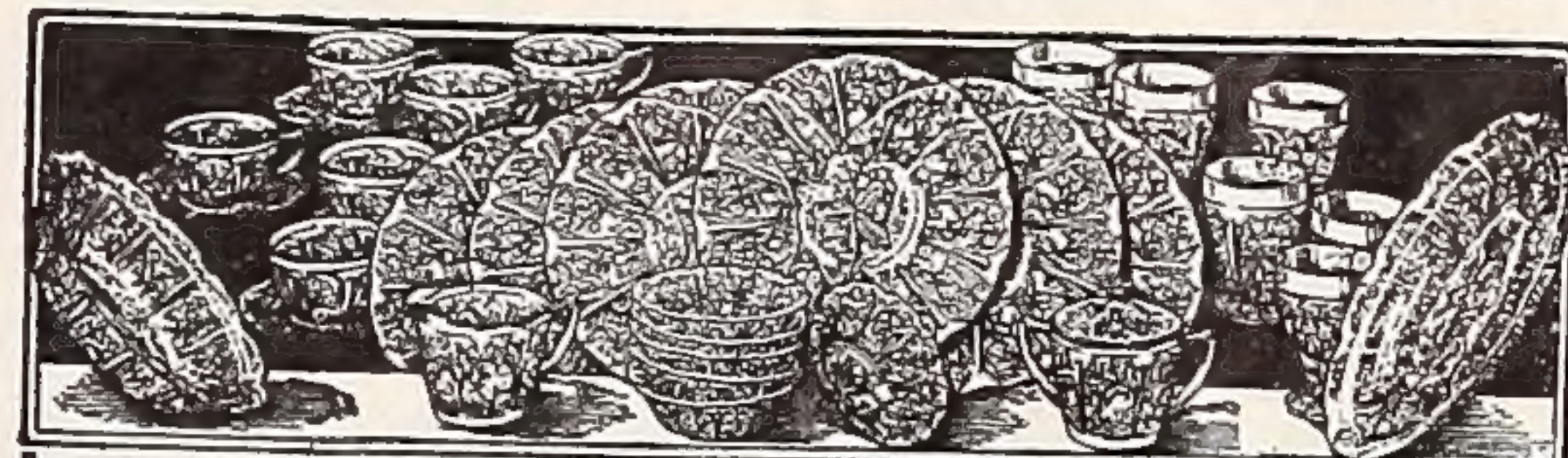
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It's Commencement Day—and are things commencing! Jimmy Dunn, Janet Gaynor, Ginger Rogers and Charlie Farrell, the scholarly principals in "Change of Heart," bid good-bye to the campus and greet the palpitating world.

ASK ME!

By
Miss
Vee Dee

Fay De W. You'll no longer need to pine away for a smile from Greta Garbo. In her latest release, "Queen Christina," she not only smiles but laughs—yes, laughs right out loud, too! If you should ask me, and why don't you, it is her best picture to date. Ken Maynard's wife is a non-professional, I believe. Fred Thompson was not killed in an automobile accident—he died after an operation. To catch up with the "Covered Wagon," we'll have to go back to 1923. The male principals in the cast were J. Warren Kerrigan, Ernest Torrence, and Tully Marshall.

Mrs. A. P. I do not know of a cinema star who is a collector of old and rare fans. If she should bob up again, that is, if she ever *did* bob, I'll get in touch with you and you may find a permanent home for your fan. Jean Parker is a most versatile young lady. She can act, sing, dance,

write, paint, and play the piano. Isn't that something for a girl of only 17? Her latest release is "Two Alone," in which she is co-featured with Tom Brown.

Tiny Bit. So you liked "David Harum" with Will Rogers and Evelyn Venable. And who wouldn't? Kent Taylor is the romantic male lead and is a likable chap, with or without the mustache. Kent was born near Nashua, Iowa, but hasn't revealed the birth-date. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has brown eyes and dark brown hair. He appears with Mae West in "I'm No Angel."

Miss M. M. Clyde Beatty was born in Bainbridge, Ohio, in 1905. He has brown wavy hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 148 pounds. His wife is Harriet Evans, aerial performer under the "big-top." He made one picture for Universal,

"The Big Cage," and will make more. I haven't his address but his public appearances are with the Hagenback-Wallace Show and Ringling Brothers. If you *must* get in touch with him why not wait until the circus comes to your city, and write to him then—but watch out for his 40 lions and tigers!

Patti. The recording director of M-G-M, Douglas Shearer, is a brother of Norma Shearer. Frankie Darro was born on December 22, 1918, in Chicago, Ill. One of his films, "Wild Boys of the Road," has caused a vast amount of comment. He also scores in "No Greater Glory." Nils Asther is 32 years old. Some of his releases have been: "Right to Romance," "Storm at Daybreak," "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," "By Candle Light," with Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas, "Madame Spy" with Fay Wray, and "The Crime Doctor."

Berneice J. The RKO-Radio studios produced "The Symphony of Six Millions" with Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne. Sorry I can't remember the several quotations used in the picture. Ricardo plays with Al Jolson in "Wonder Bar," along with such famous names as Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Fifi D'Orsay, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, and Hal Leroy. Hal appears also in "Harold Teen."



Change of partners! Or, what's wrong with this picture? Charlie and James are evidently aware that something's amiss. Of course Ginger and Janet are sweet little things—but the right girls in the wrong places!



Change of heart! Now everything's as it should be, according to sacred movie traditions! But it's this sort of scrambled courtship that makes the Gaynor-Farrell-Dunn-Rogers picture so romantically amusing.

Such Ravishing new Beauty to gain,

WITH SO LITTLE
TO DO - IF YOU'LL
USE THE ONLY
ALMOND BASE
POWDER

by Patricia Gordon

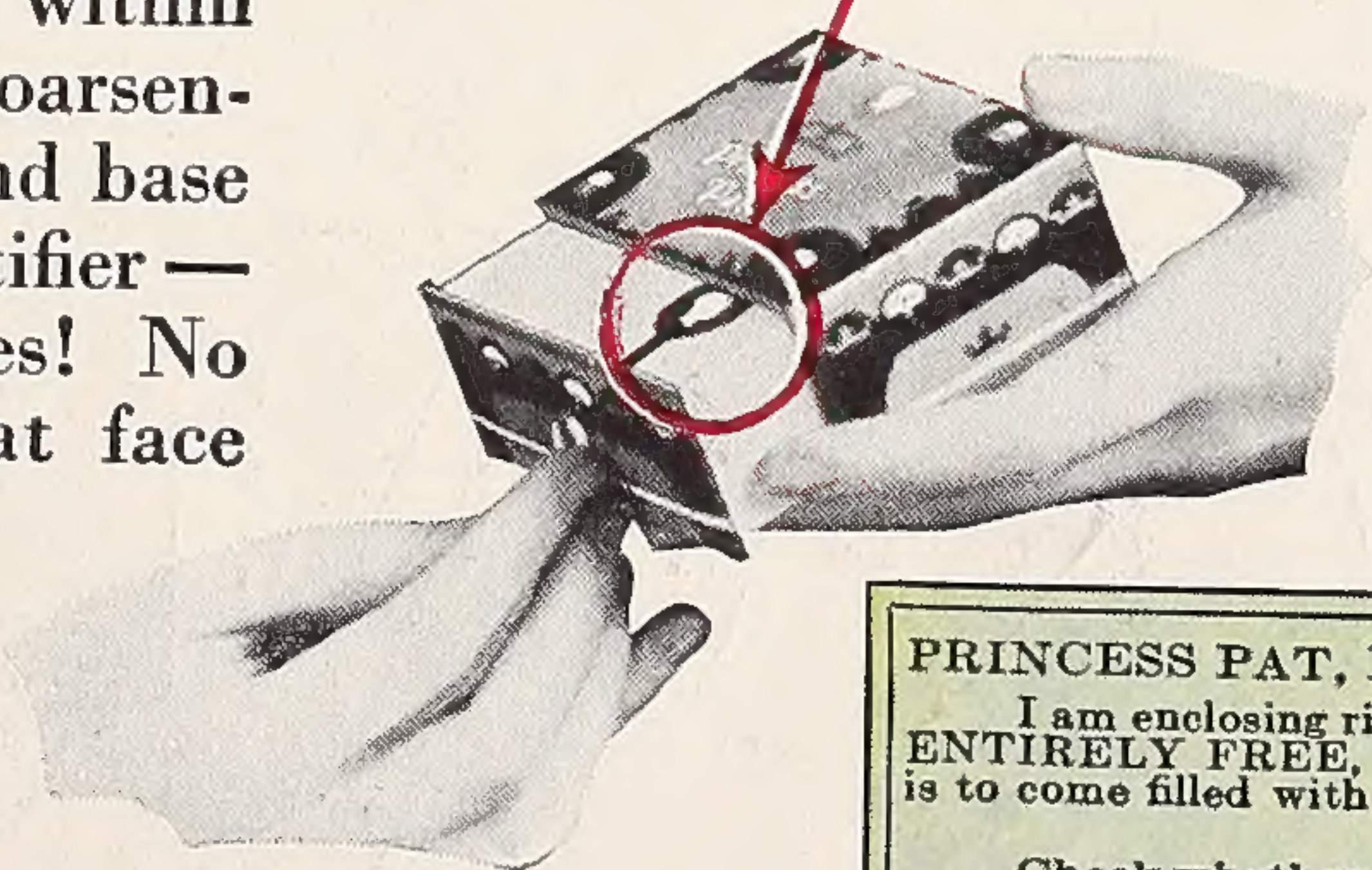


JUST A MOMENT in which you decide! Then, for you, the exquisite new beauty Princess Pat powder brings to *every* complexion. Of course it does! *Almond base*, in your *Princess Pat powder*, is used *instead* of the starch in usual powders. What a difference! Why, Princess Pat powder has a glorious velvety feel, even to finger tips! On your delicate complexion it is a veritable caress.

Every little particle in Princess Pat face powder is infinitely smooth. The powder goes upon your skin so closely, so pliantly that an amazing thing happens. Your complexion becomes incomparably beautiful. But the powder does not show! That's just the aristocratic effect you've wanted; the perfect grooming of the fashionably elect. And because Princess Pat is almond base (no starch) it *blends on* to cling almost as one with your skin.

And if all this ravishing new beauty were not enough, you would delight in the *almond base* for its *benefit to your skin*. Even a very little starch on your skin has all the faults of starch. All starches, you know, swell with heat and moisture. The particles may easily swell within the pores and be responsible for their coarsening. How different it is with the almond base powder. Almond — the precious beautifier — your protection against coarse pores! No wonder all women adore Princess Pat face powder, *once they try it*.

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